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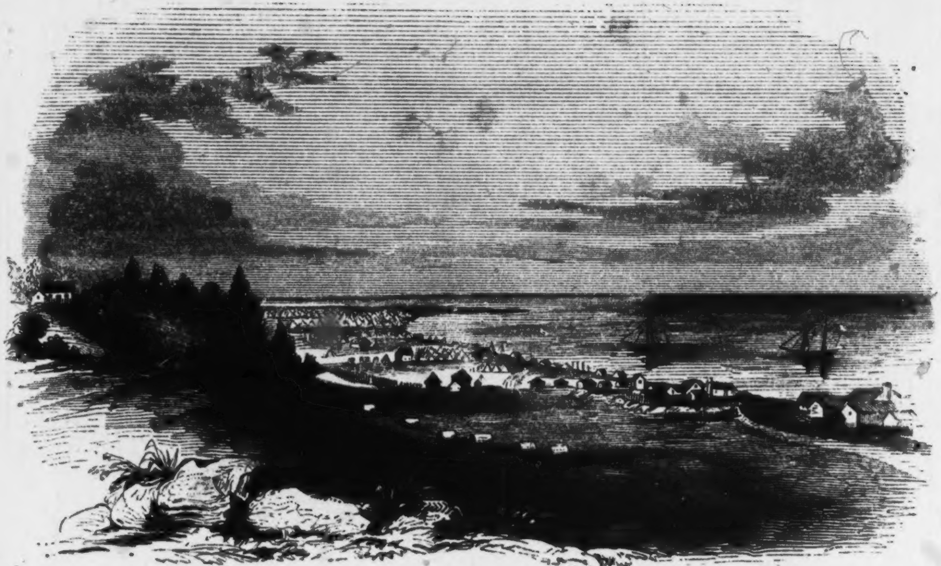

Corpus Christi

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES

OF

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY

CAPT. W.m. S. HENRY,

U. S. ARMY.

He wishes to enjoin upon the battalions of infantry, that their main dependence must be in the bayonet.—TAYLOR'S *Orders*.

With Engravings.

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL Z. TAYLOR,

U. S. ARMY.

DEAR SIR,—

IT is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that I dedicate, by permission, these pages to you.

The honesty of purpose and decision of character which have marked your career, under all circumstances, have obtained for you the love of the officers and men under your command. Your brilliant successes with inadequate forces and *materiel*, the well-laid and admirably-executed plans of your campaigns, excite the pride and gratitude of your countrymen, and place you by the side of those who occupy the most conspicuous positions in history.

The army can never forget (in that dark hour which preceded the victories of the 8th and 9th of May, 1846, when our countrymen thought our "little army" sacrificed) that *you*, with perfect fearlessness, without a doubt of the result, boldly marched forward, met the enemy's legions, and conquered them, evincing to the world the courage, force, and discipline of our army, and proving to the United States that the money expended in the education of their officers at the West

Point Military Academy has been productive of results which should render its basis immovable.

Hoping that the sunset of your life may be as happy and tranquil as your successes have been alike glorious and honorable, I subscribe myself

Your friend and obedient servant,

W. S. Henry, *Capt. U. S. A.*

PREFACE.

In committing the subjoined pages to the tide of popular favor, the author disavows any claim to literary merit. He issues them as a diary of events now blended with the history of his country. They have been jotted down principally for his own amusement, or to beguile away the otherwise long and weary hours of camp life. They are now brought forth as the means of introducing into the family circle a concise, and perhaps instructive, narrative of events, a description of the country, its scenery, the people, their manners and customs, which have been subjected to his own observation.

The journal commences with the first movement of the "Army of Observation." The author's personal knowledge extends to the time when General Taylor was deprived of his regulars at Victoria, prior to his return to Monterey, and to his own departure from the army, subsequent to the fall of Vera Cruz. The remaining incidents of the campaign of General Taylor are compiled from his official dispatches, and from graphic letters written by gentlemen associated with the army.

He must not forget to acknowledge his obligations to Lieutenant A. Sully, of the army, for his spirited embellishments; and to Major J. H. Eaton, to whom he is indebted for a few designs. From the nature of the forces employed during the war, it is a natural supposition that there are few persons who have not had some friend or relative engaged in the stirring scenes herein described. They may be assured the writer has endeavored to give a faithful history of the events connected with the war.

To the casual reader, it is hoped the subject will be of sufficient interest to fix his attention for a brief period. And if, to his brother officers, he has succeeded in recalling scenes upon which memory must fondly dwell, though tinged with melancholy hues, he will feel himself amply repaid.

THE AUTHOR.

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

In order to have a clear understanding of the causes which resulted in the formation of the original "Army of Observation," its concentration upon the Red River and at Fort Jesup, &c., and for the purpose of obtaining a starting-point for my journal, I deem it necessary to give the reader a synopsis of the events which immediately preceded these military movements; not presuming, however, that all are not conversant with them, but thinking it will afford an interesting introduction to the work, and bring more forcibly to recollection all the causes for the first military movements, which eventually resulted in the war with Mexico.

The intensely exciting period which preceded the annexation of Texas must be too well remembered to need any reference. It was generally believed this measure would be effected by President Tyler early in the spring of 1844. For this purpose he introduced a treaty, which was rejected by the Senate. From an understanding between our government and that of Texas (both calculating upon the certainty of the passage of the treaty), *we* were to concentrate upon the borders of Texas a force sufficient to prevent or repulse any attack which might be made by the Mexican government, which might reasonably be expected from their determined and expressed opposition to the annexation of the State of Texas to the United States, the independence of which state they had never acknowledged, although eight years had elapsed since her existence as a separate and independent government.

In furtherance of this promise, the government selected (then Brevet Brigadier-general) Z. Taylor, colonel of the 6th Regiment of Infantry, as commanding officer for the forces about being concentrated at or near Fort Jesup, Louisiana. He received information to this effect in May, 1844, immediately resigned the command of Department No. 2, and repaired to Fort Jesup. This post was at the time garrisoned by seven companies of the 2d Regiment of Dragoons, commanded by Colonel D. E. Twiggs. In April, 1844, the eight companies of the 3d Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel E. A. Hitchcock, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, received orders to repair immediately to Fort Jesup, Louisiana. On the 27th of April they embarked on transports, and arrived at Fort Jesup on the 10th of May. Their encampment, in close proximity with the above-named fort, was called Camp Wilkins, in honor of the then Secretary of War. In May, 1844, eight companies of the 4th Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and commanded by Colonel Vose, received orders to repair to Red River. They took water transportation on the 7th, and arrived at Grand Ecore on the 13th of May, 1844. They selected a beautiful site for an encampment, about three miles from the river, which was called Camp Salubrity. Two companies of the 3d and two of the 4th Infantry were at that time detached; the former at Fort Leavenworth, the latter at Fort Scott, Missouri. General Taylor arrived at Fort Jesup about the middle of June, and took command of the forces. He called them the "Army of Observation." On the 3d of April, 1845, the two companies of the 3d Infantry, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, started for Fort Jesup, and arrived there on the 23d of April. This movement concentrated the 3d Infantry. The original "Army of Observation," under command of General Taylor, consisted of seven companies of the 2d Dragoons, under the command of Colonel Twiggs; the 3d Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Hitchcock; and eight companies of the 4th Infantry, under command of Colonel Vose. In February, 1845, the resolutions annexing Texas to the United States passed Congress. On the 28th of May, 1845, General Taylor received instructions from the War Department as follows: "So soon as the Texas Congress shall have given its consent to annexation, and a convention shall assemble and accept the terms offered in the resolution of Congress, Texas will then be regarded by the executive government here so far a part of the United States as to be entitled, from this government, to defense and protection from foreign invasion and Indian incursions. The troops under your command will be placed and kept in readiness to perform that duty." General Taylor deemed the position then occupied one which would enable him, under any emergency, to fulfill his orders; therefore no change was made. Active preparations were going on, with the expectation of a march through Texas, to the point designated for our occupancy, on the extreme southwestern borders of Texas, when, on the 15th of June, 1845, instructions were transmitted by Mr. Bancroft to General Taylor as follows: "On the 4th day of July the Convention of the people of Texas will probably accept the proposition of annexation, and, in anticipation of the event, he was to advance to some point on the Gulf of Mexico which he might deem convenient for the embarkation of his command to the western frontier of Texas." New Orleans was selected as this point. The 3d and 4th Infantry were immediately ordered there. It was decided that the Dragoons should march across the country. On the 2d of July the 4th Infantry embarked on steamers at Grand Ecore, and arrived at New Orleans on the 4th, and took position at the Barracks, about four miles below the city. The 3d Infantry left Fort Jesup on the 7th, and arrived at New Orleans on the 10th. Quarters were assigned them in the lower cotton-press. And here we have the Army of Observation ready for a start, the quarter-master's department busily employed in chartering transports, and the officers of the line making the most of their time by enjoying as many of the pleasures of that delightful city as the heat of the season and the fear of yellow fever would permit, previous to their banishment to parts unknown. Here we have a starting-point. From the date of our arrival in New Orleans the Journal commences, which I hope will be sufficiently interesting to induce those who have accompanied me thus far to peep into the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Nothing could exceed the heat of the weather during the few days we spent in New Orleans. All were anxious to hear of the action of the Texas Convention, and we found some little difficulty to restrain our impatience to be "off." General Taylor and staff did not accompany the troops on their departure from Fort Jesup. He remained behind to see that every thing was arranged for the departure of the Dragoons, and arrived in the city on the 15th. In the mean time, vessels had been engaged to transport the troops to the point which should be selected by General Taylor, and all was life and animation in getting the necessary stores on board. On the 4th of July the Texas Convention decided upon accepting the propositions of annexation (with one exception) by a unanimous vote. According to instructions, an immediate move became necessary, and that the general should *make choice* of the position he intended to occupy. He was, you may say, in utter ignorance of the country; but decided, after carefully weighing the advantages (as represented) of the different points upon the Gulf, to repair to Corpus Christi. The glowing descriptions which we received of the beauty of its location, and of the immense number of fish, oysters, deer, and every kind of game, gave us pleasurable anticipations.

On the 15th of July a gloom was thrown over us all by the sudden and unexpected demise of Colonel J. H. Vose of the 4th Infantry. This sad event occurred at New Orleans Barracks. He was on drill within a few moments of his death. He fell back on the porch of his quarters in a fit, and died before medical aid could be of any avail. He died like a true soldier, with his sword and sash around him—literally "in harness." On the 16th he was buried with funeral honors; the 3d Infantry formed his escort. We could not but be impressed with so melancholy a commencement of the campaign. Few of us will forget the melting heat we endured while marching from our quarters to the Barracks.

On the 19th Lieutenant Bragg arrived from Charleston with his company of the 3d Artillery, with orders to report to General Taylor for duty with the "Army of Observation." A light battery, with the necessary horses, should have met him at New Orleans. Nothing of the kind made its appearance, and the company embarked without it, for the time being serving as infantry. The steam-ship Alabama was assigned to the 3d Infantry. The general and staff (Captain Bliss, acting adjutant-general, and Lieutenant Eaton, aid-de-camp), Captain Crossman, acting quartermaster, and Captain Waggaman (acting commissary of supplies) decided upon embarking in her. During the day and evening of the 22d the baggage and subsistence were placed on board. Ships were chartered for the 4th Infantry and Bragg's battery, who were ordered to leave as soon as they could prepare themselves. The 3d Infantry, at eleven o'clock at night on the 22d of July, were formed in line in the street running between the yards of the Cotton Press, wheeled into column, and, to the soul-inspiring air of their regimental quick-step, marched through the streets, thence to their transport. Many curious heads were seen protruding from half-opened doors and windows, to know what all the fuss could be about; and many an old veteran had the dormant feelings of the 8th of January rekindled by the "ear-piercing fife" and "spirit-stirring drum." The moon was just rising as we marched out, gilding the domes and house-tops, and caused our bayonets to glisten in the mellow light. The deep shadows on one side of the street, the bright moonlight upon the other, the solemn quiet of a sleeping city, disturbed so harshly by the martial music of the column, formed a scene which touched one's feelings, and will not easily be forgotten.

The Alabama left her moorings at three o'clock on the morning of the 23d, and by twelve M. had crossed the bar at the southwest pass, and was gallantly and rapidly cutting her way over the Gulf, barely ruffled by the soft breeze. At anchor outside lay the sloop-of-war St. Mary's, commanded by that gallant and excellent seaman, Captain Saunders, ordered from Pensacola to convoy the troops. As we had steam, she remained to convoy the sail vessels. At twelve o'clock on the 25th, after a delightful run, we made Matagorda Island. It was the first glimpse of the promised land, the land of "the lone star" no longer.

Matagorda Island is properly St. Joseph's; and the one put down on the maps as St. Joseph's should be Espiritu Santo. We ran along the coast (about two miles distant) all the afternoon. Its white sand-beach and rolling sand-hills, from twenty to fifty feet high, covered with verdure, presented quite a bold and picturesque appearance. It resembles very much the Florida coast. You miss, however, the palmetto and pine; to the latter-named we have bidden a long farewell. The live-oak, of immense size, through whose thickly-interlaced leaves and limbs the sun's rays never pierce, has taken their place. I regret to part with the stately, long-leaf pine; it has been associated with my southern service, and its "music" has oft lulled me into happy reveries. A fierce band of Indians, the Caranchuas, formerly, and within a very late period, inhabited this island. They are cannibals, and proved a scourge to the early settlers of this portion of Texas. A small band of Texans gave them battle, and, after a fierce fight, whipped and drove them from the island. The spot on which the battle took place bears the name of "Battle Island." In the course of several fights they have nearly been exterminated. They are now reduced to a few warriors, and are located upon Padre Island. They are very brave and warlike, and celebrated for the accuracy of their shooting. An instance is related of a warrior lying down upon his back, using his feet to draw his bow, and driving an arrow, at the distance of 175 yards, through a man and six folds of buckskin.

We made Aransas Bay, latitude 27° 45", early on the morning of the 26th of July. Lieutenant C. landed at nine o'clock, and on the top of one of the loftiest sand-hills erected a pole, from the top of which was unfurled the star-spangled banner. It floats over a rich acquisition, the most precious Uncle Sam has yet added to his crown.

> "Long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The company I commanded had the honor of landing first. The vessel, drawing too much water, could not cross the bar; it therefore became necessary for us to land in small boats. Seventy-five yards distant from the shore the men had to jump overboard into the roaring surf. They made a real frolic of it. Some old veteran camp-women took to the element as if they were born in it; while others, more delicately-nerved, preferred a *man's back, and rode on shore.* This island (St. Joseph's) is a curiosity, in many respects. If you dig a well four feet deep any where, even on the sea-shore, you obtain *fresh* water. Into these wells a barrel is usually sunk, to prevent their caving in. My company was encamped near a fresh-water pond; within a few paces there was another pond, of precisely similar *appearance*, but salt as brine. No one was aware of this fact until we saw one of the men, who was very thirsty, rushing to it, flattering himself he was about having a refreshing drink, spitting out the first swallow, with strong symptoms of disgust. I can not satisfactorily account for the water in some places being fresh and in other's salt. The most plausible theory is, the water of the ocean, filtrating through the sand, loses its saline property. Every thing goes to prove this. If you dig a little lower in the same well, after reaching fresh, you will strike salt water. The fresh water, at best, has a most unpleasant taste. There are three or four families residing upon this island, who depend upon this water for their drinking. The fishing here can not be surpassed; sheep-head, drum, mullet, red-fish, and many others too numerous to mention, abound; the water is literally alive with them. The red-fish are most prized; the men caught great quantities of them; they bait with fiddlers, wade out into the surf, and as fast as they throw in their lines are sure to have a bite; not so sure, however, to catch the fish, for they often strike such large ones they snap their hooks like pipe-stems. As soon as you have fastened one, you throw the line over your shoulder and put for the shore "double quick;" often, by this means, *landing* the largest fish without any difficulty; for they swim along with you, and find themselves caught before they know it. A sergeant of my company hooked such a monster that he could not budge him; the fish darted between him and a comrade standing by his side; as he passed they laid violent hands upon him, unhooked him, and started for shore. They had not proceeded ten paces, when he flapped his tail and threw them both on their backs, and escaped.

The hunting here is unsurpassed. Deer abound. If you are in *want of meat*, you have but to station yourself behind some of the innumerable sand-hills, near ponds of fresh water. Here may be seen the deer for half a mile, when feeding or coming to water. There you can quietly sit, and the deer will walk within thirty yards of you; or, if you prefer it, mount your horse, dash over the island, and you can have the excitement of shooting them under full run. An officer of our regiment jumped on a horse, rode to the shooting-grounds, and in twenty minutes from the time of dismounting killed three fine, fat fellows. Teal and mallard duck were found in the ponds with their young; also jack-snipe. This is somewhat astonishing, as it is the general impression they migrate to the north to breed.

The soil of the island is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of sea-island cotton. Potatoes and melons flourish luxuriantly. It is a light soil, quite sandy, mixed with a great deal of shell; and no matter how much time elapses between rains, the moisture from the soil (water being found so near the surface), combined with the heavy dews, affords sufficient nourishment for the plant.

The landing of the troops' supplies was effected with great difficulty. On the 29th, two companies of the 3d, one of which was mine, embarked on the steamer Undine for Corpus Christi. Aransas and Corpus Christi Bays are separated by a long flat of land. It was discovered that the Undine drew too much water to pass over it. We were forced to leave the steamboat, and cross the bay, *a very rough one*, in small boats. We landed on the main shore on the 31st of July. On the 14th of July Captain Tompkins's company of the 3d Artillery sailed from New York in the United States store-ship Lexington, for the mouth of the Columbia River. He carried with him a battery of artillery, besides heavy guns, and every material requisite for the erection of a permanent fortification.

CHAPTER III.

The village of Corpus Christi, or "*Kinney's Ranch*," as it is generally called, is situated on the western shore of Corpus Christi Bay. The town consists of some twenty or thirty houses, partly situated on a shelf of land, elevated some six or eight feet above the water, about two hundred yards broad, and on a bluff which rises from the plain to the height of one hundred feet. The bay at this point is in the shape of a crescent, extending in a southeast direction to Padre Island, and northwest to the mouth of the Nueces. The bluff presents a beautiful aspect, the rise being sufficiently gentle to deprive it of all appearance of abruptness, clad with the mesquite-grass, and evergreen bushes scattered in clumps hither and yon in graceful confusion, looking, in its gentle undulations, as if its pleasing irregularities had been fashioned by the hand of man.

The bluff and the plain presented, early on the morning after our arrival, quite a pastoral appearance. First came a large drove of cattle, driven by two Mexicans, mounted upon their mustang poneys; then followed at least five hundred goats and sheep, which, dispersing themselves in groups over hill and plain, added much to the beauty of the scene. The shepherd and his trusty dog accompanied them; Fancy placed in his hands the crook, and brought vividly to mind the poetic descriptions of his life. From the top of the bluff the view that burst upon us was magnificent in the extreme. Far off to the east the scene was bounded by the white-caps of the beautiful bay; to the southeast Flower Bluffs stood out in bold relief; in the northeast the distant highlands of Maglone's Bluff were dimly visible; to the northwest, the land near the mouth of the Nueces; in the west, one unlimited plain presented itself, extending to the mountains, the home of the mustang and buffalo, the hunting-ground of the bold Camanche and the fierce Lipan. The scene was charming, and the soft, refreshing sea-breeze, cooling the atmosphere to the temperature of an October's day, made one exclaim, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "It is God's favored land—the Eden of America." When the enthusiasm subsided, it was not exactly *that*, but it certainly is very beautiful. The atmosphere is tempered by a constant breeze, and you hardly feel the heat.

This place was first settled by Colonel H. L. Kinney, in 1838, who, in conjunction with his partner, Mr. Aubrey, established a trading-post, to meet the immense traffic carried on by the Mexicans. It was the extreme frontier settlement. The incursions of the Indians were so frequent, and attended with so much danger, that he was forced to keep a regular company of men, at his own expense, to defend his "ranch." Its proximity to the Rio Grande made it the most convenient point for the contraband trade. This trade is carried on by Mexicans, who bring in immense droves of horses and mules, saddles and bridles, Mexican blankets and silver, and in return take back the common unbleached domestics and tobacco. From the great extent of frontier on the Rio Grande, they are enabled to escape the custom, and realize immense profits upon their goods. Colonel Kinney's life has been a romance from his first entrance into the country; and those accustomed to the luxuries of cities, and unacquainted with border life, can hardly realize, much less credit, some of the astonishing adventures in which he has been a prominent actor. His ready wit, generosity, indomitable courage, and perseverance have relieved him from many perplexing situations.

As the concentration of our army at this point has rendered it notorious, I can not refrain, even at the expense of being considered prosy, from relating a few anecdotes connected with *the place and its spirited proprietor*. For the suppression of this illicit trade, the government of Mexico kept constantly stationed on the Rio Grande a species of troops called "comisiones." They were usually commanded by some worthless vagabond, who was ready in a moment to sacrifice his duty for a bribe. The government, looking with a jealous eye at the increasing trade of "Kinney's Ranch," dispatched an officer of the "comisiones," with two hundred men, to destroy his contraband goods and take him prisoner. At this time Kinney had with him a company of forty men. Receiving information of the intended expedition, he hurried to "Live-oak Point," a neighboring settlement east of the Nueces, to obtain all the assistance they could spare. On his return he found that his valiant company had not only deserted him, but stolen many of his goods. The "Ranch" was, in itself, a pretty strong work, being surrounded by a wall pierced for infantry, and having two pieces of artillery mounted for its defense. The commanding officer of the detachment halted his men within three miles of the Ranch, and dispatched a messenger to Colonel Kinney, telling him if he would give up his goods peaceably, he would not molest his person. The colonel's force consisted, all told, of eight trusty adherents. While the messenger was delivering the mandate of his superior, they were employed, by order of the colonel, digging holes in which to place some bomb-shells, the "Ranch" being well supplied with the various materiel of war. Observing that the proceedings of his men had attracted the attention of the messenger, the colonel said to him, "Go back to your captain; tell him I'll neither surrender my goods nor myself; I'll fight him to the last, and will lay his bones and those of his command to bleach at my door." This reply being reported to the worthy commander, he exclaimed, "Why, what has got into this d—d American? he must have been sure of whipping me, or he would never have sent so fierce an answer." The affair, thus savagely commenced, ended in a conference. A few insinuating gold pieces, placed most unostentatiously in the hands of the worthy and valiant defender of his country's laws, sent him back to the Rio Grande, to report to his government that the conduct of the colonel was unexceptionable. So much for a little ingenious bravery, and a happy application of the *lever of the world.*

The settlement was almost entirely at the mercy of the numerous bands of Indians. So daring were they in their fierce incursions, that it became necessary to make every house a castle. The colonel's Indian adventures were numberless. I have only space to relate some of the details of one in which he was concerned with a party of Camanches. They are the most war-like tribe of Indians on this continent; neither ask nor give quarter; being mostly armed with the bow and arrow, they have acquired a skill in its use that is perfectly wonderful. The party with whom he had the combat was headed by Santa Anna, a noted chief, and numbered seventeen. The party which Colonel Kinney commanded numbered eleven. Santa Anna had been in the "Ranch," committing depredations. Being mounted on fleeter horses, the colonel and his party soon overtook the illustrious chief. The two parties dismounted and approached each other, skirmishing, to within fifty yards. Each shot from the unerring rifle of the border men told with terrible effect. The Indians fought with desperate valor; no signs of flinching. Presently Santa Anna, with his raw-hide shield before him, dashed to the front, and ran along the line of his opponents. Each fired as he passed them, but with no effect. You could hear the balls rattle harmlessly on his shield. Just as the colonel fired at his legs, the object of this bold manœuver of the wily chief flashed across his mind. It was to draw their fire, and rush upon them while their pieces were discharged. He cried to his men to mount, and vaulted upon his noble steed. His men, objecting to mount before they loaded, were dashed upon by the enemy. Now they were all mingled in a hand-to-hand conflict. The man who first objected to mounting his horse was immediately speared and killed. Another was speared and shot in several places with arrows. Colonel Kinney's clerk, a young Mexican, was speared, had his horse shot under him, and fell. The colonel seized him, and placed him on his horse. An Indian rushed at and speared the poor fellow again, the spear cutting Kinney in the back. Another Indian rushed at him; he met and parried the spear, which pierced his buckskin hunting-shirt through both sleeves. At this critical moment the *Mexican bit* saved his life. By its great power he was enabled to stop his horse, and, by turning him suddenly round, succeeded in tearing the spear from his sleeves. The poor clerk all this time had him clasped around the throat. Another savage rushed at him, but fell dead in his tracks by the unerring aim of an arm which grows stronger as death stares him in the face. Another rushed from behind, and speared the boy through the kidneys. The poor clerk relaxed his hold, told Colonel Kinney to keep cool, and he would be saved, and fell to rise no more. While the colonel's arms were yet unloaded, he was again set upon by a fierce devil; he dashed his pistol into his face, and again disarmed the savage of his spear. By this time Santa Anna, as well as the colonel and his party, were satisfied with this desperate conflict, and retired from the field. Of the colonel's party three men and nine horses were killed, and all wounded. Santa Anna lost seven men. One of Kinney's men came to him with *five arrows* sticking in him, besides being speared in two places. The arrows were pulled out, and, incredible as it seems, *he survived.* Tell me where, in the romance of history, you ever read of a more desperate, gallant, and bloody fight! and yet many such have taken place between the Indians and those brave pioneers of civilization, the recital of which almost makes the blood chill in one's heart, and of which *the world* remains totally ignorant.

To give an idea of the obstinate courage of the Camanche, I must cite *one* instance of desperate resistance in a chief. A party of them had been for some time annoying the settlements in the vicinity of San Antonio. A large force had been collected to pursue them. A battle ensued near the town; many were killed, and some taken prisoners. One chief and his squaw shut themselves up in an old Spanish house, resolutely refusing to surrender. The command was drawn up around the house, and he must have seen that every avenue of escape, as well as all hope of success, was cut off. Wishing to spare him, they sent the prophet of his band to use his influence to prevail upon him to surrender. He scorned their proposals, and for an answer sent an arrow among the troops, which killed one of their men. His position was so favorable that he killed seven. To get him out, they made holes in the roof and threw composition balls into the house. Suddenly he opened the doors, and with desperate energy rushed forth, and nearly succeeded in making his escape. He dealt death-blows to the last, killing three more before he was shot down. One can hardly realize such desperate resistance from one man. His squaw was killed during the attack. He had buried her. She was found in her simple grave, with the warrior's saddle as her tomb-stone.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIDAY, August 1st. After enjoying the delightful view from the bluff, a party of us strolled over the beautiful plain, on the borders of which many Mexican families reside. Their residences are primitive enough; nothing more than sheds, partially inclosed with the crooked mesquite-wood, and their roofs thatched with a long grass which grows in the marshes, called "tula." A dam thrown across a deep ravine furnishes the people with a plentiful supply of rain-water, not only for themselves, but for the stock, and for the immense droves of horses and mules brought in by the Mexicans. A very capital mustang can be purchased for fifteen dollars, or from that to twenty-five, depending upon the manner in which he is broken. On the side of the pond, under a grove of beautiful live-oaks, was encamped a company of Texas Rangers. It was under the command of Colonel Bell, an officer who had greatly distinguished himself in this border warfare. They were paid by the government of Texas, and were stationed at this point for the protection of the inhabitants.

The men have been busily employed all day digging wells. The *best* of the water is *slightly brackish*. The ground will admit of an extensive encampment, immediately along the shores of the bay. Another company arrived to-day. The whole command will thus be brought up by detachments. Our means of transportation are too limited, and one can not but reflect how completely we would be at the mercy of an active and energetic enemy.

General Taylor is still at St. Joseph's Island, with his usual energy pushing forward his troops and supplies, with the contemptible means he has at command.

22d. For the first time had the pleasure of riding a mustang, with complete, though rude Mexican rigging. The animal was lively and frisky enough, but a mere rat compared with our northern horses. The ride was delightful; the atmosphere as cool as an autumn day. The face of the country was a rolling, gently-undulating plain, covered with the most luxuriant grass, and interspersed with "*mots*" (islands) of timber, looking as though they were planted to ornament some gentleman's country-seat. Your imagination would lead you to assert you saw the elegant mansion corresponding with such noble grounds. For the first time saw the *mesquite-tree;* it resembles very much the wild locust, and bears a bean having a delightfully-sweet taste, very nutritious for animals, and eaten by many persons. The wood of the mesquite is unsurpassed for fuel, giving an intense heat, and the best coal for cooking that ever gladdened the eye of a professor of that delicate science.

August 3d. Details from the command were kept in the water from morning until night, unloading the vessels. Hearing there was to be Catholic service at one of the houses in the Ranch, a friend and myself decided to attend. The service had not commenced when we arrived. There were about a dozen females collected, the majority of them Mexicans. I can not say much for their beauty. There was one, the Señora Leonora, a Mexican widow, who looked quite sweetly. To delicate features, good figure, and blood-like Castilian carriage, were added the softest, deepest-fringed black eyes I ever saw. Beauty in that organ is common to them all. There is a softness, an abiding confidence in its expression; one so full of the gentler feelings which constitute the poetry of woman's character, that you can not fail to admire them. Their dress is very simple, consisting of a skirt, generally of a gay color, with the graceful *rebosa*, which completely conceals the nudity of the bust. The service was performed at the house of an Irishman, whose lady was a fair specimen of the Emerald Isle. Her husband came grunting out of the room, complaining in most audible terms of a pain in his back. Lest the company might be impressed with the belief that it arose from a belaboring he *might* have received from his more muscular better half, he explained to them that wind in his intestines, by a sudden exertion, had been driven to his kidneys, and pained him powerfully. It may well be imagined, if there was *not* a regular burst of laughter, there *was* a most decided smile. The priest soon made his appearance. His name is Estené, a native of Old Spain, who, filled with the enthusiasm of the Gospel, has become a traveling savior of souls. He resides on the San Antonio River, and makes his periodical visits to villages in a circumference of four hundred miles. He gave us an excellent sermon in Spanish and English.

There is a singular state of affairs existing between the Texans and Mexicans, at least at this point. When you reflect how long they have been in a state of war, and how great an antipathy must exist between them for the numerous acts of savage barbarity committed during the Texas struggle, one would suppose there would be complete non-intercourse. On the contrary, the most friendly relations exist between them, no doubt occasioned by the profitable contraband trade.

We here meet with the *chaparral*, which, strictly, signifies a "plantation of evergreen oaks," but which here means an almost impenetrable thicket of small bushes, so interlaced with a thick undergrowth, covered with thorns, that a passage through it is next to impossible. Every tree and bush has its thorn. The deep *black-green* of the foliage is almost inconceivable. The temperature is delightful; in the shade you do not feel the heat of the sun; and the never-ceasing trade-winds at times occasion the chilly sensation belonging to a fall day.

August 5th. We all feel under obligations to Mr. B., the governor of Kinney's Ranch during the absence of its gentlemanly proprietor. In truth, I have never met a community who have so universally extended to us unlooked-for civilities. This afternoon, at Mrs. B.'s, I ate a Mexican preparation called themales. It is made of corn-meal, chopped meat, and Cayenne pepper, nicely wrapped in a piece of corn-husk, and boiled. I know of nothing more palatable.

August 6th. We hear that Commodore Connor is coming round with the whole Gulf Squadron. Troops still arriving by small detachments. General issued his first order, dated "Headquarters, Army of Occupation;" no longer Observation. The men catch quantities of fine fish with a seine.

August 8th. The wind has blown a perfect hurricane, and it was with great difficulty our tents could be kept standing. Heard from the Dragoons; they had reached the Trinity River. Our camp-ground is infested with rattle-snakes; as many as two at a time have been found in the tents of the officers.

August 9th. Two Mexicans arrived from the Rio Grande. They report only five hundred men at Matamoras, and Arista still at Monterey, no movements being made. That, however, is no sign; the government is despotic, and no movements are made public. The Undine succeeded in getting over the flats, and will now ply between them and the camp. Two companies of the 4th Infantry came in her. That regiment arrived safely at the island several days since. Drills are the order of the day, and every exertion is made to prepare the command for any emergency. Great attention is paid to the target practice; we may have use for sharp shooting. Nothing of any moment transpired until the 12th, when we received information that the Mexican troops were in motion; that Arista had left Monterey with one thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry for Matamoras. War had not yet been declared, but the people were daily in expectation of it. It is reported that General Arista is deficient in funds to pay his army. The great majority of us are of opinion there will be no fighting, although Mexico may declare war, if only to save her pride. She is incapable, in her present distracted state, in the utterly prostrated condition of her treasury, to sustain a war. The information of Arista's movements was brought to us by a Mexican called Chapita, the favorite and confidential spy of Colonel Kinney. He is a man in the prime of life, middling height, broad shoulders, muscles like whip-cords, a dark, piercing eye, prominent forehead, and bushy eye-brows; having that determined expression of countenance common to one who follows so dangerous an occupation. He is devotedly attached to Colonel Kinney, and assisted him in his escape from the prison at Matamoras, in which he had been confined by the military commandant. He always travels alone through the desolate and dreary wilderness extending to the Rio Grande, and has ridden from that river to Corpus Christi (one hundred and fifty miles) in a day and night. His favorite horse is a Mexican, about thirteen hands high, and so thin you would hardly think him fit for the crows. The report gave us some little excitement, and we could not help laughing at our situation. With no dragoons nor artillery, and our force scattered between St. Joseph's and this place, we would not have been in a position to withstand a vigorous assault of five thousand men.

August 14th. The schooner Swallow, with baggage and stores for the troops, went on the bar, and was wrecked. An immense mail was thoroughly soaked. Among the last things found was a paper containing the Mexican minister's proclamation to the commanders of departments, urging upon them the necessity of increased energy in recruiting the army. This begins to look rather more serious. The reception of this letter, combined with the different reports we have received, has created no little excitement. Our lieutenant-colonel, E. A. Hitchcock, commanding officer, deemed it prudent to throw up a line of defense, which was commenced on the 15th, under the superintendence of Captain Larned, 4th Infantry. In case of an attack, we have only six hundred and ninety-nine men with whom to oppose the enemy. The policy of the government is niggardly in the extreme. If the object in sending us here was political effect, that might have been attained by simply publishing a bulletin on this side of the Sabine; if to take and hold possession of the country against an enemy, it is entirely inadequate. It is on a par, however, with all the *first* military operations of a republic. We may consider ourselves a mere bait for the enemy. Bait as we are, under it they would find a hook, though small, yet, if skilfully managed, would hold and *land* them. That we could conquer Arista to-morrow, none doubts; but it would be after a bloody battle and great loss of life. Not many historians would be left to tell the tale.

General Taylor arrived from St. Joseph's Island on the 15th of August. The 7th Infantry is ordered to join us.

This land of Texas is celebrated for many things; in fact, for almost every thing but the refinements of society. Among those characters who have gained a reputation that can only die with the history of horse-thieves and abominable rascals, the name of Garner stands conspicuous. He was one of the most notorious rascals in the country. He held at one time the honorable station of high private in the army of Texas. Feeling discontented with his position, and believing his light was hidden under a bushel, or that he would become rusty in the art of horse-stealing, he deserted. Apprehension, trial, and condemnation followed. He was sentenced to be shot. On the day appointed for his execution General Houston was present. The prisoner knelt with perfect composure upon his coffin, before which was the grave. He requested permission not to have his eyes blinded; that he was not afraid to look death in the face. The ceremony proceeded, the command, "ready! aim!" was given, when General Houston reprieved him. Garner rose from his coffin, and, with perfect effrontery and sang-froid, approached [illegible] general, and exclaimed, "*Fun's fun, general, but [illegible] be — if this is not carrying a* LITTLE *too far*;" and then added, "If you had shot me you would have lost the best man in your army!"

CHAPTER V

Nothing of great importance occurred between the 16th and 25th of August. The traders drove a brisk business in mustang horse-flesh; many of the officers supplied themselves, but at prices nearly fifty per cent. higher than the usual rate. As regards color and gait, nearly all could be suited. The best look as if they had lost all the fire they possessed in a state of nature. Their look is one of regret, as if they were dwelling upon the glories of untrammeled motion on the boundless plains. The entrenchments were pushed on vigorously. Some cannon were borrowed from Colonel Kinney, and placed in position, to give us a more *terrific* appearance. I question whether they were not more dangerous to ourselves than the enemy. The general ordered all operations to cease upon it, feeling convinced, from the position, it could afford us very little protection. The work has been of some service, as it has given us a practical knowledge of the manner of hastily throwing up a temporary defense. The steamer Undine was discharged, and a poor, miserable wreck of a boat, called the Dayton, took its place. The Dragoons have been heard from at San Antonio, and were to leave for San Patricio on the 21st. Had a visit from two Lipan chiefs. They were magnificent specimens of the Indian race; tall, huge frames, with muscles well developed, and with open, fearless countenances, they appeared, in every particular, warriors of the desert. Their usual array is very simple and curious. Their saddle is a simple tree, primitive enough in its construction, from which it would be very difficult to be thrown. Their arms are the bow and arrow, and tomahawk; the bow is made of mesquite, covered with the skin of some animal, to which is attached a pouch for their arrows, the whole decorated with beads. General Taylor and staff left on the 23d for San Patricio, to meet the Dragoons. On the 24th we were visited by a terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by torrents of rain. Lieutenant Bragg had one of his negro boys killed instantaneously, and another badly injured, by lightning. The crash was tremendous, and was felt throughout the camp. My arm was shocked as severely as if I had received a discharge of electricity from a heavily-laden battery, and the whole air was impregnated with a smell of sulphur. A child was born at the height of the storm, and should certainly be christened "*Thunder*." A few more such storms, and feather-beds will be in demand. They are perfectly *awful*—take your breath away, and make you sit bolt upright in your chair, feet on the rung, as if your life depended upon it.

General Taylor returned on the 25th. His meeting with the Dragoons was somewhat singular. The heavy thunder we had on the 24th was taken by them for the distant rumbling of cannon. They felt assured we were attacked. "To horse!" was sounded. Men who before were on the sick report found themselves by their horses' sides, and they all gallantly dashed in and swam the Nueces. When they met the general, they were marching by squadrons, with the full belief we were engaged with the enemy. Their promptness and gallant passage of the river in the saddle reflect great credit upon them. The 2d Dragoons arrived at San Patricio, a small village on the Nueces River, on the 23d of August. They accomplished this fatiguing march in the heat of summer, with horses perfectly unacclimated, in thirty days. They are in fine health and spirits, and will join us in a few days.

August 25th. The arrival of Lieutenant Ringgold, with dispatches from Washington to General Taylor, threw the whole camp into a fever, and prevented any thing like going to bed until the small hours. What is to pay? The 5th and 8th Regiments of Infantry, and four companies of flying artillery, are ordered here forthwith! The 5th concentrate at Jefferson Barracks. The news received at Washington from Mexico has caused the greatest alarm as regards our fate. The impression at Washington was, that we were in the most critical position, and that it was questionable whether any troops could be found to re-enforce us. If they really had advices of a warlike nature, of which we at the time had none, save the Mexican bombastic paper threats, there might have been a little mental suffering when they calmly reflected upon our destitute condition, and how insignificant was our force if there was the remotest probability of a conflict with Mexico If reports could have reached the north on the 6th of August which could have led them to believe the Mexicans had invaded the country with so large a force as to have *demolished* us, what will they think upon the reception of General Herrera's war message to the Mexican Congress, which did not reach New Orleans until the 7th? *Then* they will have us *buried.* Despite all these alarms, we are ready for any thing that may occur—never felt our oats better.

Up to this date there is nothing new from Mexico. Our information of movements is accurate, and can be relied upon. There is no force of any amount, *as yet*, collected. General Arista is still at Monterey. Last reports from Matamoras make out one thousand five hundred troops there. A declaration of war was constantly looked for by the people. I do not know how they can well avoid it, but I do not believe a mother's son of them will cross the Rio-Grande. Many differ with me in opinion—*nous verrons.* If there is a declaration, it may well have been brought forth by the knowledge of the paltry number of troops at present here. A respectable force would have overawed them.

The steam-ship Alabama arrived to-day with five companies of the 7th Infantry, under command of Major Brown, and two companies of Volunteer Artillery, with their battery and horses, under the command of Major Gally. These companies were called out by Major-general Gaines. The citizens of New Orleans were under great apprehensions for our safety. That patriotic city, composed of citizen-soldiers, is ever ready and foremost to take up arms and fly to fight the battles of her country. Long may she be renowned for it, and receive all the credit that is due such patriotic impulses and prompt action.

Two companies of the 4th Infantry arrived to-day, in the barque "William Ivy." They are commanded by Major Graham, and were last stationed at Fort Scott, Missouri.

When all the troops arrive at present under orders for this place, the "Army of Occupation" will consist of 2d Dragoons, five companies of Artillery, 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th Regiments of Infantry, making an aggregate of three thousand men. That will be quite a respectable show; and when well supplied with all the munitions of war, from a bullet to a bomb, from a musket to a siege-piece, will be quite a dangerous crowd to fall in with.

Colonel Twiggs, with his Regiment of Dragoons, arrived on the 27th. Three companies of the 7th arrived on the 28th. From this date drills were the order of the day. A depôt was formed on the beach, directly behind the line of intrenchments, of which I have previously spoken, and great activity prevailed in the attempt to purchase mules and cattle for transportation of the army in case of an emergency.

The spy, Chapita, returned from Matamoras on the 6th of September. He reports no warlike preparations, and that the two thousand men at Matamoras have again *dwindled* to five hundred. He says the people in that vicinity are opposed to the war.

An additional force is ordered here; it is taken from the artillery regiments, so that each shall have four companies in the field, in all sixteen companies. The three companies of the 2d Dragoons, marched from Fort Washita under the command of Major Beall, are to be stationed at San Antonio and Austin.

September 12th. This afternoon Lieutenant Graham, of the 4th Infantry, arrived in camp badly scalded, and reported that the steam-boat Dayton had burst her boilers, killing Lieutenants Higgins and Berry, of the 4th, and some others, and scalding many in the most shocking manner. The Dayton left in the morning for St. Joseph's Island, having on board Captain Crosman, Lieutenants Graham, Higgins, Berry, and Woods, of the 4th, Lieutenant Gordon, of the 3d, and Doctor Crittenden. Besides these there were several soldiers and citizens. At twenty minutes past twelve M., being opposite Maglone's Bluff, she burst her boilers, scattering death and destruction on every side. Lieutenant Higgins, just before the explosion, was sitting talking to Doctor Crittenden, and Lieutenants Berry and Woods were lying down near them, the former asleep, all being in the small cabin aft the social hall. Captain Crosman, Lieutenants Graham and Gordon, with many others, were standing on the boiler-deck. Lieutenant Higgins was killed immediately by a piece of iron striking him on the head; Doctor Crittenden and Lieutenant Woods escaped any material injury; Lieutenant Berry was killed; all on the boiler-deck were blown high into the air, and were thrown into the water some distance from the boat. Lieutenant Gordon was uninjured, Captain Crosman very slightly, and Lieutenant Graham very badly. There were eight killed and seventeen wounded. The scene baffles description. After the first boiler burst, the second was thrown into the water, and exploded with a crash like thunder, throwing volumes of water high in air. The water was quite deep; the poor, mangled fellows lay clinging to pieces of the wreck, until, fortunately, they were all picked up by the yawl, which was energetically employed under the immediate direction of Lieutenant Gordon. The wounded were brought up this evening. As they were landed, it was horrible in the extreme to look at them; some with nearly all the flesh off; one with his leg broken; and all more or less mutilated; some perfectly blackened; and one negro not only scalded, but his flesh *burned to a crisp.* Every aid that experienced and talented medical officers could render was freely and promptly given. The general hospital was placed at the disposal of all, soldiers and citizens. The amount of terrible suffering that is going on within its walls would rend the heart of the most indifferent. The boat is a complete wreck, literally blown to atoms. It was an old hulk of a thing, totally unfit to carry passengers. It was our only choice in the absence of proper transportation. In an evil hour she was chartered, and was the means of sending eight souls, and possibly more, into eternity. Lieutenant Berry's body was recovered.

The fate of poor Higgins is particularly melancholy and sad. He married Captain M.'s daughter last July, and separated from her two weeks after their marriage, to join his company, then on its way to this place. Theirs had been an attachment of many years; it was a marriage of a day. The spring of their love had hardly opened, when the frost of death deprived it of its bloom, without deigning to grant it the existence of a summer.

Poor Berry! the amiable, the mild, the pure, whose heart knew no guile, shall we never see you more? To die, too, ye gallant souls, so miserable a death! one from which your relatives can draw no consolation! Had it been on the field of battle, after a hard-fought and well-earned day, a battle for liberty and your country, there would have been a secret satisfaction and pride in yielding up thy warm spirits; but to die the death of a dog, from the carelessness of others, is too, too bad! May the God of Battles receive and cherish them, and carry the consolation so necessary to the hearts of their bereaved friends and relatives. They were buried on the 13th, with appropriate military honors. From some unavoidable delay, the procession did not take up its line of march until after sunset. It was a solemn, sad march; and the circumstances and the time rendered it very impressive. The sun had just set; the clouds, piled up in pyramids, were tinged with golden light; flashes of lightning were seen in the north; the pale moon, in the east, was smiling sweetly forth, seemingly regardless of the sad feelings of those in that solemn funeral procession. They were buried about half a mile from camp, on the top of a beautiful bluff, commanding an extensive and picturesque view. The service of the dead was read by the light of a lamp. Three volleys were fired over their graves. The escort wheeled into column, and, to a lively air from fife and drum, we left the soldiers to their long sleep, and their dreary but romantic graves.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN the 13th and 24th of September the following companies of United States troops arrived, viz.: General Worth, with six companies of the 8th Infantry; Major Ringgold, with his company of Horse Artillery; two companies of the 8th, under Captain Ogden; also, Lieutenant Duncan's company and battery. His horses have suffered very much, he having lost fourteen. Add to these Captain Burke's command (artillery), and five companies of the 5th Infantry, under Captain Smith. These latter-named troops have made a prompt and exceedingly rapid movement; they traveled *two thousand five hundred miles in twenty-one days.* Detroit was their starting-point; thence across to the Ohio River by canal; down the Ohio and Mississippi in steam-boats to New Orleans, and by the steam-ship Alabama to Aransas Bay.

A movement of this kind brings into bold relief our grand system of internal navigation, which, in connection with our rivers, enables the government, in an incredibly short period, to send troops from one extremity of the Union to the other.

A company of Texans are to be mustered into the service at each of the following places: Victoria, Corpus Christi, San Antonio, and Austin.

The son of an alcalde of one of the towns across the Rio Grande came over and proposed to furnish the army with fresh beef. That is very indicative of war—against beeves! In the States the cry is war! war! war! With the Mexicans it is beef! beef! beef! Their cry is decidedly the most sensible.

On the 29th Doctor Hawkins arrived, with his amiable lady. She designs making camp her home.

October 13th. It is generally believed there will be a movement to the Rio Grande in a short time. A large proportion of the force constituting the "Army of Occupation" has arrived. The morning report of to-day gives the following as the strength of the command: two hundred and fifty-one officers, three thousand six hundred and seventy-one rank and file; grand aggregate, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-two. These are on the coast. The three companies of Dragoons in the interior number about one hundred and fifty. The following is the distribution of the forces: The 1st Brigade is on the right; it is composed of the 8th Infantry and twelve companies of Artillery, the whole commanded by Brevet Brigadier-general Worth. Next comes the Dragoons, commanded by General Twiggs. Then the 2d Brigade, composed of the 5th and 7th Regiments of Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel McIntosh. Then a command of four companies of Horse Artillery, unden Major Erving. Then the third Brigade, composed of the 3d and 4th Infantry, commanded by Colonel Whistler; and then two companies of Volunteer Artillery, under the command of Major Gally.

Of late we hear very little talk of war. The time not spent in drilling is actively employed in riding, fishing, and hunting.

Colonel Payne has been appointed inspector-general for the "Army of Occupation." He reviewed the different brigades on the 15th and 16th. The display was quite creditable; and we all felt that a more efficient army, for its size, was never brought into the field.

A party of five officers left on the 23d for a three days' hunt upon the Nueces. We were completely equipped in every respect. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the weather, the sweet, charming scenery, and the buoyancy of all. It is no little relief to escape for a few days from the everlasting sound of the fife and drum. We all lay claim to a good share of patriotism, and are exceedingly ambitious of drilling; but, then, "too much of a good thing is good for nothing." No one but the most irreclaimable cynic could have ridden over the beautiful country in the vicinity of the Nueces without being enchanted with its beauty. The grass is of a rich pea-green; the "*mots*" of timber, with their deep black-green, scattered about in picturesque confusion; the rolling prairie, and the level plain, and the sweet Nueces, coursing its quiet way, as if through a green meadow, presented a picture of which the eye could never tire, and to transmit which would require the pencil of a Loraine in his happiest mood. There are some sites for building which surpass, in quiet, pastoral loveliness, any I have ever seen. Our party was made of the right stuff; good men and true; ready for any emergeney; and were each on the *qui vive* for tiger or panther. We were gratified in killing one of the latter gentlemen. The second day we had all returned to camp for some grub except D., when we saw him coming on horseback with (as we supposed) a deer behind him. To our joy, instead of a deer, he threw down an enormous panther. "Well done, D.!" was the involuntary exclamation. "Where did you kill him?" "Under what circumstances?" "Easy, my boys; just hold your horses; I'll tell you; but just tip me some grog, for I am rather used up. Well, I shot a *busting* big buck, and saw it fall, about a hundred yards from me, in a 'mot.' Knowing when 'Old King Death' (name of his rifle) sends a ball that it is all up with any thing it hits, I gave myself no uneasiness about the buck, and was crawling upon another, when I heard the greatest fuss and growling where the buck fell, and concluded the wolves must have got it. I ran up, and got within six feet before I saw the cause of all this confusion; when, simultaneously with my sight, with a sharp, cat-growl, and desperate leap, a panther sprang at me. I had barely time to fall back a few feet, when he brushed past me in full leap, just missing my person, lighting on the ground about twenty feet from me. He instantly turned toward me, and prepared, with teeth shown, tail on his back, and death in his eye, to make another spring at me. I drew up 'King Death,' saying, 'It is you or I, old fellow,' cracked away, and shot him through the center of the forehead, a little lower than the eyes. He fell, and, with some desperate struggles, died, relieving me from rather an unpleasant predicament." "Good, old fellow! bring out that bottle of Cozzens's old brandy; none but the best to drink to the panther-killer." It certainly was a dangerous, most fearfully dangerous situation. D.'s coolness, daring, and ready command of nerve saved his life. The animal weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, was seven feet eight inches from tip to tip, and four feet high. The spotted tigers are terrible animals, and the fiercest hunting-dogs cower at their approach. Colonel C., of Texas, told me that, on the Bernard River, while hunting coons with a friend, the dogs treed, in an immense live-oak, something over which they made an unusual commotion. Being the youngest, it was his fate to climb the tree, and get, as they thought, the coon down. The tree was directly on the river bank, and its horizontal branches reached nearly across. The trees are no *saplings* in that section of country, the live-oaks especially; for they *do* say that under the shade of some *five hundred persons could dine.* If they could have had these trees in the sylvan times in merry England, what dances the good people could have had under them! But to return. He climbed the tree, and crawling out on one of these horizontal limbs, expecting every moment to see the coon, what should present itself, upon rising up to look round, but an *immense spotted tiger*, with eyes "like balls of fire." What to do was the question. He could not back out; he dared not drop into the river, for it was full of alligators. He fell upon this plan: *swung himself below the limb, and hung on by his hands!* The tiger walked over him, descended the tree, and went through a crowd of nine dogs, as fierce ones as there were in Texas, who never even growled at him.

Our hunting was entirely *still* hunting; the ground will not admit of any driving; the deer have no regular runs. At the point where we encamped our hunting was confined to a strip of mesquite chaparral, about twelve miles long and two or three broad, running parallel with the Nueces. The deer are attracted to it by their fondness of the bean of that tree. The number of deer is incredible. Passing through the chaparral, you come to the bald prairie, in which you find hundreds in a drove. In the prairie they are only a curiosity for their numbers; the hunter has no chance; for it is impossible to crawl upon them, and still more impossible to run them down, as the ground, in places, is so mellow that the horse sinks in above his knees, which would make the chase very dangerous both to horse and rider. Our most exciting sport was shooting wild geese. Every morning they fly from the prairie to the salt marshes, and return in the evening. Stationing ourselves on one of the innumerable bluffs, we knocked them over right and left. Two of the mornings proving very foggy, and the geese flying very low, we slaughtered them out and out. Job was heard a quarter of a mile from camp, cracking away as fast as he could load. "Bang! bang! how Job is giving it to them!" Presently he made his appearance, without any geese, and as he came in we all cried out, "Why, what luck? you have been firing away as if you were protecting yourself from being knocked down by them! we never heard such a firing!" "Firing away! yes, you're a pretty set of fellows; here I have been hallooing as loud as I could, and getting no answer. I took to firing off my piece—regular distress-guns; and now you tell me I was having tip-top sport! I was completely lost! and not knowing how far I was from camp, I have hung up five geese, and shall never find them." We had a hearty laugh at the "lost one." Two of the geese were afterward found, but the buzzards had appropriated to themselves the rest. Lieutenant R., separating from his pony to kill a deer, after butchering it was unable to find his horse, as it was dark, and arrived in camp on foot; on his way he killed some geese, and hung them up to guide him back in the morning. The next morning he found his pony and deer. It is not every where you can find your way to a lost horse by *leaving your game along the road.* We reached camp on the evening of the third day. Return of killed, ten deer, fifty-one geese, four bittern, two sand-hill crane, sixty-nine snipe, eighteen ducks, four curlew, three turkeys, and one panther.

This is a specimen of the success of the many hunting parties who frequently went off for several days, and will give some idea of the abundance and variety of the game.

CHAPTER VII.

NOVEMBER 1st. The time for which Major Gally's battalion of volunteers were called out having expired, the general has decided upon sending them home. They have conducted themselves with great propriety, and have been indefatigable in their drill. At ten o'clock A.M. they gave the camp a farewell salute. On the 4th they embarked, and were saluted in return.

One can hardly realize that the Corpus Christi before us now is the settlement of scattering houses we saw upon our landing. At the end of November its population was computed at one thousand. The majority of them are grocery keepers and gamblers, who have come here to feed upon the army. Houses appear to have grown in a night. There are all sorts, from a frame covered (from the want of lumber or cash, or both) with common domestic, to a tolerably respectable one, clapboarded and shingled. A theater, of no inconsiderable dimensions, is about being erected, and a company of actors are anxiously awaiting its completion.

During the latter part of November and the month of December we had the most shocking weather imaginable; either cold "northers" or drenching rains, without intermission. Hast thou, dear reader, ever *felt* a norther? heard tell of one? No. Well, your northern cold is nothing to it. It comes "like a thief in the night," and all but steals your life. You go to bed, weather sultry and warm, bed-clothes disagreeable, tent open; before morning you hear a distant rumbling; the roaring increases—the *norther* comes. For several minutes you hear it careering in its wild course; when it reaches you it issues fresh from the snow-mountains, and with a severity which threatens to prostrate the camp. The change in one's feelings is like an instantaneous transit from the torrid to the frigid zone; blankets are in demand, and no one thinks of living without a good supply on hand. Ice has formed in pails several times, and one morning every tent had an ice covering; the sleet had frozen upon it, and the crackling of the canvas sounded like any thing but music. We were forced to throw up embankments and plant chaparral to the north of our tents, to break the wind. The men, of course, suffer a great deal. The constant dampness and bad water have produced many serious cases of dysentery. The beauty of this climate is decidedly in the summer. I'll venture to say there is no part of the United States cursed with such a variable one in the winter. Oh! Texas, if we have not "fought, bled, and died" for you, we have done as Dick Riker (peace to his ashes) did, "suffered some."

Our encampment presented quite a picturesque appearance, with the evergreen inclosures. It looked like an encampment among orange groves.

The morning after our coldest night, *cart-loads* of the finest fish and green-turtle were driven on shore at the Nueces reef in a torpid state. *Wagon-loads* were carried off by the men.

For the last month, whenever a day would permit, some kind of a pony-race came off. For short distances, some of the mustangs make quite a respectable show. One race, for three hundred yards, between two cream-colored ponies, was inimitably rich. The first heat was declared lost from foul riding; the parties agreed to run it over. In the next, one pony bolted, and, not at all alarmed by the crowd, cleared two or three piles of rubbish, knocked one man down, threw his rider, ran about fifty yards, stopped, turned round, and snorted, as much as to say, "Beat that, if you can." That pony was hard to beat.

Some who read these pages will remember the fun and merriment produced at the mustang pony-races, and never can forget the "modus operandi" of roping mules to mark them. A Mexican goes into the herd, and dextrously throws the lasso over the one designated, and then all hands bend on and pull him (after great resistance) out of the pen. Just as he goes out, a man at the gate, with consummate skill, throws a lasso, and catches the mule by one of his legs; and then commences the sport. The object now is to throw them to be branded. Sometimes they are cast very easily, and then, again, they resist for several minutes, kicking, jumping, and performing all kinds of gyrations; every motion has something comical and ridiculous about it. Sometimes, when one is down and is branded, instead of flinching the moment the iron sears him, he lies still for a moment, and then, as if he had forgotten himself, thrashes around, and plays the very devil.

Early last month (October) a party of Mexicans brought in a horse, which was reported to be the celebrated "White Horse of the Prairies," the one so often seen and described by travelers over the southwestern prairies. He was a flea-bitten gray, fourteen hands high, well proportioned, and built a good deal after the pattern of a Conestago No. 2. His head and neck were really beautiful, perfect Arabian; beautiful ears, large nostrils, great breadth of forehead, and a throttle as large as any I have ever seen in a blooded nag. His white main was two feet long. He looked about twenty-five years old. He was driven into a pen with some hundred others, and lassoed. Thus, by an artifice, was entrapped the monarch of the mustangs: no more will he lead the countless herds in their wild scampers of freedom; no more will be seen his noble form, with head up and eye dilated, standing on the prairie-knoll, snuffing danger in the breeze, and dashing off at lightning-speed when it becomes apparent.

Lieutenant-colonel Hoffman, of the 7th Infantry, died on the 26th of November, and Lieutenant Allen, of the Dragoons, on the 6th of December. The former was an old and faithful officer, the latter a graduate of 1846.

The army theater opened on the 8th of January, 1846. It was a capital building, capable of containing some eight hundred persons. The scenes were painted by officers of the army. A very clever company was engaged, and many an otherwise dreary evening was spent by many of us with infinite pleasure within its walls.

Early in February General Taylor received orders to march to the Rio Grande, and select some eligible and healthy situation on that river for his command. It is idle to discuss the propriety of this move. In annexing Texas to the Union, we were bound to take her as she was. Texas, with her prescribed limits. She claimed to the Rio Grande. The moment the annexation was consummated the Mexican minister demanded his passports, and left the country. War appeared to be inevitable. Our government, anxious to avoid any conflict, took means to ascertain whether an agent would be received, with power to adjust all questions in dispute between the two governments. Having received assurances that such an agent would be received, Mr. Slidell was selected by the president, and immediately dispatched to Mexico. The fleet, at the request of the then President of Mexico, was removed from before Vera Cruz; and there can be little or no doubt that Herrera was sincere in his desire to settle all difficulties in the most amicable manner. At the head of a government as unstable as the winds, his seat was entirely too insecure to retain it, and at the same time act with that dignity, honesty, and firmness so necessary to terminate successfully so delicate a negotiation. Upon the arrival of Mr. Slidell, the Council of Mexico resolved not to receive him. On the 29th of December, 1845, the presidency of Herrera was superseded by that of Paredes, placing an insuperable barrier in the way of negotiation. Hostility to the United States was the countersign and watchword of this military chieftain. Mr. Slidell presented his credentials to the new government, and was again refused reception. Our government left nothing undone which might lead to a peaceable settlement. But what could be expected of a government depending entirely upon the caprice of military factions, where the president of to-day was superseded by the successful general to-morrow?

During the latter part of January and February, 1846, reports were daily coming in from the Rio Grande of the concentration of troops upon that river, and that a forward movement would certainly meet with resistance. That was of little consequence to us, *professionally;* our orders were out, and all that was required of us was prompt obedience. Various rumors reached us regarding the state of affairs in Mexico, more especially of the northern states. It was generally believed there was another revolution on foot. General Arista, suspected of good-will to this country, was rendered hostile by being superseded in command of the "Army of the North." It was thought the people of the northern states would rise, throw off the military yoke of Paredes, declare themselves independent, form for themselves a separate and independent government, and elect Arista their governor. The friends of this move dispatched Colonel Carabahal to General Taylor, to prevent, if possible, the advance of our army, fearing it would check the outbreak, and cause the people to be united against us, and thus, for a time, retard their political regeneration. It would be sad to think such would be the effect, for no lover of freedom can refrain from shedding tears to witness the deplorable, degraded state into which the poor Mexican is cast. Ground down by oppressive taxation, subject to the caprices of every military upstart, deprived of all their freedom of thought and action, it is to be feared that, unless the taper of freedom (which is still burning in their bosoms, and occasionally gives us some proofs of its existence by its feeble attempts to kindle the hearts of the people) is carefully nursed, it will be extinguished forever. It is in the natural course of things that, sooner or later, the northern states will declare themselves independent. Not many years hence there may be another state still further west, begging to be *annexed;* and who shall say the cry will not be responded to, and another star added to the bright ones of Liberty? It is by "annexation" the whole American Continent is bound to be peopled by us; and fate, no doubt, has decreed that, ere long, the anthem of Liberty shall be sung along its length and breadth.

The press of the country estimates our force at four thousand. It is questionable whether we will advance with more than two thousand five hundred bayonets. Colonel Churchill, inspector general, reviewed and inspected the troops just prior to our departure for the Rio Grande.

Owing to the submerged state of the country during December, 1845, and January, 1846, it was thought the march across the country would be impracticable. Fortunately, in February we had delightfully warm weather, and the ground was rapidly dried. The report of two reconnoitering parties, one for some forty miles into the interior, and the other along the shores of Padre Island, as far as Point Isabel, enabled the general to decide upon crossing the country.

During the winter months the most active means were used by the quartermaster's department to collect transportation. We were miserably deficient; wild mules were purchased and broken; and every thing, you may say, had to be created out of nothing. To the exertions of Captain Crosman, but more particularly to the energy and untiring zeal of Colonel T. Cross, were we indebted for the meager supply with which the army effected its march. Every preparation was made by the general to break up all his depôts at Corpus Christi, and remove them to St. Joseph's Island. At that point the general hospital was established.

Prior to the departure of the army, General Taylor issued a proclamation, which was translated into Spanish, and sent to the Rio Grande for distribution. Its pacific tendency could not fail to produce a good effect. It showed the people we were coming there with the most amicable intentions, determined to respect the civil and religious rights of the inhabitants, and maintain, as far as in us lay, the most friendly relations; politely telling them if they would bring in marketing, they would be paid the best of prices, and saying every thing, in fact, that could possibly conduce to perfect confidence.

We are delighted at the prospects of the march, having become restless and anxious for a change; anticipate no little fun, and all sorts of adventure, upon the route.

The impression gains ground that the reports which have been received here lately, regarding the number of troops concentrating upon the Rio Grande, are greatly magnified, if not totally untrue. Many of us think there is not the remotest prospect of a brush with them. I think it more than probable there are some scattering troops on this side of the river; it is much more probable they will retire upon our advance. I think it is the object of the Mexican government to prove that, at the time of our arrival, they had military possession of the country, believing that this might, in some future negotiation, gain for them no small sum of money.

The army was ordered to move by brigades, and to concentrate at the Colorado River, about sixty miles from the Rio Grande.

And now, dear reader, I hope, if you have had patience to wade through the dull monotony of our sojourn at Corpus Christi, you will be repaid by the perusal of subsequent chapters, detailing events which led to a most momentous period of our national history.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH 8th. We are off for the Rio Grande! Colonel Twiggs, with the 2d Regiment of Dragoons, and Major Samuel Ringgold, with company of Horse Artillery, left at ten this morning; officers and men were in tip-top health and spirits, and all eager to reach our extreme southwest boundary. Old "Davy Branch," the major's trusty and beautiful charger, after gaining laurels on the turf, is equally ready to reap them on the battle-field, under his gallant and accomplished owner.

March 9th. The 1st Brigade, under General Worth, having with him Duncan's battery, took their departure, and were followed on the 10th by the 2d Brigade, under Lieutenant-colonel McIntosh.

March 11th. The 3d Brigade (to which I was attached), under the command of Colonel Whistler, with Bragg's battery, left their old stamping-ground. We were the first to arrive, the last to leave. General Taylor and staff left the same day. Corpus Christi looked perfectly deserted; the field of white canvas was no longer visible; the camp-ground looked like desolation itself; but the bright waters of the bay looked as sweetly as ever. The army were encamped upon its borders seven months and eleven days.

The day was oppressively hot. As we were quietly marching along, some commotion was created at the head of the column. It was caused by some of the men killing two piccarees (wild hogs); one of them, after being shot, made for the column, and was knocked down by one of the men with the butt of his gun; and a mustang, taking it into his head to be a little restive, relieved himself of his load, a demure-looking camp-woman. After a march of sixteen miles, we encamped on the Nueces.

March 12th. A cold, dreary morning; route over a monotonous, level prairie, called in Texas, from its peculiar appearance, "Hogwallow" Prairie, over which (from its boggy nature) we had great difficulty in getting the train. Our course was nearly west. Owing to the roads being so heavy, we marched only eight miles, and encamped. General Taylor pushed forward to overtake the advance.

March 13th. Our course to-day was southwest, prairie a little higher, with occasional skirts of mesquite and prickly-pear. Crossed the Agua Dulce, a small stream about three miles from our last camp. Marched eleven miles, and encamped at some very extensive water-holes, skirted with heavy timber, called "Los Pintas."

March 14th. Nothing could surpass, this morning, the magnificent mirage seen in the west. Far, far away in the distance appeared ranges of blue mountains, lakes fringed with trees, deep ravines, and farms with cultivated fields. The effect was exceedingly beautiful, and attracted universal attention. In conjunction with this curious scene appeared the phenomena of "converging rays." As the sun rose the fairy scene gradually disappeared, and when the advance sounded naught remained but the interminable vista of level prairies. The delusion was perfect; many unconsciously called the attention of the officers to what they really believed were mountains. It appeared as if created to awaken in some the recollections of their childhood's home. An enthusiastic son of the Old Dominion exclaimed, "Have you ever been in Virginia?" "No!" "Well, there are the Blue Mountains, and many just such a scene has been before me in that dear old state." Our course to-day has been nearly south. The morning was very cold, and, singular to relate, we had quite a heavy white frost. Think of that! frost in this latitude on the 14th of March! The prairie traveled over is much higher and more dry; the road was very hard, and the consequence was, some of the men became rather tender-footed. Saw a herd of antelope, which dashed away to the verge of the horizon, and proudly looked at the passing column. An immense drove of mustangs made their appearance in the distant horizon; their forms, at first indistinct, became more apparent as they galloped toward us to gratify their curiosity. Several of the officers gave them chase, and an animated scene ensued. Mounted on their blooded horses, they soon ran up with them. The mustang can not compare, in either fleetness or endurance, with ours. While halting to "noon" it, one of the officers came galloping into camp, having by his side a very young colt, which he was leading with a rope: when it became known that it was a wee thing, but a few days old, a universal cry was raised against his inhumanity. Another officer jumped on a horse, and carried it in the direction the drove was last seen, and left it near a pond, and it is to be hoped the mother found it. Captain M'C. killed three piccarees. It is the wild boar, which, in days gone by, furnished so much sport to the followers of the chase. We crossed the San Fernando five miles from our last camp. It is a very small creek, although dignified by the name of river. Quite dry; in the wet season a torrent of water must flow through it: its banks are thickly wooded, the trees interlacing so thickly that the sun's rays scarcely ever fall into its cool and delightful shade. The strip of timber skirting its banks is very narrow. The flowers during today's march were gloriously rich; conspicuous above all were the Texan plume, a beautiful scarlet flower, the Mexican poppy, and the indigo. The country decreases in interest, becomes more barren, the scenery tame and monotonous; the only use to which it can be put is grazing, and that is very questionable in the summer season, on account of the great scarcity of water for the stock. We reached San Gertrude about four P.M., and encamped. At this place a depôt had been previously established by Major W. Graham; the water was quite brackish.

Sunday, 15th. "Advance" sounded at sunrise; the prairie higher and more rolling, and filled with gorgeous flowers. The road was very hard, and looked simply, by the passage of the advance brigades, like a well-beaten turnpike. "Taylor's Trail" will never be obliterated. We reached our camp, "Santa Clara Mots," having marched thirteen miles, by twelve M., under a scorching sun. The camp-fires of the 2d Brigade were still burning.

March 16th. The sunrise was truly beautiful and gorgeous. The prairies more rolling, sandy, and barren, yet filled with flowers. The dust was completely suffocating. Some of the servants discovered a piccaree, and drove it toward the column; it was shot just before it reached us, thereby insuring some nice steaks to the fortunate individual. Crossed the Bobee, a salt stream running through the prairies. Its banks were very high, and composed of rotten limestone. Marched thirteen miles, and encamped at El Pista. This is decidedly one of our prettiest camps. It is surrounded by ponds, in which are quantities of water-fowl. Just before reaching here, the corporal of General Taylor's escort arrived with a dispatch from the general. Colonel Twiggs has met the advance-guard of the enemy about twenty miles this side of the Colorado. We are ordered to leave our ox-teams behind and hasten forward. The news has created an agreeable and delightful excitement; knots of officers are collected over the camp-fire, discussing the chances of a fight; the majority, however, incline to the opinion that it is a false alarm.

March 17th. We were off at early dawn, and all pushed ahead with renewed energy. Emerging from a belt of mesquite, we entered a region of country where the live-oak flourished. To the *eye* the whole country was beautiful; nothing can exceed in beauty the islands and clumps of oak stretching out in every diversity of form over a gently undulating country; but when you come to the *feet* it is a very different matter; it is deep, deep sand, of the heaviest description, and perfectly unproductive, barely supporting a very thin growth of grass. We have entered upon that part of the country laid down as a desert, and which Colonel Benton proposed should be the boundary between Texas and Mexico. It is midway between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. There is the greatest scarcity of fresh water; but, to tantalize the traveler, he meets with pond after pond of salt water, whose beautiful, clear surface only aggravates without giving relief. One beautiful lake burst upon us in the midst of a level prairie, surrounded by high banks, capped with the Spanish bayonet in full bloom, with numerous water-fowl sporting in its clear waters. It was too tantalizing, for we were all suffering for the want of water. The men suffered a great deal from the heat and dust, and were glad, after a march of twenty miles, to find themselves in camp. Our road lies along the trail over which General Filisola retreated, after the battle of San Jacinto. The terrible suffering of his men is beyond description.

March 18th. Did not march until eight o'clock; delay occasioned by the issuing of subsistence, and shifting provisions from the different teams, so as to leave the oxen behind, and make a forced march. The wind blew very strong, and the day was oppressively hot. By starting so late, the dew was off the sand, and rose in thick clouds, to envelop, blind, and choke us. We had fourteen miles to march to get water, and were forced to halt repeatedly, and the men sat down, with parched mouths, upon the hot sand, with the tropical sun beating on them. The prairie had a few sickly blades of grass upon it; the sand was like hot ashes, and when you stepped upon it you sank up to the ankle. The last two miles I could not but pity the men; many gave out, and lay down by the road-side perfectly exhausted, looking as if they did not care for life. When we perceived the Artillery halted on a hill, we hardly dared believe water was near. An hour after reaching the pond we were again ready for a start. This desert belt of country was thirty-four miles wide where we crossed it. As soon as we left the pond the face of the country changed; some little grass and patches of mesquite were seen. Encamped three miles beyond the pond. We here learned the cause of the alarm. Lieutenant H., of the Dragoons, was in advance while marching over the section of country included in to-day's march. He met with some twenty-two mounted Mexicans, supposed to be the advance of a larger force. The officer in command told Lieutenant H. he must not advance. H. replied to them that we were only going to take peaceable possession of the country, but that he would return and report to Colonel Twiggs, and would meet him at three P.M. at the same spot. At the time appointed Colonel Twiggs was represented, but no Mexican officer or soldier was visible.

March 19th. There has been a decided improvement in the country; the amount of wood is increased, and the prairies, surrounded by trees and interspersed with "mots," produce a picturesque and pleasing effect. Stopped to lunch after marching five miles. In a neighboring pond shot some "black-neck avorset," a rare species of plover. Received an express from General Taylor, stating that he was moving on by easy marches, and would expect us to join him on the 21st. Passed many pens in which the Mexicans confine their droves of cattle and horses. Passed a Mexican on his way to Corpus Christi, who says we are sure to have a fight.

March 20th. The face of the country and the nature of the soil have entirely changed; the former has become more level and thickly wooded with mesquite, and the latter, from a sand to a stiff, black clay. It has been one of the most picturesque marches we have yet enjoyed. It was impossible to divest one's self of the idea that we were marching through a peach orchard. The flowers have again appeared in all their glory, acres of them at a sight. Encamped, after a march of sixteen miles.

March 21st. Quite an exciting day. Had not proceeded more than three miles from camp, when, seeing some horsemen in advance, our good colonel took them for the enemy, halted his command, and made preparations to receive them. It turned out to be an escort to some teams sent back to relieve our loads. We then learned that the Dragoons and 1st and 2d Brigades crossed the Colorado on the 20th. When General Taylor, with his command, reached the bank, some twenty or thirty Mexicans presented themselves, and said that if his force attempted to cross, they would fire upon it; that such were their orders. Their troops were drawn up in order of battle upon the bank; the Mexican bugles sounded for some distance up and down the river, *making out* there was an immense force opposed to us. A fight appeared to be certain, and although our gallant fellows had made up their minds they would have to cross amid a shower of bullets, they were eager to advance. The men were employed cutting down the bank for the passage of the train. General Taylor, standing on the bank, told them that "as soon as he cut down the bank he intended to cross, and that the first Mexican he saw after our men entered the water would be shot." At this there was a regular scampering on their parts. The bank being prepared, the word "*forward!*" was given, and our boys dashed into the river, which at that point was four feet deep. The batteries were drawn up to cover the passage; portfires lighted. Captain C. F. Smith, with a battalion of four companies of artillery, was selected as the "forlorn hope." General Worth and staff dashed in ahead of them, and led the way. Previous to the crossing, the adjutant-general of General Mejia, the commanding general at Matamoras, made his appearance, and handed to General Taylor a paper from Mejia, "forbidding his crossing, stating that he would look upon it as a declaration of war," and left, assuring the general he would be opposed, and that a fight was inevitable. No enemy showed themselves; no gun was fired. If they ever intended making a stand against us, here was the spot; they could have done us great damage, and rendered some desperate fighting necessary. The presumption is, there were very few men at the river, and they thought to frighten us away by the sounds of bugles and big threats. Thus ended the famous "crossing of the Colorado." It is a beautiful stream, about one hundred yards broad, with bluff banks some twenty feet high, and bordered, for a depth of two to three miles on each side, with a dense growth of mesquite and prickly-pear (cactus). It is perfectly impenetrable, except in certain places; the water of the river is quite salt, arising from its coursing its way through immense salt plains. We crossed the river, and encamped about four miles beyond, in the vicinity of the other brigades.

March 22d. Sunday, and really a day of rest. The general decided upon awaiting the arrival of the ox teams. It is presumed there are some two thousand troops at Matamoras. General Ampudia (who superseded Arista) is reported to be making rapid marches from the south with five thousand men: he was last heard from at Victoria, and should be at Matamoras about the last of this month. We are, fortunately, ahead of him, and will march and take possession of Point Isabel. The advance of so large a force certainly looks like a conflict, yet I can not believe it. There is a "physique" and "morale" about our "little army" of which they never dreamed; well clad, well fed, and well armed; moving forward with an enthusiasm and "sang froid" which carries victory in their face. I feel more and more convinced that we can successfully contend with an immensely superior force. The order for marching to-morrow is published. Being ignorant of the state of the country, and hearing that Point Isabel was occupied by the enemy, the general changed his original intention of marching direct upon Matamoras, and determined to advance upon the Point. It is necessary to secure it as a base of operations. If it is to be our depôt for supplies, it would be madness to march upon Matamoras without knowing the state of affairs at that place.

March 23d. Our order of march was in four columns, the Dragoons on the right and the 3d Brigade on the left. The arrangement was a very judicious and available one, being able to form line of battle with the least possible delay. The character of the country entirely changed this side of the Colorado; the land is much richer, and the country more picturesque. We passed many fresh-water ponds, in which were innumerable ducks and plover, so tame that you could hardly drive them away; started any number of hares (called jackass rabbits), and had no little amusement in witnessing some animated runs; their speed is wonderful; there are few dogs that can catch them.

March 24th. I do not think I have ever felt a sweeter or fresher morning. The morning star and moon were about setting; the former, even as day broke, looked like a diamond set in the clear, blue sky. The country was beautiful. We marched through a wilderness of mesquite and acacia thickets, fragrant with the blossom of the latter; the grass was rich; the pea-vine, with its delicate blossom, abundant, and the country sufficiently rolling to relieve the eye. The air from the sea was delightful, and every thing in nature appeared so happy that it was perfectly exhilarating. A Mexican arrived from Point Isabel last night, and reported that the guard stationed there had left for Matamoras, and that all the houses had been burned but one, the owner of which refused to obey the order. Finding no enemy in our rear, the general decided to march toward Matamoras. Emerging from the mesquite after a march of three miles, we came suddenly upon an open prairie, extending, apparently, to the Gulf, with no trees visible. The mirage in the distance was beautiful; singular, too, for it looked as if the prairie was on fire, whereas it was the waves of this peculiarly heated atmosphere. We marched for some distance through a wilderness of wild peas, than which nothing is more nutritious for animals; the mesquite-grass was also very luxuriant. At this point the command was halted, and all the empty wagons started for the Point to obtain subsistence, escorted by the Dragoons. General Taylor accompanied them. General Worth marched the command in the direction of Matamoras, and encamped it within twelve miles of that place. On our march, a man and mule were bitten by a rattle-snake; the country is overrun with them; neither will die, although friend B. thought it all over with his "mula;" he was overheard repeating something about "the fairest being always taken first," when he well knew that *his* was the ugliest "mula" in the crowd. The arrival of the steam-boats and supplies at Point Isabel were simultaneous with that of the general. He was much gratified. In all his arrangements he has shown great wisdom, and all must admire the firm and energetic manner in which he has advanced. Too much credit can not be given him for the prompt and able manner in which he has carried out the views of the executive. When he arrived at the Point, he was met by a deputation of fifty armed citizens from Matamoras, with some important civil functionary at their head, who presented him a paper protesting against our occupying the country. The general, having no time to discuss the matter, told them very concisely "he would give them an answer at Matamoras." The Point was surveyed with a view to its defense, and a work ordered to be constructed under the superintendence of Captain Sanders of the Engineers. Major Munroe (who, with two companies, had accompanied the transports) was assigned to the command of the post.

On the 25th General Worth moved the camp three miles to Palo Alto, and there awaited the arrival of General Taylor, who, with the Dragoons and staff, arrived on the 27th, and issued his orders to march on the 28th. This part of the country is really beautiful, and I am not surprised the Mexicans are loath to part with it. I think they would have been satisfied with the Colorado as a boundary; for east of it is a desert, west of it a paradise. Our camp-ground at Palo Alto and the neighboring country were certainly very beautiful. Novelty, no doubt, greatly excited our fancy; but it seemed to me I could imagine one of Old England's lawns, which, instead of being clipped close, is broken into an uneven surface by the luxuriant growth of grass and flowers; instead of the stately oaks and chestnuts, one must imagine, scattered about in the most picturesque confusion, the popinac, a species of acacia (now in full bloom, and scenting the air with its perfume), the ebony, whose leaves are of the darkest, richest green imaginable, and the graceful mesquite; if to these you add glimpses of beautiful prairies, an unclouded sky, and the sweetest, softest breeze, some idea may be formed of our camp at Palo Alto, eight miles from Matamoras.

CHAPTER IX.

March 28th. A day not easily forgotten. About eight A.M. we started for Matamoras, or, rather, the Rio Grande. Many believed that before we reached the river we would have a fight. I was, and have been, an unbeliever; however, we were all prepared, and I can not say but some would have liked a "brush" for exercise. The country passed over was really beautiful; such grazing was never seen before. The ground appeared alive with quail, and every water-hole turned out its flock of ducks. As you approach the river the chaparral increases in density. The soil is very rich. If they intended to attack us, numerous points could have been selected where they could have forced us into a bloody fight. Within a mile of the river we came to some settlements; large fields were inclosed by driving in posts and filling up the spaces with brush. The country is a perfect level, and the roads are in capital order. As we approached the bank we passed through a long line of Mexican huts:

stopped at one, and there was a regular rush for *eggs and chickens;* salt grub for a few days gave us an appetite for "*chicken fixins.*" The floor of the house was paved with bricks, and covered with beds. Not a dark-eyed lassie made her appearance. On one of the beds a small goat was sleeping, and under every one, and in every corner, a game-cock was tied by the legs. The domestic animals appeared to have "carte-blanche" to occupy the parlor with their mistresses. The poor devils at their cottage doors appeared pleased at our arrival, and saluted us as we passed.

We reached the river at 11 o'clock. The far-famed and much-talked-about waters rolled beneath us, and the city of Matamoras rose like a fairy vision before our enraptured eyes. I was so agreeably disappointed, I was inclined to grant it more beauty than it probably possessed. When we arrived some two hundred persons were on the opposite bank. The Mexican colors were flying from the quarters of the commander, General Mejia; from the Place d'Artillerie; and from the quarters of the Sappers and Miners. Those were the prominent places pointed out to us upon our arrival. Two of the advanced guard of the Dragoons, being some distance from the main body, were pounced upon by a body of Mexicans and carried off prisoners to Matamoras; a little bugler-boy was dismounted and his horse taken from him. This seizure caused no little excitement, and we were all ready to take the city at any risk.

General Worth was deputed by General Taylor to open communication with the commander of the Mexican forces, and bear to him an answer to the deputation which visited General T. at Point Isabel. Some time elapsed before the Mexicans would send a boat over. At last one came with an officer, to whom General Worth expressed his desire to see the commanding officer of the troops at Matamoras. The officer returned to General Mejia, who sent an answer to the effect that he would neither receive General Worth, nor the communication of General Taylor. He sent his second in command, General La Vega, to meet General Worth; the latter crossed the river, and the interview took place on the opposite side. General La Vega spoke of our arrival as an act of invasion; that the Mexican government looked upon it as such; and asked the question, "What would we have done if we had been served so?" Of course, no reply could be given, except that we would have fought like lions for what we deemed our possessions. They are decidedly inimical to us. General Worth did not touch upon the capture of the Dragoons, leaving that subject until a friendly intercourse could be established.

Two hours after our arrival a flag-staff was erected, under the superintendence of Colonel Belknap, and soon the flag of our country, a virgin one, was seen floating upon the banks of the Rio Grande, proclaiming in a silent but impressive manner that the "area of freedom" was again extended. As it was hoisted the band of the 8th Infantry played the "Star-spangled Banner," and the field music "Yankee Doodle." There was not ceremony enough in raising it. The troops should have been paraded under arms, the banner of our country should have been hoisted with patriotic strains of music, and a national salute should have proclaimed, in tones of thunder, that "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," had advanced to the banks of the Rio Grande. Simultaneous with the appearance of the "Stars and Stripes," the cross of St.

George, and the French and Spanish colors, were run up from the different consulates. We looked in vain for ours: either our consul is confined, or else he dare not raise it. We have had no communication with him.

The main body of the city is half a mile from the river; scattering houses near the bank. From our position we can discover several strong-holds, and it looks as if it was well defended. It is reported the different forts are well supplied with ammunition, and ordnance of heavy caliber. At this point the river runs nearly east and west, and is one hundred and seventy-five yards wide. The city is on the south side, and situated in an alluvial bottom. The soil is very rich, and of a similar character to that on the Mississippi. If the climate is not too dry, it must be immensely valuable. The river reminds one a good deal of the Arkansas, and the water is capital for drinking. The Mexicans expected we would have struck the river higher up, opposite their main ferry, where they are reported to be actively engaged in throwing up a work. I am convinced, if it becomes necessary for us to take the city, we can do it, although we have no siege artillery. They could not withstand such an onset as would come from us. General La Vega spoke to General Worth about raising our flag; he did not like it. I presume it looked like taking possession in earnest; one from which there will be no retreat. General Worth told him "it was a matter of taste, but that no sight was so glorious to him as that of the flag of his country floating in the breeze."

In the evening I walked down to the bank, and found it lined with citizens, attracted, no doubt, by the arrival of so many strangers. Strolling along, and seeing some genteel-looking young ladies upon the bank, I took off my hat and saluted them with "Buena noche, señoritas." They laughed most heartily, and appeared very much inclined to enter into conversation. The river at this point was so narrow that I could have thrown a stone across it. As our troops approached, the windows and house-tops were filled with citizens, anxious to see what we intended doing. Their troops kicked up a little dust by marching about some infantry and cavalry, of whom we caught glimpses through the trees; and, to finish the incidents of the day, a rooster, brought from Corpus Christi by Colonel T., the moment the wagon arrived upon the bank flapped his wings and crowed defiance. Our camp was in a corn-field, the corn some six inches high. General Taylor sent for the owner, and told him he would pay him what he thought was the value of the crop. Rumor estimates the force of the Mexicans at one thousand five hundred.

March 29th. The enemy, during the night, mounted a heavy gun in a battery made of sand-bags, and this morning we had the pleasure of reflecting that no little damage might be done us, if they should amuse themselves by firing it. They are missing a great deal of delightful society by behaving in so churlish a manner. It is rather provoking being in sight of so much comfort and luxury, without permission to enjoy it. Fight or no fight, the general has made up his mind not to budge from here, and has ordered Major Mansfield, of the Engineers, to make surveys, with a view of throwing up a work.

March 30th. Last evening we had quite an alarm. At tattoo it was reported that, "from information received, there was a strong probability of a night attack." Some Mexicans had reported the crossing of a large body of the enemy's cavalry above our camp, and it was thought their object was to attack "Point Isabel," and at the same time open their batteries upon us. I was among the unbelievers; yet it was impossible to divest one's self of the thoughts of what *might* be the result, if the premises were granted. The watch-word was given out, and the men ordered to sleep upon their arms. Captain May, with a squadron of the 2d Dragoons, was ordered to march to Point Isabel, a distance of *twenty-seven* miles, in *four* hours, to re-enforce the garrison and put them on their guard. With that officer's usual energy and promptness, he accomplished the distance in the stated time, and somewhat *stirred up* the gentlemen with an idea of an attack. Morning dawned, however; no gun was fired, no attack was made upon the depôt at the Point. I then felt more satisfied that no contingency could happen that would produce a fight. They had permitted two golden opportunities to pass: the passage of the Colorado, and the night of our arrival. Had they fired upon us the night of the alarm, there is no computing the damage which would have ensued. The train was placed in the center of the camp, and if the firing had commenced, there would have been a "stampede" of some six hundred animals; they would have carried death and destruction with them. The return of killed and wounded by *mules* would have exceeded the number by Mexicans. A death by a *stampede* would have been a glorious finale for officer or man! I lay awake contriving how I should escape them, but my imagination could present no means, unless to "lie down and take it;" relying upon the faint hope that Mr. Mule would be military enough, considering his late education, to "*pass obstacle.*"

The enemy were hard at work all day, throwing up traverses to the sand-bag battery. Groups of well-dressed officers were lounging in front of it, and guards were passing to and fro. Their soldiers are in full uniform, and all have the Mexican blanket to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Our situation is truly extraordinary: right in the enemy's country (to all appearance), actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil leaving their homes, and we, with a small handful of men, marching with colors flying and drums beating, right under the very guns of one of their principal cities, displaying the star-spangled banner, as if in defiance, under their very nose; and they, with an army twice our size *at least*, sit quietly down and make no resistance, not the first effort to drive us off.

March 31st. It is reported that the families of gentility are leaving the city. The weather is extremely disagreeable, and the Mexicans say we bring it with us. Walked up to the upper ferry to examine the work the enemy are constructing. It is called Fort Paredes, and is erected to command the passage of the river. At the landing we saw crowds of both sexes; the men were actively at work on the fort, and many of the women were washing. Nearly all the latter have well-developed, magnificent figures: they dress with as little clothing as can well be fancied, and appear as happy and contented as the day is long. They talked to me across the river, and asked "how we all were." I told them "well," and "hoped we were all friends." They replied, "yes." I do not doubt it; and if these poor devils could decide the matter, it would all be settled. Two men swam the river and deserted.

April 1st. General Taylor having demanded the release of the captured Dragoons, they were returned to-day, with nearly all their equipments. This was another evidence of no very *actively* hostile feeling, but, as General Mejia, in his note, termed it, "one of great magnanimity." The whole city turned out to see the Dragoons when they were carried over the river prisoners, and the captors were looked upon as noble fellows, who had performed a deed of signal bravery. They were imprisoned, but treated with kindness. When the order for their return was given, there was a great deal of difficulty in finding their effects: it appears they were divided among their captors, and were to be kept as trophies. No doubt they gave them up with regret, as any article captured from the "barbarians of the North" must be of inestimable value in their eyes.

April 2d. Order received settling the much-vexed question of brevet rank. General Worth, considering himself aggrieved by it, resigned. The enemy are still at work on a line of defenses; details from our men getting fascines and hurdles for our proposed work. Quite a military display among the enemy—seemed to have had a review. They have excellent music; there is one singularity, however, in it; at times, conspicuous above all sounds, you hear an everlasting bugle, deafening the ear with the same monotonous notes. Daily reports are received of their intention to give us battle: all agree that when General Ampudia (rendered notorious by boiling Santamanat's head in oil) arrives, then we shall "see sights," and nothing can hold him back from a fight. His proclamation, which has preceded him, styling us "barbarians of the North," &c., would cause the world to believe he intended to *eat us right up*, and make of us some delicate *man's* *head soup.* Our men appear to be very anxious for his arrival; a fight appears to be all they want, and I verily believe it is their nightly prayer.

April 3d. Broke ground for a battery, to be erected in advance of the main field-work. Several of the men have deserted; grand military display among the enemy. One of their regiments showed themselves, and looked very well. They have been actively employed every day in throwing up defensive works. The extreme work below the town was finished to-day, and a priest was seen consecrating it by sprinkling holy water over it.

April 4th. This afternoon a rapid discharge of musketry was heard below the camp, on the river bank. The first impression was, the enemy had made an attack. The long roll was beaten and the regiments promptly formed: the 1st Brigade, which was near the river, with a yell rushed to their arms. It was soon discovered the firing proceeded from our picket guard, and that it was at a man who attempted to desert by swimming the river. He was shot and sank. The Mexicans scampered from the bank, and thought we had commenced upon them. The whole affair was one of some little excitement, and proved with what alacrity our men would fly to their arms.

April 5th. Last evening the camp was again disturbed by the report of fire-arms. Another attempt at desertion, and another death. Four eighteen pounders arrived to-day.

April 6th. More of our men deserted last night. This morning our guns were placed in battery.

April 7th. Little or nothing done; the number of the enemy increasing.

April 8th. Broke ground upon the field-work. All the men off duty will be constantly employed until it is finished. Captain Mansfield has the direction of it. Some four or five of the deserters have been drowned in crossing the river. One man to-day succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, and as he crawled out the sentinel fired, and he fell dead. The Mexicans immediately covered him with a sheet and buried him. It was a capital shot for a musket, being about two hundred yards, and must give them no contemptible idea of our shooting. Three slaves of officers have run away. Of course every inducement is offered by the enemy. Major R.'s boy returned, and said he was treated with "the most distinguished consideration;" "had the first seat at the table, and the best bed in the house."

April 9th. We hear to-day Mr. Slidell has left Mexico. After repeated attempts to open negotiations, he at last gave up all hope, and sailed for the United States the latter part of March, 1846.

April 10th. Colonel Cross left camp this morning, and, not returning in the evening, great fears are entertained for his safety: parties have been sent in every direction in search of him; and thinking he might be lost, General Taylor directed some cannon to be fired, to guide him to camp. I fear he is either a prisoner, or has been murdered.

April 11th. "Ampudia is coming!" "Ampudia is coming!" has been the daily cry. This morning a salute of twenty guns was fired, the church bells rang, the bands played, the troops paraded; and, true enough, Ampudia came. Nothing from Colonel Cross. Colonel Hitchcock, much to the regret of the army, from his wretched health, was forced to leave for the States.

A translation of an article from the *Matamoras Ga-*

zette has afforded us no little amusement. It goes on to say, "There have been forty-three men desertions from the 'barbarians,' six slaves, and they expect momentarily *old Taylor, body and soul.*" When they do get him they will have a bitter pill to swallow.

April 12th. A dismal day; raining and very cold. The field-work vigorously pushed toward completion. About 2 P.M. a parley was sounded from the opposite side, and two Mexican officers crossed, and were escorted by Captain Bliss to General Taylor's tent. They remained but a few minutes, and returned. As Captain Bliss rode by a knot of us, warming ourselves by a small fire, he said, "Well, you may get ready; it's coming." Of course, we knew something serious had transpired, and that the impression at headquarters was, the long-expected fight was to come off—the ball to be opened. The officers bore a communication to General Taylor from General Ampudia. The general was told that "he must leave his position in *twenty-four hours*, retire to the Nueces, and there await the settlement of this question by negotiation: in default of which, Mexico would look upon his position as a declaration of war." He added, "The war should be carried on agreeably to the usages of the most civilized nations by him, and he hoped it would be so by us." Every disposition was made immediately to resist the threatened attack. Some believed that all the grace we were to have was "the twenty-four hours," and that at its expiration we must look out for shot. The 1st Brigade was immediately moved to the right, out of range. The general sent word to Ampudia that he did not require twenty-four hours, but would reply at 10 o'clock A.M. to-morrow. It certainly looks as if hard knocks were approaching. We have every confidence in the courage and patriotism of our general, and believe he will fight to the last.

April 13th. Early in the morning the 2d Brigade was moved to the left of the line, out of range of shot. General Twiggs, with the Dragoons and Ringgold's battery, occupied the center, and the 3d Brigade was moved into the interior of the field-work, together with Bragg's and Duncan's batteries. In this position the 3d Brigade were defiladed from the fires of the enemy, and the remainder formed a line so strong that the camp was considered impregnable. At 10 A.M. General Taylor's reply was sent over. It was mild, dignified, concise, and firm—perfectly characteristic of the man. He told General Ampudia, "He was sent here by order of his government, in a peaceable attitude, and *intended to remain;* and then warned him against the responsibility of firing the first gun." No guns were fired: the completion of the work was pressed forward.

Various rumors reached us this morning of the enemy having crossed in large numbers below. It is definitely understood that some have crossed. That is all we ask of them: cross and fight us, and we will exterminate them. The general is in capital spirits, and feels confident in the strength of his position. The 4th Infantry, 1st company of Dragoons, and Ringgold's battery, were ordered to march immediately to meet the train coming from Point Isabel. It is thought those of the enemy who have crossed intend attacking it. We have heard nothing more of Colonel Cross: those most sanguine of his safety have given him up. He has undoubtedly been murdered by some of the bands of assassins who are roaming about the country. His unaccountable disappearance, and probable horrible fate, have cast a gloom over the camp. He was esteemed an excellent officer, one of more than ordinary attainments, and stood deservedly high in his profession. He was a high-minded, chivalric gentleman.

April 14th. The train arrived without being attacked, and Captain Thornton returned reporting no signs of the enemy. At Matamoras every thing has been unusually quiet; hardly any citizens, and but few workmen, made their appearance; there was a solemn silence reigning over the whole city: it appeared to be deserted. It was impossible to explain it. It is now considered very unsafe to leave camp to go any distance.

The land in this vicinity is cultivated to some extent. Some of us occupy cotton fields, some corn. The soil is of the richest alluvial character, susceptible of the highest cultivation; for sugar it can not be surpassed. The whole valley of the Rio Grande, after the settlement of this question, must be rapidly and densely populated. In ten years this wilderness will "smile and blossom like the rose." How gorgeously rich the plantations will be on its banks! Nearly every thing grows here. In the vicinity of the camp there are the remains of a beautiful garden, and in it you have the orange, lemon, fig, banana, plantain, peach, and cocoanut. It had evidently at one time been under high cultivation, and ornamented with choice and beautiful flowers. This rich body of land is between thirty-five and forty miles in width, and some two hundred and fifty in length.

April 15th. The whole command at work on the fort. The enemy keep pace with us, and *shovel* sand in a style that can give us no contemptible idea of their proficiency in the use of that instrument. A rumor reached us that Ampudia has been superseded. Lieutenant Deas, of the Artillery, swam the river last night for the purpose, as he stated, of searching for Colonel Cross. General Taylor has blockaded the mouth of the river; the enemy are, therefore, cut off from receiving their supplies from New Orleans.

April 16th. About 11 o'clock four Mexican officers, in full dress, made their appearance; they were bearers of the reply of General Ampudia to General Taylor's letter concerning Colonel Cross. They have heard nothing of him; report Lieutenant Deas as a prisoner on parole.

April 17th. No change. Great military displays with the enemy, and a proportionate barking of dogs in the city. Lieutenant Dobbins of the 3d Infantry, and Lieutenant Porter of the 4th, each with a command of ten men and one non-commissioned officer, left camp with the avowed intention of catching, if possible, some of the band of the notorious Romano Falcon, hoping to discover some clew to the murder of Colonel Cross.

April 18th. Actually rained out of our camp, and were forced to remove it to the bank of the river. The sergeant of Lieutenant Porter's command came in and reported that the lieutenant had been attacked by some Mexicans and was killed. His story is rather contradictory, and we await with great impatience the arrival of Lieutenant Dobbins, or some of the command, to confirm it.

April 19th. The corporal of Lieutenant Porter's party has returned, and confirms the melancholy report of yesterday. Lieutenant Dobbins separated from Lieutenant Porter, and was to meet him at a certain spot. About 2 P.M. on the 19th, met with a party of armed Mexicans engaged in jerking beef. As they approached their camp, a Mexican snapped his piece at Lieutenant Porter, who returned it with both barrels of his gun. The enemy immediately fled, and the lieutenant found himself in the possession of ten horses and twenty Mexican blankets. He immediately mounted his men and proceeded to camp. At this time it commenced raining violently. He had gone but a short distance when, near the edge of a dense chaparral, he was attacked by a party of Mexicans concealed therein. He ordered his men to dismount; the enemy kept up a brisk fire; both of the lieutenant's barrels snapped, and nearly all the pieces of his men had been rendered useless by the rain. One man by the name of Flood was shot down. After the lieutenant found his piece would not go off, he called to one of the men to hand him his musket; before he could get it, he was shot in the left thigh, and falling, said, "Never mind the gun! *Fight on, my boys! Take care of yourselves!*" The men being unable to get off their pieces, broke for the chaparral, became separated, and found their way into camp as they best could. The man who came in last says he concealed himself until dark in the edge of the chaparral, and saw the proceedings of the enemy. During the fight they yelled like Indians; as soon as our men broke they rushed upon the lieutenant and Flood: the latter they surrounded and deliberately knifed, and then performed the same inhuman office upon Lieutenant P. Lieutenant Porter was the son of the late commodore, and entered the army in 1838: he was a brave, gallant officer, and much esteemed in his Regiment. His fate is truly deplorable. Two commands were sent out to seek for his body. They were neither able to find it, nor the spot where the fight took place. All parts of the country are so precisely similar, and destitute of landmarks, that it is almost an impossibility to return to any one spot.

April 20th. Nothing new.

April 21st. A Mexican came into camp and reported he knew where the body of an American officer was lying. A command was immediately dispatched for it; it was recognized as being the remains of the lamented Cross; there can be no doubt of its identity.

April 22d. General Ampudia wrote to General Taylor, "That he understood from undoubted authority the river was blockaded; that two vessels laden with stores for his army had been seized and carried into Brazos Santiago. He thought this blockade, under the present circumstances, was unauthorized by the law of nations, and requested him to raise it, or serious consequences would ensue." This is the amount of the communication. These "*serious consequences*" did not alarm us, for we are getting quite accustomed to their high-flown language. The vessels spoken of were not taken, as represented by General Ampudia, but were warned off by our navy.

April 23d. General Taylor replied to the communication received yesterday. It is a capital paper; truly republican, and American in every respect, and for which he should receive the approbation of the people. He is a man of sound views, and by his *strong common sense* (a pretty scarce article nowadays), is sure to arrive at a correct and just conclusion. We feel that the honor of the country is intrusted in safe hands. In his reply, he reviewed every thing which has occurred since we left Corpus Christi to this date: spoke of the proclamation he had issued prior to his departure, in which he said "he would protect the civil and religious rights of the citizens;' that it was with no hostile intentions he advanced to the Rio Grande; reminded him that a Spanish translation of that proclamation had been sent to Matamoras, and that he *knew* General Mejia had seen it; states that his advance was met twenty miles from the Colorado, and were warned, if they advanced, it would be considered a "declaration of war;" at the Colorado they threatened to fire upon him, and again repeated the "declaration of war;" that at Point Isabel he was met by a deputation from Matamoras, at the head of which was the prefect of the State of Tamaulipas, protesting against his occupying the country: after delivering the protest, they caused some buildings to be set on fire, which General Taylor deemed "an act of war." Opposite Matamoras he was again told that his occupancy of the country was looked upon as a "declaration of war." To all these declarations of hostile intentions no heed had been paid; no change had been made in our treatment of, or behavior toward them; but General Taylor had pursued the even tenor of his way. But when General Ampudia arrived, and gave General Taylor "twenty-four hours to quit," he deemed it time to turn his attention to the repeated threats, and conceives the "blockade of the river the least offensive act of war he could have committed under the circumstances; that the blockade had been reported to his government, and he should *maintain* it until he received their orders. Offers them an armistice until the question of boundary is settled, or war declared; and if that is accepted, will raise the blockade, but on no other terms." Tells them he can not pass over the objectionable style and tone of his (Ampudia's) correspondence; that the epithets of "usurpers," "invaders," &c., will not be permitted, and informs him, in future it must be more respectful, or it will not be received; and concludes by giving him his choice of action: that he is equally ready and prepared for peace or war. Affairs are approaching a crisis; they can not remain thus long. The enemy are reported short of provisions; they must either fight, treat, or just naturally dissolve themselves before many days.

A board of officers assembled to-day to report upon all the circumstances connected with the death of the lamented Cross. A Mexican reported the colonel was captured by Romano Falcon's band of *authorized murderers;* after taking him prisoner, they stripped him of every thing, and then consulted what should be done with him. The majority were for taking him over the river, when Falcon walked up and decided the matter by striking the colonel on his head with the butt of his pistol, from which blow he immediately died. There is no proof of this tale; but the hole in the skull was evidently made by the butt of a pistol.

April 24th. The remains of the late Colonel Cross were buried at half past 4 P.M. His escort was composed of a squadron of Dragoons and eight companies of Infantry, the whole commanded by Colonel Twiggs. The procession, under the circumstances, was painfully imposing. First came the Infantry, next the Dragoons, next the body, drawn by six horses, on the wheels of a caisson, enveloped in the flag of his country; next a sad mourner, his son; then a horse clad in mourning, led by two Dragoons, followed by all the officers off duty. The march was so conducted that part of the way it could be seen from the city; groups of soldiers and officers were upon the enemy's works, and on the bank of the river. The grave was dug at the foot of the flag-staff; the flag was at half mast. Colonel Childs read the service for the dead; three volleys were fired, the flag was run up, the escort marched off to a gay and lively tune, and left the dead in silence. Such is a military funeral: we have no time for grief.

April 25th. About 10 A.M. a grand review took place among the enemy; great military rejoicing; Arista arrived. He communicated that fact in a note, couched in courteous and gentlemanly terms, transmitted to the general by one of his staff. In the afternoon reports reached us that the enemy were crossing the river, above and below, in great force. Captain Thornton was sent out in the evening with a squadron of the 2d Dragoons to ascertain the fact of their crossing above. Captain Hardee and Lieutenants Kane and Mason were the officers of the party. Every one was on the "qui vive" to ascertain its truth, as, for several days past, matters were assuming a more hostile appearance.

April 26th. The camp was electrified by the news brought by Chapita, the Mexican guide who accompanied Captain Thornton. He returned, and stated Captain Thornton had an engagement with a large body of Mexicans, and all had been either cut to pieces or taken prisoners. The excitement which prevailed in camp can hardly be imagined: the report was passed from tent to tent, and an immediate engagement was thought not improbable. About 11 o'clock a wounded dragoon was brought in on a cart; he was sent by General Torrejon, the commander of the force engaged with Captain Thornton, with a note to General Taylor, stating "that, on the score of humanity, he claimed the right of sending him two dragoons, wounded in the affair of to-day (26th), as he had no *flying hospital;* that the officers and men would be treated with all the rights of prisoners of war, by order of his chief." The man who was brought in had a very confused idea of the affair; knew that Captain Hardee was a prisoner, but was uncertain about the rest; reporting Captain Thornton and Lieutenant Kane killed. Increased activity was used in pressing forward the work; the general himself, for hours at a time, superintending it. All idea of there being *no fight* has ceased. *War has commenced,* and we look for a conflict within a few days. The train now at Point Isabel is ordered to remain.

General Taylor dispatched a messenger this evening with a requisition on the governors of Louisiana and Texas for five thousand men; three thousand from the former, two thousand from the latter. There is no doubt the enemy are crossing the river, and that all communication with Point Isabel is extremely hazardous. The troops sent for on General Taylor's requisition are expected to be used "to carry the war into Africa." We expect to *whip the Africans back to their country* before their arrival. In anticipation of an attack, the utmost vigilance is used at "the lines." An intrenchment has been thrown up around the camp, and the troops are lying in it under arms before daylight every morning.

April 27th. The general received Captain Hardee's report of the fight. He states that after the guide refused to go any further, on account of the proximity of the enemy, they advanced about three miles, and came to a large plantation surrounded by a very high chaparral fence; that the whole squadron entered the field through the open bars, and advanced about two hundred yards to a house. While there the alarm was given of the enemy. "Our gallant commander ordered a charge, and led it in person; they dashed toward the bars again, but found them occupied by a large body of Infantry. They dashed to the right, under a galling fire, to endeavor to find a passage." Captain Thornton here fell; and Captain Hardee, taking command, called on his men to follow, and dashed toward the river, intending to swim it, but found the banks too boggy. He returned and formed his men out of range of Infantry. Perceiving they were completely hemmed in, he determined, if he could get honorable terms, to surrender; if not, to die fighting. He rode forward; met an officer; his terms were granted, and he surrendered his party, forty-five, prisoners. He states "that Captain Thornton was unhorsed," and, "I hear, died in a personal conflict with Romano Falcon." "Lieutenant Mason was not seen, but died, no doubt, fighting gallantly." "The gallant Sergeant Tredor fell in the first charge, and Sergeant Smith was unhorsed and killed." They were taken to Matamoras. Captain Hardee and Lieutenant Kane live at the hotel of General Ampudia, eat at his table, and are treated with the greatest kindness. General Arista "received them most graciously," put them on half pay, and gave them a ration, or, in lieu thereof, twenty-five cents per day. On Captain Hardee's declining, for himself and Lieutenant Kane, to receive the half pay, and requesting permission to send for some money, he refused, stating he would take the best of care of them. He speaks in high terms of their kind treatment. It was certainly unexpected, and is highly creditable to the enemy.

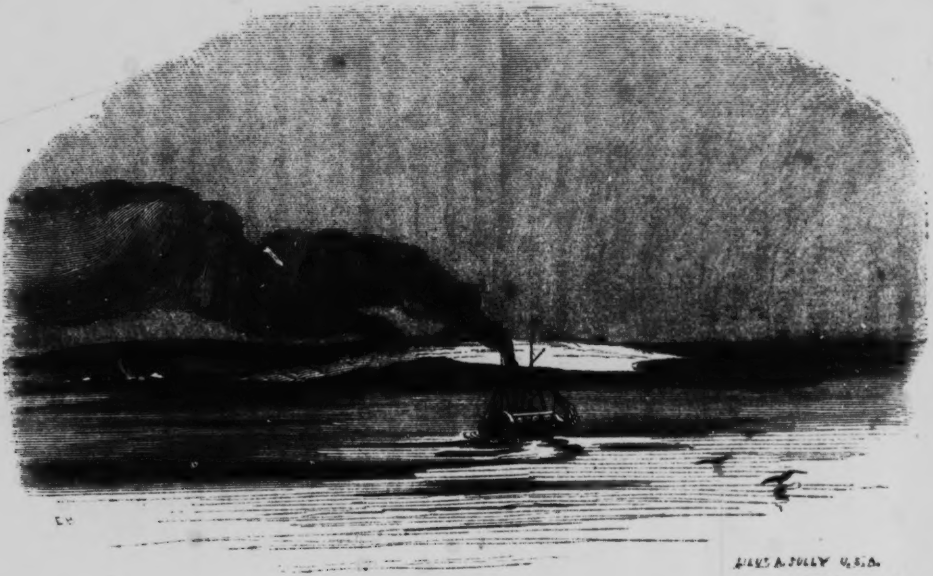
April 28th. This morning a report was received from Captain Thornton: the gallant fellow is safe, and is uninjured, save a slight contusion from the fall of his horse. His horse (the "old roan," who had carried him through the Florida war) was shot, and fell on him. He was discovered by some of the enemy some time after the battle had ceased, taken prisoner, and carried into Matamoras. Poor Mason, it appears, is the only officer killed. He was the nephew of Colonel Mason of the 1st Dragoons, and graduated from West Point in 1842; was assigned as a brevet to the 1st Dragoons, and promoted to the 2d. He was universally beloved; a high-toned, chivalric, and withal a very modest officer; recollections of his noble traits of character will ever be fresh in our memories. Two sergeants and eight privates were killed. It was a complete ambuscade; the nature of the country rendered it impossible for them to have discovered an enemy; in the densely thick chaparral any number of men could have remained concealed.

The force of General Torrejon is estimated at two thousand five hundred. General Canales is reported to be in our vicinity. Captain G. A. M'Call, 4th Infantry, with one hundred picked men, was sent out to obtain information of the enemy. Captain Walker has authority from General Taylor to raise a company of volunteers. Those he has already enlisted have been stationed midway between this and the Point. Captain Walker has been for some time identified with the border struggles of Texas, and was one of the unfortunate Mier prisoners. Early this morning his camp was attacked by the enemy. He had left fifteen of his men, and gone on a scout with the remainder. Five of his men were killed and four are missing. One of the men was evidently *lariated*, and was probably choked to death before he was pulled off his horse. Generals Canales and Torrejon are supposed to have been in command of the attacking force, and Colonel Quintaro is reported to have his arm broken.

April 29th. It is reported that the Mexicans had attacked Point Isabel, and were signally defeated by Major Munroe, with his two companies of Artillery. The report was too good to be believed; but when Captain M'Call returned in the evening, and reported he had heard the discharge of artillery in the direction of the Point, it became generally credited. Every preparation is being made to march to the Point. Subsistence and other stores removed into the fort, wood cut and hauled, &c.

April 30th. The 7th Regiment of Infantry, under the command of Major Brown, have been designated by the general to remain at the fort; Bragg's battery, and Captain Loud, with his company, in charge of the eighteen-pound battery, constitute the remainder of the garrison. The report of the attack upon Point Isabel was erroneous; the impression gains ground that we will be attacked on our march.

May 1st. The general decided we should march at 4 P.M. Every preparation had been made to meet the enemy, and we marched at the appointed hour in capital spirits. We passed through the chaparral without meeting any of the enemy. The march was continued until 12 o'clock at night, and one of the most fatiguing I have ever endured. We slept under arms in the broad prairie, without any fires to take off the chill of the night air. The march was resumed on the 2d, and we reached the Point at 12 o'clock, having suffered much from the intense heat and want of water.



LIEUT. A. SULLY U.S.A.

Point Isabel.

[To face p. 86.

CHAPTER IX.

Before reveille on the morning of the 3d of May, 1846, the heavy, booming sound of cannon came rolling in from the direction of the fort, opposite Matamoras. The camp was wild with excitement; we knew our gallant fellows were resisting a bombardment, and all were anxious to fly to their rescue. Captain Walker, on a scout last evening, after taking a survey of the enemy's camp, fell in with their picket guard and fired upon them. He reports the enemy in force, and evidently awaiting our return. We were under orders to march at 1 P.M., but the general changed his mind, and decided upon communicating with the fort. Captain May, with a command of Dragoons, was ordered to accompany Captain Walker (who was selected by the general to carry his communication to the fort) as far as the edge of the chaparral, and, if he did not return before morning, to wait no longer, but return to the Point. We were kept in a constant state of excitement; the firing continuing at intervals the whole day.

On the morning of the 4th Captain May returned, having waited as long as he deemed it prudent for Captain Walker. He reports fresh signs of the enemy. Early in the morning we had an exciting *scare*: the cry was the "enemy are advancing." The long roll was beaten, troops paraded, and immediately marched out to meet them. The enemy was Captain May and his command. The 1st Brigade, which was encamped two miles in advance of the Point, after the alarm moved to our present camp, situated on an extensive flat running along the bay. Active preparations are making for our return march, and for leaving *Fort Polk* in a defensible state.

Captain Walker returned on the 5th, and brought the cheering intelligence that all was well at the fort. The batteries from the city were opened upon the fort at daybreak of the 3d. In thirty minutes all fires from the heavy gun batteries were silenced by the superior skill of our artillerists. The enemy have continued throwing shells, but with trifling effect. The reception of such good news put us in the very best spirits. Captain Walker ran a great many risks making his way to the fort, and deserves great credit for the fearless manner in which he effected the communication. The heavy report of artillery throughout the day announces the bombardment in continuance. Little was done on the 6th but to make preparations for the coming march. On the 7th, General Taylor issued the following order:

Headquarters, Army of Occupation,
May 7, 1846.

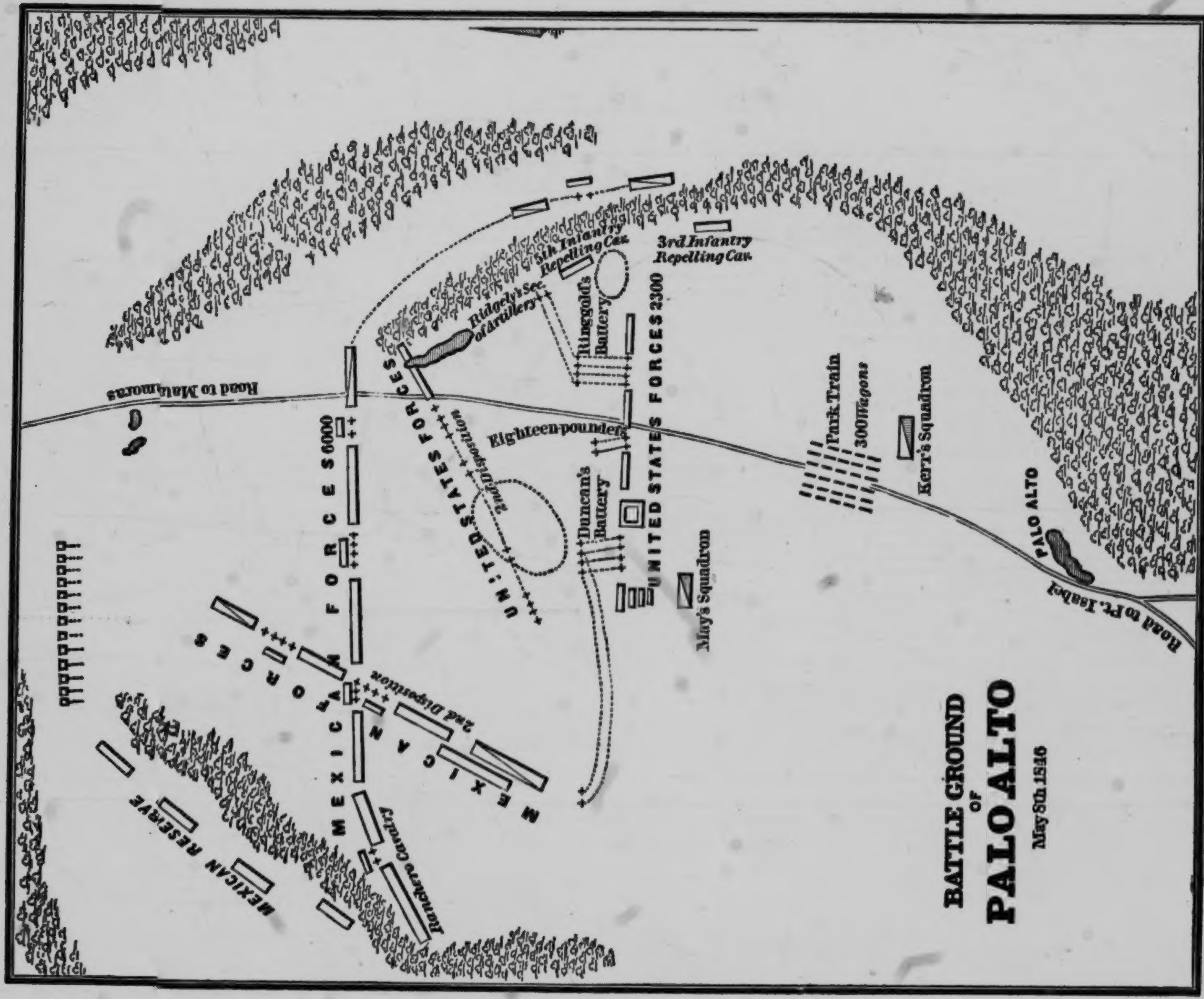
Order No. 58.

The army will march to-day at 3 o'clock, in the direction of Matamoras. It is known the enemy has recently occupied the route in force. If still in possession, the general will give him battle. The commanding general has every confidence in his officers and men. If his orders and instructions are carried out, he has no doubt of the result, let the enemy meet him in what numbers they may. He wishes to enjoin upon the battalions of Infantry that their main dependence must be in the bayonet.

Signed, W. W. S. Bliss,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

The order, in advance, announced a victory. There was no doubt expressed in it. Commanding a much inferior force, composed of troops few of whom have ever "smelt gunpowder," our brave general, nevertheless, speaks to them as to old veterans. He *wishes the Infantry to recollect their main dependence must be in the bayonet.* That sentence alone shows the man; in it you see confidence, and a determination to win the battle at all hazards. The army marches at 3 P.M., having in company an immense train, rich, not only in subsistence, but in munitions of war. In the wagons there were six twelve-pounders. There was also with us a battery of two eighteen-pounders drawn by oxen, the command of which was assigned to Lieutenant Churchill, of the Artillery. We marched five miles and encamped.

Early on the morning of the 8th our scouts under Captain Walker reported the camp of the enemy deserted. From that it was generally believed they would decline battle. The march was resumed shortly after sunrise. Upon our arrival within a short distance of our last camp, previous to our reaching the Rio Grande, the advance reported the enemy in force. Debouching from a point of mesquite, the masses of the enemy were apparent, less than a mile distant, and occupying a front of nearly a mile and a half. The general immediately had his command formed in column of attack, and with the greatest deliberation ordered arms, and permitted the men, half at a time, to go and get water to fill their canteens. We had already marched twelve miles, the day was very warm, and we had suffered from the want of water. As soon as the men had refreshed themselves, the command was formed, and marched steadily to meet the



BATTLE GROUND OF PALO ALTO

May 8th 1846

Road to Matamoras
MEXICAN FORCES 6000
UNITED STATES FORCES
2nd Disposition
Ridgely's Sec. of Artillery
5th Infantry Repelling Cav.
3rd Infantry Repelling Cav.
Ringgold's Battery
UNITED STATES FORCES 2300
Eighteen-pounders
Duncan's Battery
May's Squadron
Park Train
300 Wagons
Kerr's Squadron
PALO ALTO
Road to Pt. Isabel
MEXICAN FORCES
2nd Disposition
Ranchero Cavalry
MEXICAN RESERVE

ment threatened our train, and was promptly met by the movement of a section of Ringgold's battery under Lieutenant Ridgely, the 5th and 3d Infantry. The strength of this body of Cavalry was computed at one thousand, and, therefore, was a formidable demonstration. The 5th received them in square, and from the fire of an angle vacated twenty saddles. Some of them still passed on, until they saw the 3d advancing in column by division, when they rapidly retreated. Lieutenant Ridgely performed excellent service with his pieces. He aimed and fired a shell, which struck a lancer about the middle, which exploded simultaneously with the blow, making one mangled mass of horse and rider. Thus the battle progressed on our right. On the left, the gallant Duncan was pouring in a most destructive fire. Each shot seemed to take effect, and as our men saw the execution, their cries of triumph mingled with the cannon's roar. The fire of the enemy upon our left was more galling; the 8th Infantry, particularly, suffered, having been kept in column, instead of being deployed in line. The Regiments of Artillery and Infantry, and squadrons of Dragoons, stood firm as veterans, ready to support our batteries. The prairie took fire, and the burning of the long, rank grass sent up columns of smoke, which at times concealed the opposing forces. The cannonading commenced at 3 P.M., and ceased for a short time at 4 P.M.

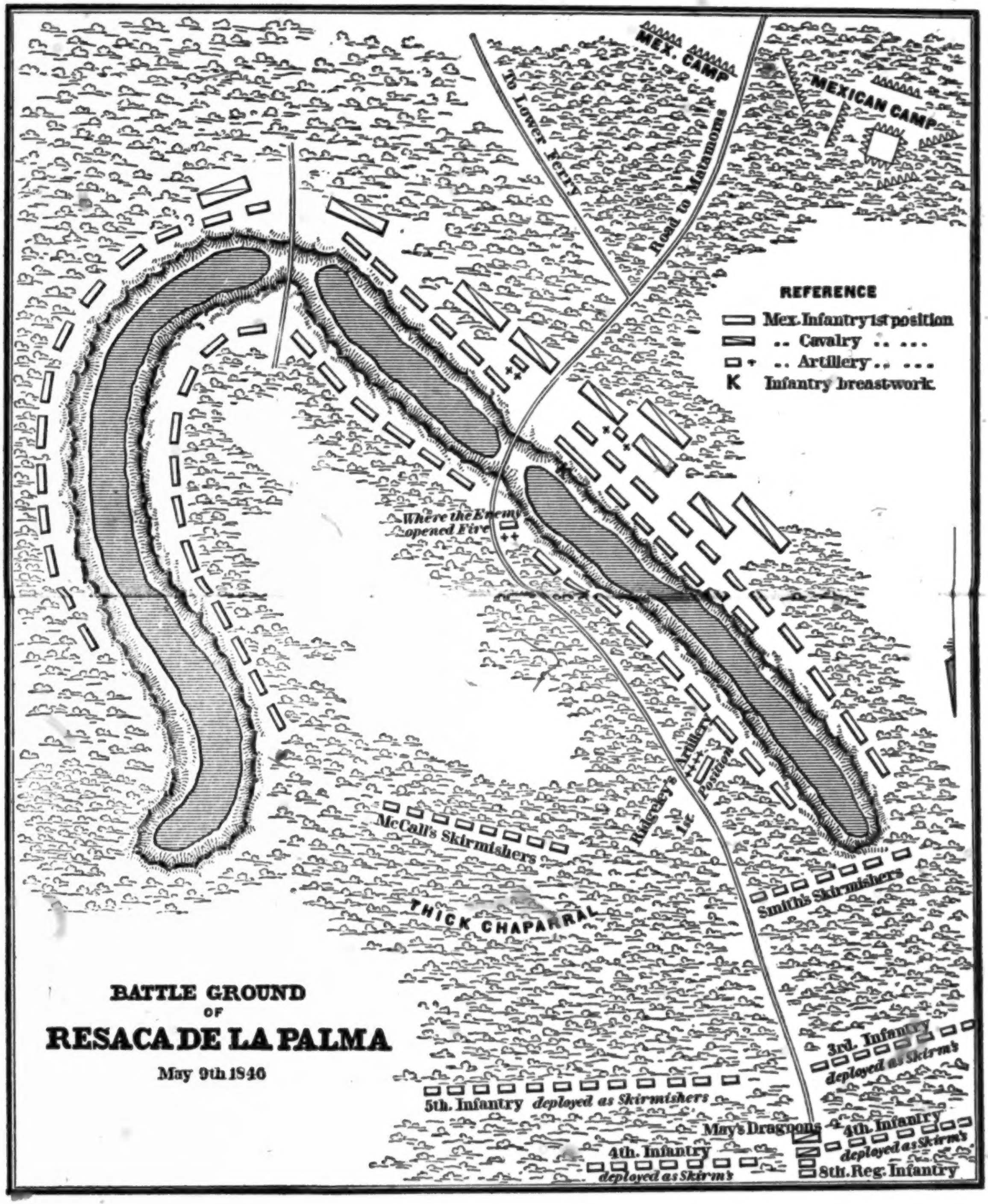
In the mean time, a masterly movement to the right, to outflank the enemy, was being executed. Ringgold's battery and the eighteen-pounders were pushed forward toward the left flank of the enemy. The 4th Infantry and 1st Brigade moved up to their support. As soon as the firing recommenced, the enemy were forced to change their line of battle. Lieutenant Duncan, under cover of the smoke, conceived and executed a brilliant flank movement on the enemy's right. He advanced with his battery, and suddenly debouched and poured in a galling enfilading fire upon their right flank; it was thrown into the utmost confusion. His shells and shrapnell shot told with murderous effect. At this moment, if a charge had been made, so great was the confusion of the enemy, the whole field would have been swept; but the general felt bound to protect his train, and feared any movement which would have laid it open to an attack. As night approached the fire of the enemy slackened, and it ceased on both sides with the setting sun. We had driven the enemy from his position, and forced him to retire. We encamped as victors upon the field of battle. The last rays of the setting sun tinged with a golden light the clouds of battle that hung heavily over the field of carnage; the weary army rested on their arms, and slept sweetly on the prairie grass. Our loss was wonderfully small. Nine killed, forty-four wounded, and two missing. Major Ringgold, Captain Page, Lieutenants Luther, 2d Artillery, and Wallen, 4th Infantry, were wounded. Major Ringgold received a shot while seated on his horse, which carried away the flesh on his legs from his knees up, and passed through the withers of his thorough-bred charger, "David Branch;" Captain Page had his lower jaw shot off; Lieutenant Luther was wounded in the calf of the leg, and Lieutenant Wallen very slightly in the arm; Captain Bliss, assistant adjutant-general, had his horse shot under him; likewise Lieutenant Daniels of the 2d Artillery. The wounds of the men were very severe, most of them requiring amputation of some limb. The surgeon's saw was going the livelong night, and the groans of the poor sufferers were heart-rending. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon our medical officers for their devotion and prompt action. It was a sad duty for them. The enemy, commanded by General Arista, were six thousand strong; we were two thousand two hundred and eleven; only the difference of three thousand one hundred and one, and they in a selected position. Singular to relate, the battle of Palo Alto (tall timber) was fought on the spot which General Taylor predicted when he first passed over the ground.

At daybreak on the 9th the enemy were seen moving along the edge of the chaparral toward the road, and the prevailing impression was that they intended occupying the road in force, and disputing our further progress. The general determining to advance and attack, decided to park the train, throwing up a temporary breastwork, and mounting some of the twelve-pounders for its defense. Shortly after sunrise the army was again formed in line of battle, and marched forward. The wounded were left behind to be sent to Point Isabel. The Dragoons and Captain Walker's company of Volunteers, thrown out in advance, soon returned and reported the chaparral free, and the enemy in full retreat along the road. The army was halted near a pond, and General Taylor rode back to the train to send off his first bulletin, to cheer the desponding at home, and to awaken American glory and patriotism. While there, Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical corps, accidentally shot himself. It was a sad occurrence; he had behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 8th. I took advantage of the halt to go over the field of battle. It was truly a shocking sight; our Artillery had literally *mowed* them down. There were heaps of dead lying hither and yon, with the most ghastly wounds I ever saw; some had died with a smile on their countenance; others, in the agony of death, with a fierce convulsive struggle had caught at the rank grass, and died with their hands clinched firmly in it, looking defiance at the enemy. It was a shocking picture. The number killed could not be accurately ascertained, but of killed and wounded we are safe in claiming five hundred. The great disproportion in the loss of the two armies arose from this fact: *we fired at their masses; they at our batteries!* The prisoners taken acknowledge they were badly whipped, and confirm us in the belief of the strength of their army.

As we were advancing we came across a poor fellow who was wounded, and who, without a drop of water, had passed the night upon the battle-field. He gave us to understand he wanted bread and water. Colonel Twiggs exclaimed, "Men, give this poor fellow something to eat and drink." In an instant the haversacks and canteens of a company were at his service. Such acts of generosity threw a flickering sunbeam over the deep shades of the battle-field. On the field was found a dog lying by the dead body of his master; no entreaties could prevail upon him to leave the body of him who in life had caressed him. General Taylor ordered out parties in every direction to search for the wounded of the enemy, had them brought in, and attended to with the same care as our men.

About 1 P.M. the army resumed its march. When we first halted, Captain G. A. M'Call had been sent in advance, with one hundred picked men, to scour the chaparral and watch the progress of the enemy. Captain C. F. Smith, of the Artillery, with his battalion of light companies of the 1st Brigade, followed. We proceeded through the chaparral to within three miles of the fort, when word was passed to the rear that the enemy were in force, and in a selected position. The advance under Captain M'Call had discovered them, and after a spirited brush, retired, agreeably to orders, to await the arrival of the main body. There was not a moment's hesitation; our brave general determined to give them immediate battle. Our troops filed past the train, and deployed as skirmishers to the right and left of the road. Captain M'Call's command was ordered by the general "to advance and draw the fire of the enemy." Nobly did they perform that terrible service.

The enemy occupying the opposite bank of a ravine, concave toward us, had planted their batteries to rake the road, and every approach (few in number) through the almost impenetrable chaparral. The fire of the enemy was drawn by the advance. Lieutenant Ridgely, fit successor to the gallant Ringgold, was ordered forward with his battery. The struggle for victory then commenced. The Artillery of the enemy swept the ground with their grape and cannister; Lieutenant Ridgely returned it with murderous effect. Masses of their Infantry, lining the banks of the ravine, and pressed forward into the chaparral, were met by our skirmishers on the left with a gallantry and determination, on both sides, rarely equaled. Repeatedly were bayonets crossed, the enemy giving way slowly, and fighting for every inch of the ground. The 4th, 5th, 8th, and part of the 3d were on the left, and engaged in this sanguinary struggle. Owing to the dense chapar-



BATTLE GROUND
OF
RESACA DE LA PALMA
May 9th 1846

MEX. CAMP
MEXICAN CAMP
To Lower Ferry
Road to Matamoras
REFERENCE
Mex. Infantry 1st position
.. Cavalry .. ...
.. Artillery .. ...
K Infantry breastwork
Where the Enemy opened Fire
Ridgeley's Artillery 1st Position
McCall's Skirmishers
Smith's Skirmishers
THICK CHAPARRAL
3rd. Infantry deployed as Skirm's
5th. Infantry deployed as Skirmishers
May's Dragoons
4th. Infantry deployed as Skirm's
4th. Infantry deployed as Skirm's
8th. Reg. Infantry

ral, the Regiments became mixed, but fought not the less severely. The enemy clung to their batteries with the greatest pertinacity. Ridgely's Artillery thundered in reply. This gallant officer, in one of his daring advances, had only one piece unlimbered, when he was charged by a body of lancers, who came dashing down upon him like thunder, when Sergeant Kearnes put a load of cannister on the top of a shell and fired it; this scattered them all but *four*, who still dashed along. Lieutenant Ridgely charged them in person, and drove them off.

Captain May rode back to the general, and asked if he should charge the battery on the opposite side of the ravine. "*Charge, captain, nolens volens!*" was the reply; and away dashed the gallant fellow. As he passed Ridgely's battery, Ridgely exclaimed, "*Hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire!*" and it is well for May that he partially succeeded. Away dashed this gallant squadron down the ravine; Lieutenant Inge fell, and many of their saddles were vacated. On went the rest; crossed the ravine, and captured the battery. Captain Graham's company was associated with May's in this memorable charge. General La Vega, standing at his battery to the last, was taken prisoner by May, and passed to the rear.

On the right of the road, where the 3d deployed, no enemy was met; but the Regiment so far outflanked them as to be in danger of fires from our own batteries. The density of the chaparral was such that they could not make their way through, but were forced to return, in order to get into the action. They reached the ravine just after the desperate charge of the Infantry (in which the 8th was so conspicuous) had completely routed the enemy. Immediately after their batteries were enemy, with as much regularity and coolness as if on drill. Two squadrons of Dragoons were at first in advance, but, after the battle commenced, were employed either gallantly supporting the batteries, or defending the train. When within seven hundred yards, the enemy opened their fire from a battery on their right. The column was halted, and deployed with the utmost precision, except the 8th Infantry, which remained in column during the action.

The following was the order of our line of battle: The right wing, commanded by Colonel Twiggs, was composed of the 5th Infantry on the right, Ringgold's Artillery, the 3d Infantry, Churchill's eighteen-pound battery, and 4th Infantry. Left wing, commanded by Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Belknap, composed of Duncan's Artillery—the Artillery companies serving as Infantry—and the 8th Infantry. Ringgold's and Duncan's batteries were immediately advanced and opened their fires. The firing of the enemy was incessant, although not very accurate. The enemy's line of battle was along and in advance of the chaparral. Their cavalry (Lancers) were on the left, then a battery, then masses of Infantry, then a battery, masses of Infantry, another battery, and again masses of Infantry. Their position had been deliberately assumed, knowing where we would pass the road. The fire of the gallant Ringgold's battery on our right told with deadly effect upon their mass of Cavalry; platoons appeared to be mowed down at a time. The two eighteen-pounders carried death and destruction with them. The Cavalry soon found it was getting too warm for them, and commenced moving off, by a flank movement, to the left in a trot, and were *tickled* into a gallop by a discharge of the eighteens. Their flank move-captured, Duncan came up with his battery and took the advance. The Dragoons, 3d Infantry, and Captain Smith's command were ordered to support the Artillery. The enemy were in full retreat. On we all pushed, hemmed in a narrow road by a dense chaparral on each side, the Artillery advancing and pouring in its bloody fire, and clearing the road. About two hundred yards from the ravine we came upon the camp of the enemy. It was already captured and deserted. To this point the gallant Barbour had fearlessly advanced with his company of the 3d Infantry, and, unaided, successfully resisted a desperate charge of cavalry: the empty saddles, and horses writhing in the agony of death, marked the spot where the struggle occurred.

The huge packs of the enemy were arranged with great regularity upon the ground; mules, some with packs, were scattered about; beeves were killed, their camp-fires lighted, and their meals cooking. They evidently expected to have been undisturbed that night. On, on we went, keeping up a run, and yelling like mad! The enemy now and then gave symptoms of a stand, but were driven on, scattering themselvs in the chaparral, and availing themselves of every trail that led to the river. We neared the lines of our old camp; our cheers reached high heaven, when they were suddenly silenced by three shots from an eighteen-pounder which came very near killing some of our men. The first impression was that our friends had mistaken us for the enemy, and were firing at us from the fort; but we soon ascertained the shots came from the city.* The enemy fled in every direction, and many were drowned in their attempts to swim the river. It was a perfect route, "horse, foot, and dragoons."

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* The Artillery Battalion, under Colonel Childs, remained in rear to guard the train, and thus reduced our fighting force to one thousand seven hundred.

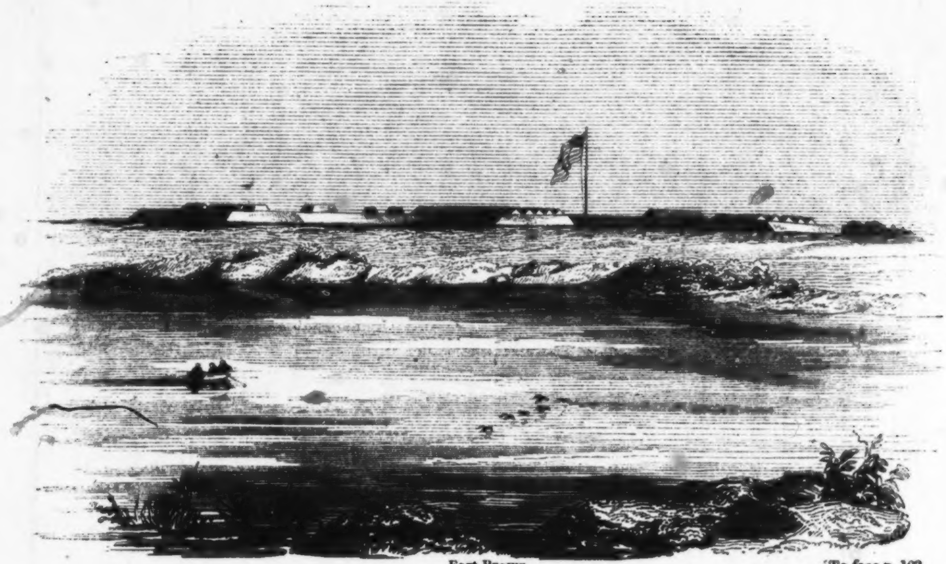
Our brave general had gained a glorious victory over the best-appointed army Mexico ever sent into the field; confident of success, in an almost impregnable position, and with an overwhelming force, at least three to one. There were two thousand troops not in the battle of the 8th, who crossed the river the evening of that day, expressly to join in the battle of the 9th. They were veterans of *twenty* successful battles, and in their own country, upon whichever side they fought, victory perched. Every thing was in their favor; position, numbers, confidence; and, yet, with all these, they failed. History does not furnish a more striking battle than "Resaca de la Palma," the battle of the 9th of May. So confident were they of victory, that Ampudia, speaking to Captain Thornton, who was then their prisoner, said "it was utterly impossible that it could be otherwise; that their numbers alone were sufficient, independent of those *veteran* regiments." General La Vega said that "if he had any sum of money in camp, he should have considered it as safe as if at the city of Mexico; and he would *have bet any amount that no ten thousand men could have driven them.*" The dead, dying, and wounded were strewed in every direction. Our brilliant victory was purchased with the blood of some gallant souls.

Our loss in this action was three officers and thirty-six men killed, twelve officers and fifty-nine men wounded. The names of the officers killed are, Lieutenant Z. Inge, 2d Dragoons; Lieutenant R. E. Cochrane, 4th Infantry; and Lieutenant T. L. Chadbourne, 8th Infantry. The wounded officers are, Colonel M. M. Payne, 4th Artillery, acting inspector-general;

Colonel J. S. M'Intosh, 5th Infantry; Captain A. Hooe, 5th Infantry; Lieutenant S. H. Fowler, 5th Infantry; Captain W. R. Montgomery, Lieutenants J. Selden, R. P. Maclay, C. F. Morris, C. R. Gates, J. G. Burbank, and C. D. Jordan, 8th Infantry; and Lieutenant S. D. Dobbins, 3d Infantry. We captured from the enemy, eight pieces of artillery, two thousand stand of arms, two hundred mules, a great number of packs and the necessary appurtenances, all the baggage and camp equipage of the army, and one hundred and fifty thousand rounds of musket cartridges. All General Arista's private baggage and papers fell into our hands, from which much important information was obtained. One general, one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, four captains, and five lieutenants were taken prisoners. Three captains and four lieutenants were buried on the field; and they acknowledge that forty-eight officers, besides these, are missing. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and missing can not be less than two thousand. It was a victory achieved by the *army proper*, and, as such, doubly dear to us.

Many acts of individual daring are recorded. General Taylor was sitting on his horse in the thickest of the fight, with his sword drawn, while the balls were rattling around him. Colonel C., the amiable sutler of the 4th Infantry, formerly mayor of Augusta, Ga., and well known for his courage and kindness of disposition, remarked to him that he was exposing his person very much, and proposed to him to retire a short distance: "*Let us ride a little nearer, the balls will fall behind us*," was the general's reply. Lieutenant Lincoln, of the 8th, killed two Mexicans with his saber.

It is a great pity we were unable to follow up our success. Had we crossed the river the night of the



Fort Brown.

[To face p. 103.

battle, Matamoras would have been ours without a blow; as it is, we may have to fight for it. It was with feelings of deep regret we heard, upon our arrival, of the death of Major Brown, the commanding officer of the fort. He was struck in the leg by a shell, on the 6th of May; amputation became necessary; but from confinement in a bomb-proof, and debility arising from excessive fatigue and watching, his system could not rally. He died a few hours before the cry of victory reached him. He was a brave and gallant soldier, and the general knew full well into whose hands the defense of the fort was intrusted. The bones of every man would have been piled up in it before he would have surrendered. He has earned for himself, and the regiment to which he belonged, a glorious reputation, which must be shared with Lowd's and Bragg's batteries. Captain Hawkins, of the 7th, the next in rank, assumed command when Major Brown was wounded. The defenders of the fort have suffered every thing; they have been harassed night and day, and all looked haggard from the want of sleep. From the morning of the 3d to the afternoon of the 9th of May, they were subjected to an incessant bombardment. The enemy completely invested them, and established three batteries, producing a cross-fire upon the work. General Arista summoned them to surrender, representing to them there was no chance of General Taylor's coming to their succor. It was promptly and most positively declined. The enemy had fired at them some two thousand seven hundred shells and shot, killing one officer, one sergeant, and wounding thirteen privates. Their small loss can hardly be credited; a special Providence seemed to have intervened to preserve them from destruction. When the army marched for Point Isabel, all the camp women were left at Fort Brown; and they, poor creatures, underwent the horrors of the siege. I would have rather fought twenty battles than have passed through the bombardment of Fort Brown.

On the 10th we were actively employed burying the dead. Lieutenants Inge, Chadbourne, and Cochrane were buried with funeral honors; the unsodded grave by the road side, with its rude paling, marks the spot where sleep those who died gallantly in battle. The Mexican prisoners were employed burying their dead.

On the 11th Captain Thornton and his party were exchanged, and, to the great joy of their friends, they arrived in the afternoon. Lieutenant Deas was also returned. General La Vega, with other prisoners, were sent to Point Isabel. The former declines his parole, and goes to New Orleans. General Taylor and staff left for Point Isabel, and the army marched and occupied their old camp.

Headquarters, Army of Occupation,
Resaca de la Palma, May 11, 1846.

Order No. 59.

The commanding general congratulates the army under his command upon the signal success which has crowned its recent operations against the enemy. The coolness and readiness of the troops during the action of the 8th, and the brilliant impetuosity with which the enemy's position and artillery were carried on the 9th, have displayed the best qualities of the American soldier. To every officer and soldier of his command, the general publicly returns his thanks for the noble manner in which they have sustained the honor of the service and of the country.

While the main body of the army has been thus actively employed, the garrison left opposite Matamoras has rendered no less distinguished service by sustaining a severe cannonade and bombardment for many successive days.

The army and country, while justly rejoicing in this triumph of our arms, will deplore the loss of many brave officers and men, who fell gallantly in the hour of combat.

It being necessary for the commanding general to visit Point Isabel on public business, Colonel Twiggs will assume command of the corps of the army near Matamoras, including the garrison of the field-work. He will occupy the former lines of the army, making such disposition for defense, and for the comfort of his command, as he may deem advisable. He will hold himself strictly on the defensive until the return of the commanding general.

By order of Brigadier-general TAYLOR:
W. W. S. BLISS, Assistant Adjutant-general.

On the 12th we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of Major Ringgold. He died at Point Isabel on the 11th of May, and was buried with funeral honors on the 12th. He was a graduate of West Point, and esteemed one of the best Artillery officers in the service. For some time he commanded a battery of Light Artillery, and brought that arm of the service to great perfection, and lived to see its efficiency exemplified upon the field of battle. He was a high-toned, chivalric soldier, and his death is universally regretted. The wounded of the enemy were sent over to Matamoras to be attended to by their own surgeons. Colonel Twiggs took receipts for those turned over other than exchanged.

A solemn silence hangs round the city; we see no military displays, no music—even the dogs have ceased barking. We heard to-day of some horrible murders committed on the 1st of May by a party of rancheros. A party of sixteen citizens were crossing the country from Corpus Christi. Two of the party were women. They were surprised, and captured near the Colorado. They were stripped, tied together by two's, taken across the river, had their throats cut with a large knife, and were then thrown into the stream. Two of them escaped by swimming; one of them, William Rogers, wandered for five days, without any thing to eat, in the chaparral, and was finally captured and taken to Matamoras. He was sent over by General Arista, and is now under the treatment of our medical officers. Was ever any thing more barbarous, more perfectly shocking?

Nothing of any interest occurred on the 13th. Reports were received that many of the enemy were deserting, and that the "morale" of the army was destroyed. General Taylor returned on the 14th. Four companies of the 1st Infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Wilson, have arrived at the Brasos, and five companies of the Volunteers. An expedition, under the command of Colonel Wilson, has been organized to march upon Burita.

On the 15th and 16th the river was examined with the view of selecting a point to cross. On the 17th the general decided we should move to the point selected, and commence operations against the city. We struck our tents early in the morning. Our unusual stir and activity was seen by the enemy, and no doubt attributed to the proper cause. We were all anxiously awaiting the order to move, when we were informed a parley had been sounded by the enemy, and that a deputation from General Arista had crossed to see General Taylor. General Ricardo was at the head of it; Arista proposed to enter into an armistice until they could hear from Mexico, not doubting the boundary would *now* be settled. General Taylor said, "No, that he had offered them one some time since; had evinced the most friendly disposition; that they would not agree to it when his army was weak, and now, that re-enforcements had arrived, he should dictate his own terms." Ricardo wished to know if the general intended taking Matamoras. He said, "Yes." General Ricardo offered to surrender all the public property, ammunition, &c., if he would not cross. The general said, "No, he must have Matamoras, if he had to batter it down, and that now he was prepared to do it." By the train we had received some additional supplies of ordnance and ammunition. He told him to tell General Arista that these, and these only, were his terms. That the city must capitulate, all public property, ammunition, provisions, &c., must be given up, and then the army might march out and retire." The deputation then returned to obtain General Arista's answer, which was to be communicated at 3 P.M. In the mean time the army marched, and encamped three miles up the river. General Taylor told General Ricardo that Ampudia had written him the war should be conducted agreeably to the usage of civilized nations; that in the last battle the enemy had stripped our dead, and mutilated their bodies. General Ricardo replied, "that the women who followed the army, and rancheros, did it; that they could not control them." Our brave old general replied, "*I am coming over, and I'll control them for you.*"

During the evening active preparations were made to cross the troops. No reply was given to the general's proposition. The country people commenced crossing to us, and reported the army had deserted the city, and retired.

On the morning of the 18th confirmation was received of the reported flight of Arista and his army. The scare was still working. Early in the morning, the Dragoons, Captain Walker's company of Rangers, the light companies of the different battalions, Ridgely's battery, and the 5th Infantry were crossed, and took up a favorable position to cover the passage. I regret to record that, in crossing, Lieutenant Stevens, of the 2d Dragoons, was drowned. He was a fine young officer, much beloved by his regiment; his death threw a gloom over the camp. For what singular destinies are we reserved, and how certainly and irresistibly one has to advance and fulfill his *fate!* He was among those gallant fellows who stared death in the face in the late brilliant charge of Captain May; with balls scattering around him in every direction, his life was spared, only to be resigned in a few days in the waters of the Bravo.

The flight of the enemy having been undoubtedly ascertained, and the civil authorities of the city having invited General Taylor to take possession of it, the crossing of the remainder of the army was effected at the upper ferry of the city. Upon our approach to the ferry we saw our troops were in possession of Fort Paredes, and busily engaged in preparing to run up our flag. Just as we reached the bank, Captain Ker, of the 2d Dragoons, ran it up; it floated gracefully in the breeze, and proudly waved over Mexico. The men of the advance sent up three hearty cheers to welcome the flag of their country. There was a rope stretched across the river, and three boats manned by Mexicans ready to transport us. We had the felicity of being *ferried across by the enemy.* As they landed, each company was formed and awaited the arrival of the others. When the whole of the 3d was formed, it moved off to the right, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Did you ever hear it, dear reader? I reckon you never did, in a foreign land, just conquered by good, honest hard blows! If you have, you never heard such an honest cheer as arose from the gallant fellows on the opposite bank when the drum and fife gave us that air, which fills at all times an American's breast with the purest patriotism. All was excitement, and every one boiling over with "amor patriæ." It was a proud day for the American army. Citizens in crowds came down to see us; many of them, who ten days ago would have cut our throats, were now apparently our warmest friends, shook our hands heartily, and cried lustily "amigo."

We here saw *some signs* of the hurry in which Arista had left. As we landed near the fort, boxes of destroyed ammunition were visible, and it was rumored that two pieces of artillery were thrown into the river. The army left most precipitately, during the day and night of the 17th of May, taking with them, as it appears, eleven pieces of artillery, and *any thing but* a large supply of ammunition. Our victory is more complete than we have claimed. The citizens say that Arista had not over three thousand men with him. What has become of the remainder of the seven thousand? Many, no doubt, deserted, but the bloody battles of the 8th and 9th of May, and the "whirlpools of the Bravo," can tell the tale.

The troops were encamped above and below the city. We had indulged the hope of being quartered in it; but our worthy general saw fit to direct otherwise. Women, they say, are full of curiosity; but if they ever felt more than we did to see that city, I say God help them. We had encamped but a short time before a party of us rode to the city to gratify that consuming passion. Never have I been more disappointed; never did distance more thoroughly lend "enchantment to the view." I first rode up to the Plaza, which is quite a large square, surrounded by china trees. The houses facing the square are built of brick or stone; the lower part used as stores or offices, and the second story as dwellings. The walls are very massive, and their windows barred, so that one thinks they were built for defense. Streets diverge from the Plaza, and are crossed by others. The Cathedral occupies a large space on one side of the square, and is an unfinished mass of masonry. Directly opposite to the Cathedral is the prison—properly situated, the poison and the antidote. There are a great many stores, and a market-house which is well supplied. I visited the different hospitals; they are filled with the wounded and dying. The stench that arose from them, for the want of police, was disgusting. You could tell at a glance the wounded of Palo Alto or Resaca de la Palma. The latter were mostly bullet wounds; the amputated limbs told of the cannon's fearful execution in the former. Beside one poor fellow a beautiful girl of seventeen was seated, keeping off the flies. She was his wife. In another corner a family group, the mother and her children, were seated by the wounded father. One bright-eyed little girl quite took my fancy, and my heart bled to think that thus early she should be introduced to so much wretchedness. On one bed was a corpse; on another, one was dying, holding in his hand the grapeshot that had passed through his breast. He showed it to us with a sad countenance. I left the hospital shocked with the horrors of war. The enemy left their wounded comrades, with very little attention to their wants.

I next rode round the city: some distance from the Plaza the houses became more detached, surrounded by yards containing various tropical trees and flowers; many of the roofs are thatched, and in the outskirts of the city the common "jacal" prevails. On the whole, it is one of the most indifferent and filthy cities I have ever seen. The greater part of the genteel population have left; in about one house in three of the more humble cast, one of the family was diligently *searching the heads* of the others. It *is* said they are *some* for *lice*, and that disagreeable reflection made me think it was time to depart for camp.

Colonel Twiggs has had the especial charge of the city, as far as the discovery and collection of the public property was concerned. The general declined interfering with the municipal authorities. He is a law-abiding man, and prefers that it should take its course, unless interference is positively necessary. The worthy colonel has a way of his own in throwing his mantle of protection and *find-out-a-tiveness* over all, and the alcalde has often felt the effect of it. He has carried on his examination with the greatest energy and success; discovering several pieces of small ordnance, all kinds of munitions of war, a large number of muskets, corn, lumber, tobacco, and cigars: a great deal of powder and fixed ammunition had been thrown into the wells. The alcalde manifested no great willingness to make discoveries, but the colonel was too much for him. The government enjoys the monopoly of the sale of tobacco, deriving an immense revenue from it. They sell the plain leaf at *six cents per ounce.* These munitions of war have been collecting since Santa Anna's invasion of Texas in 1836. Large quantities of anchors were discovered, intended to be used in anchoring boats and bridges upon which to cross their armies during their march into Texas.

I can not but repeat, that we all feel proud that these conquests have been effected by the *army proper.* We were all aware of the undeserved remarks that had been made in reference to us by some portions of the press, and representatives in Congress, and we only asked for *an opportunity*, few as we were, to *prove* to our country she had a safe anchor in our *small* but gallant force. By far the great majority of the officers were graduates of the Military Academy; all did their duty, and many distinguished themselves by their skill and thorough knowledge of their profession. All arises from their instruction received at that best of institutions, the West Point Military Academy. In the hour of our country's danger she will always prove her usefulness, and her graduates will show to their country and the world that the money expended in the education of so talented a corps of officers has not been thrown away; richly will she be repaid for every cent expended. Our Alma Mater may be proud of her sons; conspicuously have they shown themselves soldiers upon *the field of battle.* Away, hereafter, with opposition to an institution which sends forth, for the country's service, yearly, a class of young gentlemen fitted for any walk in life.

CHAPTER XI.

On the 19th of May Colonel Garland was sent out with two companies of Rangers and the Dragoons, to follow up and observe the course of the retreating army. He returned on the 22d, having advanced sixty miles; about twenty-seven miles hence he fell in with the rear-guard of the army, and attacked them at 10 P.M. Two of his men (Rangers) were wounded; killed two, and wounded two of the enemy, and captured twenty men with their baggage. His command, being quite small, was not intended for hostile operations, but merely a corps of observation. The march of the enemy for the first day was attended with great confusion; but subsequently they organized and retreated in good order. How much it is to be regretted we were not strong enough to give immediate pursuit; a thousand Cavalry would have been valuable beyond price. I paid another visit of *curiosity* to the city. Mr. B., an American merchant, was kind enough to take me round. We first visited the city prison; it is a building of very thick walls, with a large interior area, along which the prison-rooms were ranged; the filth about it was disgusting. In the second story of one of the magazines is the Hall of Justice; it occupies the whole depth of the building. At the lower end is a railing inclosing the seats for the judges and jury; in the center was a large table, covered with red cloth, with three arm-chairs for the judges, and one opposite for the clerk; directly opposite the judge's seat was suspended, in a frame, the arms of Mexico; on each side, along the walls, were six seats, covered with crimson velvet, for the jury. We were told we were in the "Holy of Holies," and, if we had entered it in this unceremonious manner two weeks since, imprisonment would have been our least punishment.

We visited a gentleman who showed us a magnificent Spanish saddle, valued at $400. The pommel and cantel were of solid silver, the covering and every thing attached to it being worked with silver thread. The gentleman had a very comfortable house; three large rooms opened one into the other; paintings and a piano gave evidence of taste and refinement. Their areas and thick walls attract the eye of the visitor; they must make the dwelling deliciously cool. Visited the unfinished Cathedral, one room of which has been rudely fitted up for the service of the Church. The furniture around the altar was very neat, but not as costly as I had been led to suppose; no diamond and pearl petticoats of "our Lady of Guadaloupe."

General Taylor very properly divided the captured cigars among the command; such a happy set of smoking dogs never were seen, and all at the expense of the enemy. There was something consoling in the thought; no men have better earned a *smoking* indulgence by *smoking* work.

None of the volunteers, up to the 22d of May, had joined the main army. The state authorities of Louisiana, Alabama, and Texas promptly met the call for troops, and hastened larger re-enforcements than called for to the seat of war. We daily hear of their arrival at the Brasos. General P. F. Smith has arrived, in command of the troops from Louisiana, and is daily expected from Barita, of which place undisputed possession was taken by the command under Colonel Wilson on the 17th of May. A great disproportion exists between the arrival of troops and means of transportation; so much so, that the general feels himself annoyed and crippled, and will be forced to keep the greater part of the Volunteers encamped near the mouth of the river. General Smith, with his command, and Colonel Wilson, with four companies of the 1st Artillery, arrived on the 24th of May, and encamped opposite Matamoras. The steam-boat Neva arrived the same day, transporting the baggage of the command. The arrival of the steam-boat was hailed with three hearty cheers; it looked quite like *civilization*, and as if our friends were following us up.

General Worth returned on the 25th, having withdrawn his resignation. The citizens of New Orleans, ever just in patriotic impulses, shipped in the steamer Alabama a magnificent horse, which they presented to Captain Walker for his courage and perseverance in effecting a communication with Fort Brown during its bombardment, and while it was surrounded by the enemy.

Upon the reception of the intelligence of the capture of Captain Thornton and his command, the President of the United States addressed a message to Congress (on the 12th of May), recommending a declaration of war, and calling for men and money to prosecute it with vigor. On the 13th of May Congress sustained the recommendation, passed a law authorizing the raising of fifty thousand Volunteers, and appropriated ten millions of dollars for the expenses of the war. The Secretary of War promptly called upon the governors of the different states for their quotas, and officers were immediately sent to different points to muster into service the organized regiments. These regiments were enlisted for twelve months. Instructions were sent to General Taylor to muster out of service all the volunteers who would not enlist for twelve months. They were originally enlisted for six months. Those discharged consisted of the Louisiana Volunteers, comprising General Smith's brigade, the regiments commanded by Colonels Reyton and Featherston; the St. Louis Legion, three companies of Alabama Volunteers under Captains Desha, Plate, and Elmore, and the battalion, from the same state, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Raiford. The prompt action of Congress gives proof to the world that a Republic, naturally averse to war, and anxious to cultivate peace, is at all times ready and willing to vindicate its rights and confront its invaders. How promptly the good citizens have responded to the call of the executive! How unanimous has been the action of the whole country! What an irresistible influence our action must carry with it across the "big water." Woe to the crowned head that interferes with rising, onward, onward America! On questions affecting our national honor, we are one! No matter what our internal dissensions, when the foe appears, *united* we meet him. This war, decidedly *not* a popular one, tests the strength of our institutions. Talk of the instability of this government! A division of this Union will never take place.

On the 23d of April war was declared by a manifesto issued at the city of Mexico by President Paredes, and transmitted to his generals commanding on the f[illegible]er. In opposition to the strenuous exertions of o[illegible] government to effect an amicable compromise of our difficulties, it seems it was the determination of their government to commence hostilities, and make a futile attempt to reconquer Texas. No doubt our diminutive force urged them on, with the belief an easy victory was at hand. A more respectable force might have prevented the war. Under all circumstances, it must be borne in mind that Mexico *commenced hostilities*—that *she fired the first gun.*

To render the regiments more efficient, about the latter part of May four companies from each were ordered to be broken up, the men to be distributed among the remaining five, and the officers of those broken up to be sent on the recruiting service.

On the 1st of June, Hugh M'Leod, Esq., issued the first American paper west of the Rio Grande; it was called the "Republic of the Rio Grande, and the People's Friend." On the 6th of June, Lieutenant-colonel Wilson, with four companies of the 1st Infantry, Price's company of Rangers, and a section of Bragg's battery, under Lieutenant Thomas, left for Reynosa. The authorities of the town, soon after the fall of Matamoras, signified, through a delegation to General Taylor, their willingness to give it up. It is situated on the river, sixty miles above Matamoras.

General Taylor turned all his energies toward effecting a speedy advance; but the deficiency of transportation was again a stumbling-block. It was necessary that all the towns and prominent points on the river should be occupied, between Matamoras and Camargo, as the latter is destined to be our base of operations on Monterey, and all our provisions and stores will be transported there by steam.

On the 9th of June the committee from the Legislature of Louisiana presented to General Taylor the resolutions of that body upon the occasions of the late victories. They voted him a sword. The ceremony was performed in front of his tent, nearly all the officers of the army being present. Mr. Cole, on the part of the committee, made the general a very happy speech, to which he briefly, but feelingly replied. It was an interesting ceremony, and one of which our noble general felt justly proud. Immediately afterward a splendid collation made us all quite happy.

On the 10th of June Governor Henderson arrived from Texas, with a large command of volunteers. He marched across the country. The volunteers are arriving in great numbers by every transport from the States. Mr. Shatsel, our consul at Matamoras, arrived from Tampico on the 11th of June. He was ordered away from Matamoras, at a moment's warning, by General Ampudia, and, of course, was exposed to all the suffering incident to traveling over a wilderness country, without any conveniences. The good citizens are becoming more at home with us; many of the genteel classes are showing themselves. There is a great deal of beauty among them—some most strikingly beautiful faces. They lead a luxurious life, at least I call it so; and if any of my readers have inhabited a southern clime, and felt the enervating effects of the climate, they will agree with me. They sit all day long in buildings with thick walls and brick floors, with their beautiful suits of hair nicely braided and tied up, having the least quantity of dress you can *possibly* fancy; and in the evening they emerge like bees from their hives, take possession of their balconies, and enjoy one of the most delicious evening climates that God has ever granted to poor mortals. I apply this, of course, to the better class, for the filth of the other is not endurable. They are very sociable, and will permit you to stop at their lattice windows and gaze on their beautiful faces, whether from sheer laziness, or love of admiration, I will not pretend to decide. If you are a lover of nature—*unadorned*—you can gratify your taste by walking up to Fort Paredes any pleasant evening, and witness the fair ones bathing in the Rio Grande; no offense is taken by looking at them enjoying their aquatic amusements.

In the charge led by the gallant May were poor Inge and Lieutenant Sackett; when May gave the word "Charge!" Sackett's horse, being a little the quickest, got the start. In the midst of the enemy's fire May said to Sackett, "Sackett, that's not fair; you took the jump on me." Lieutenant Sackett's horse was almost at that moment shot, and fell with him into a water-hole; he fell upon Sackett, who with great difficulty disengaged himself, with the loss of his sword; gaining the bank, he seized a horse from a Mexican dragoon, took a sword from a Mexican officer, mounted his charger, and joined in the "mêlée." When the battle was over he returned the sword to the officer. Corporal Farrel, of the 4th Infantry, with ten men, came up to Lieutenant Hays, of the 4th, and exclaimed, "Lieutenant, if we had an officer to lead us, we could take that piece," referring to one that was pouring the "leaden messengers of death" into our poor fellows. "You shall not say you had no officer to lead you, corporal: *follow me!*" was the reply of the fearless Hays; and away they dashed, stormed the battery, and *took it!* Such, such is the character of the American officer and soldier. It must not be thought the enemy did not fight. *They fought, at first, like devils!* The piles of wounded along their lines tell how they stood up to it. The Tampico Regiment, the 6th and 10th Infantry, suffered the most. It is said a battalion of the "Garda Costa's" of Tampico, numbering two hundred and fifty, left two hundred dead and wounded upon the field.

The river has risen to an immense height, and in many places overflown its banks. It will be quite favorable to our operations, provided the rise does not subside before our boats arrive. Lieutenant-colonel Payne is ordered to Washington, to convey the standards and other trophies taken from the enemy. Our wounded are generally doing very well, except Captain Page, who, it is thought, can not recover.

Early in July our steam-boats commenced arriving. The 7th Infantry, under the command of Captain Miles, left for Reynosa, on their way to Camargo, on the 6th and 7th of July. These companies took water transportation, and the remainder started to march. They were compelled to relinquish the prosecution of it by the back-water from the river, and were forced at last to take water transportation. For many years such a freshet has not been known. It is a mighty current. The Mexicans say there has been a special interposition of Divine Providence in our favor, causing the river to rise so that we can transport our troops and supplies to Camargo without any trouble. If they really think so, the omen must be any thing but favorable to their cause. It certainly never was intended this lovely land, rich in every production, with a climate that exceeds any thing the imagination can conceive of, should remain in the hands of an ignorant and degenerate race. The finger of Fate points, if not to their eventual extinction, to the time when they will cease to be owners, and when the Anglo-American race will rule with republican simplicity and justice, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey;" who will, by their superior mental, if not physical abilities—by their energy and *go-a-head-a-tiveness*, which no sufferings or privations can retard, which shines alike in the frozen regions of the North and under the burning sun of the South, render available the surprising fertility of the soil, its immense mineral wealth, and populate the country with a race of men who will prove the infinite goodness of our Maker in creating nothing but what is for use and some good purpose.

No part of Texas surpasses in fertility, or equals in salubrity, the Valley of the Rio Grande. The river courses its way from the mountains through a varied climate, which will produce any thing, from wheat to sugar and cotton. Nothing can exceed the rich growth of vines. The melon flourishes, and our camp is daily supplied with fine water-melons. This region of country is bound to be settled very rapidly; if nothing else points it out as a desirable location, the fact of the Rio Grande being *really a navigable stream* is sufficient. In point of health, few regions can surpass it. There are no causes for disease; there are no swamps, which, in the heat of summer, throw out their poisonous miasma; the banks are high, and the country preserves that character to the Colorado. Let this boundary be settled, and there will be a tide of emigration to this favored region rarely equaled. If some of our northern farmers would settle here, they could make one flower-garden of the river banks, from its source to its mouth. Cultivation can be carried on by white labor, I think, beyond a doubt. No summer climate can exceed it in loveliness; the everlasting breeze deprives the sun of much of its heat. Such evenings! Such a morn! Young people should come here to make love; the old should emigrate and rejuvenate themselves. To the former I say, the moon shines with such bewitching sweetness, no matter how determined they may be to live and die maids, they will find it impossible to resist "the little god:" to the latter, some of the romance of their early days will be renewed, and their frames invigorated by the ocean breeze, which comes every evening laden with coolness and health.

As the transportation arrives, the general will push forward his forces. The court for the trial of Captain Thornton met on the 10th. Two of the Catholic clergymen, appointed chaplains to the army, have arrived. These appointments will be productive of much good. The Mexicans have been told they would be persecuted "for conscience' sake;" that we would tolerate no religion but the Protestant; and their priests have added all the fuel to the flame they could, to produce the impression among these poor, ignorant creatures that we are a set of savage barbarians. Our acts, both civil and military, and now religious, will prove the contrary, and will open their eyes to the magnitude of the attempted deception.

The behavior of our army after victory is as highly honorable as the victories themselves. In taking possession of Matamoras we have not interfered with either the civil or religious rights of the inhabitants. Their courts of justice are still held, the most perfect respect is paid to law and order, and every infraction of either is severely punished. The army, instead of entering the city as conquerors, encamp quietly in the suburbs. Instead of taking possession of their houses for our men, we remain under *miserable* canvas, which affords no protection from the storm, and scarcely shade to protect the soldier from the noonday sun. Many have *no tents*, and yet, under these circumstances, no building is occupied: those taken for store-houses and public offices are regularly rented. By such conduct we have restored confidence to the people; the citizens mingle freely among us, walk through our camp, and feel sure of protection. Such conduct should make our countrymen proud of their army.

On the 13th the 5h Infantry commenced their movement for Camargo, of which undisputed possession was taken by Captain Miles. Immediately on the receipt of the news of the victories of the 8th and 9th of May, the president conferred upon General Taylor a brevet major-generalcy, and Congress passed a vote of thanks to himself and army. On the 15th of July we received the joyful news that he had been promoted a major-general in the army, and that Colonels Twiggs and Kearney were appointed brigadier-generals. Some time in May General Scott was informed that he would be sent to take command of the army in the field, but, from a misunderstanding between himself and the executive, the authority was withdrawn, and he was ordered to remain at Washington. This insured the command of the army, for the approaching campaign, to the hero of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Captain Thornton delivered his defense on the 15th; and, although the sentence of the court can not be known, yet we feel he is honorably acquitted. By the papers received to-day (15th July), we see some surprise expressed at the tardiness of our movements. The grumblers had better hold their peace, and first inquire if their fault-finding is just. One unacquainted with military details can hardly imagine the number of obstacles (which can not be anticipated) which arise to prevent our rapid progress. The government has poured in a very large force, without, at the same time, sending the necessary transportation. I may have repeated this very often, but I can not help it, for it is our daily complaint. Transportation does not grow in this country. When any anxiety is expressed, let all reflect that the honor of the country is intrusted to a brave and persevering general, who has every inducement to push forward and win fresh laurels. Every exertion is made at Camargo to hire mules; and it is hoped, by the time the army is concentrated at that point, all will be ready for a forward movement. The people may rest assured they will have a good account of us; and, if means do not fail us, the war will be pushed on with energy and perseverance. The scabbard must now be flung away, and the war prosecuted with such determined energy as to bring the Mexican nation to their senses, and teach them there is a point "beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue."

Our reports of the movements of the enemy are of the most contradictory nature. Some say they are making every preparation to meet us at Monterey; and others, that there is but a handful of disaffected soldiers to resist our approach. In this country of magnificent distances, where our operations must necessarily be so far from our base, and from which nearly all our subsistence must be drawn, if the people are united against us, and will make this a patriotic struggle, we *may* find no little difficulty in conquering a peace. We have received news of the new appointments of two major-generals and six brigadiers for the war. General Hamer has arrived.

Of late there have been several disgraceful riots in the city, in which some of the volunteers were conspicuous, arising from the lax state of discipline in some of the regiments. The 1st Brigade commenced its movement on the 19th. It is commanded by General

Worth. Every steam-boat goes up filled with troops, and, returning, transports to the mouth the Louisiana Volunteers from the camp. General Smith is encamped about sixteen miles above this place. They are all disgusted—have undergone all the hardships of a summer's encampment in this climate, and return "without the *first red*" of a fight. The army congratulate themselves upon retaining the services of General Smith. This valuable officer will continue throughout the campaign.

Before July 24th Mier was taken, without any resistance. The arrival of our troops at Camargo was hailed with great joy by the people. General Canales, after inflicting numerous pains and penalties upon the good people, left just before our forces arrived. The citizens felt a security from our presence that their own troops did not impart. They already see we come not to conquer them, nor to interfere in the slightest degree with their comforts; our sole object is to drag that justice from their tyrannical rulers so long denied us.

The 3d Brigade commenced their movement on the 28th. It was decided to take the batteries up by land. Captain Duncan's battery moved first, escorted by a company of the 8th Infantry. On the 4th of August General Taylor and staff left. Colonel Garland, with two companies of Infantry, and Bragg's battery, leave on the 6th; and General Twiggs, with the Dragoons and Ridgely's battery, remain until all have left. Matamoras is left in command of Lieutenant-colonel Clark, with two companies of Artillery and a regiment of Ohio Volunteers, under command of Colonel Curtis. The volunteers designated for Camargo will be pushed forward with rapidity. Colonel Hays, with his regiment of Texas Cavalry, is ordered to make a detour to the south, and join at Camargo; and now (August 5th), before leaving Matamoras, and opening upon a new campaign, I will bring up a few neglected matters, and record some reflections which have arisen from our first campaign on the Rio Grande.

Poor Page has, after suffering a thousand deaths, paid the debt of nature. He died on the steamer Missouri, July 12th, near Cairo. He was a warm friend, an agreeable companion, a devoted husband and father, and a good and faithful officer. He rendered much valuable service in the removal of the Creek Indians. It was his good fortune to be in the hottest of the fight at Palo Alto. It was there he received, at the same time with the gallant Ringgold, his mortal wound. Soldier! would that thy spirit had passed, with the rapidity of the cannon's flash, to thy Maker! Would that thy severe sufferings had been spared thee, and thou hadst died on the battle-field, in the arms of victory, with the shout of triumph ringing in thy ears!

Colonel M'Intosh, I am happy to say, has left for the States, and is rapidly recovering. As I had an account of the manner in which he was wounded from his own lips, I must record it, even at the risk of being thought prosy. When his regiment (5th) deployed in the chaparral, he was mounted. He soon found it was necessary for him to dismount and lead his horse. He was in advance, and, to use his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them, "I was making my way as well as I could, when I was suddenly beset by six Mexicans. I was completely taken aback, and had not time to reach my holsters to get my pistols. The rascals pinned me, crossing two bayonets in my mouth, one of which I forced out, but the other the scamp pressed in; I felt my teeth go, and the exit of the bayonet at the back of my neck. I fell; they left me for dead. About thirty feet off, a soldier was shot. After shooting him, they beat his brains out with a musket. All this time I was *playing possum*, and thinking of the chances of my escape. They gave me several *ominous* looks, but I preserved the character of the animal. They all retired but one, who amused himself rifling the pockets of the soldier. I thought my time had come, when he made a few steps toward me. Something alarmed him, and, much against his inclination, he ran away. After carefully satisfying myself the coast was clear, I ceased playing possum, made my way to the troops, and was led out to the road." I think that was rather a *tight* place for a man advanced in years.

It is a matter of no ordinary pleasure for us to reflect that many, if not the majority, of the Volunteer Regiments are commanded by graduates from West Point. Ohio, Kentucky, Texas, and other states have shown that sound appreciation and respect for the advantages which must arise to their troops by being commanded by officers expressly educated for that purpose. They may rest assured, on the battle-field it will *tell*. Have not the ends of this institution been obtained? Has not the scientific education there acquired been disseminated throughout the country, and upon the first blast of the bugle rendered available—triumphantly so? The *people* have set their seal upon it; the votes of the "bone and sinew" have clearly said, "Your education has fitted you for command—none others will we have; we feel our honor safe in your keeping." Let those scoffers who sneeringly speak of officers who have resigned, forever hold their peace. Where are those officers who have resigned? Are they found sneaking from service? Are they unmindful of the duty they owe to their country for their education? No! we fearlessly challenge the most evil-disposed to bring charges of want of alacrity in flying to their country's rescue, against those whose military education was received at that most glorious institution. No! here they are in the field, commanding regiments and companies, to which they have been elected by the people. In the case of Colonel Mitchell, of Ohio, it was the intention of the people to run General Hamer for that office. The general's excellent sense showing how much more appropriate the appointment of Mitchell would be, threw his influence into the scale, and insured his election. He accepted the majority of the regiment. Here we see an instance of the most conspicuous man in Ohio acknowledging the superiority of the West Point graduate. The appreciation of the government was not quite so sensitive; for Major Hamer, upon his arrival in Mexico, received his commission as brigadier-general. From this we see the *people* properly appreciate, when their peculiar services are required, the graduates of the Military Academy; and I wish it recorded, that many, if not the majority, of the Volunteers called into service by the Mexican war, were commanded by *graduates from West Point!*

The army expects nothing for itself; the day for the appreciation of merit has passed; the door for *political favoritism* is opened into that service, where taint should never enter. The recent preferments in the Rifle Regiment have deprived all of any hope of justice, or chance of promotion, no matter how glorious their deeds. But in all these our disgusts and troubles, there is an infinite satisfaction and pleasure for those who love, and reverence, and hug unto themselves the memorials of their boyhood's military days—whose eyes fill with tears, and whose hearts swell with emotion when reflecting upon the happy, happy moments spent at dear old West Point—in the reflection that, spite of every effort to keep the talent and learning there fostered, buried, when the country demanded their services, regiments were promptly brought into the field by men whose first military aspirations were breathed on the plains of West Point.

How magnificently has the Horse Artillery proved its efficiency. After witnessing its destructive effects on the field of the 8th and 9th of May, more particularly on the former, the most skeptical must be convinced it is an arm that throws any amount of strength into an army, and actually makes up in its dreadful efficiency for want of numbers. It needs the fostering care of the government. The companies should have extra men to supply the place of the killed and wounded. The necessity for it was fully exemplified in the late battles, when officers had to dismount and act as gunners, under a heavy fire. The officer has all he can do to direct, without assisting in working his piece.

Reader, have you any idea of the *fighting condition* of the army on the 8th and 9th of May, as regards their officers? In those battles there was *not a field officer who enjoyed his proper command but General Taylor.* One regiment had *all* its field officers absent; its colonel for years laid upon the shelf; its lieutenant-colonel, in the vigor of his life, at this critical juncture, cut down by disease; its major, a gallant soldier, but broken down in constitution; this regiment was commanded by a *captain!* Another had its colonel absent, its lieutenant-colonel enjoying a brigadier's command, its major bed-ridden for years! This regiment was commanded by a *brevet major.* Another regiment, its colonel and lieutenant-colonel absent, its *major* enjoying a *brigadier's command:* this regiment was commanded by a *captain,* and only *one* captain led his company. A battalion from *four regiments* was commanded by a *captain—*by *brevet a lieutenant-colonel—not a field-officer belonging to either was present.* Some of the officers were gallant fellows, necessarily deprived of the chance of glory by sickness; but many were absent, who have not for years, and never will do any more service. Is it fair, is it just, the juniors should be performing *their duty* and reap none of the *advantages?* Is it just they should retain their high rank until death deprives them of it? doing no good, but great harm, to the service; keeping young and active men back in subordinate grades until age crawls upon *them,* and makes *them* likewise inefficient; so that, when promotion comes, they are good for nothing but to carry out and fasten upon the army the old system of broken-down and inefficient officers?

Take another view of the injustice of the case. In a fierce and bloody battle, where are those officers whose *physique* has left them? Some wasting their time at the Springs, in the hope of resuscitating constitutions already broken down by hard and honorable service; others bed-ridden, having given up all hopes of drawing that sword which, in the vigor of their manhood, they wielded with a strong arm and stout heart in the service of their country. Where are the juniors? Coolly and undauntedly standing a cannonade, or storming a battery vomiting forth death at every flash. What gain they by it? Glory! All well enough; but they can not *live* upon glory. Do *they* gain promotion? No! They hazard their lives, while those who enjoy the rank are absent. They pass through a hopeless struggle, one that holds out no inducement; one that, if the deadly battery is silenced, the guns spiked, the officer performing the gallant deed can exclaim, "*Well, I am safe, but a lieutenant still.*" A *retired list* has become essentially necessary for the well-being and efficiency of the service. The necessity for it is a crying evil; we must have it sooner or later, or the army will degenerate into utter worthlessness by the weight of a mill-stone of old, worn-out, and inefficient officers. This is not written to wound the feelings, or detract from the past services or merits of officers who have "done the state some service." It is a *solemn fact*, and it *can not be denied.* No offense should be taken at it. Every thing, be it animate or inanimate, has its growth, perfection, and decay. You might as well keep the old tree, almost falling from age, which is destroying every thing in its vicinity by the worms and caterpillars it attracts and imparts to others, simply because it shades the play-grounds of our childhood, and at its foot we learned lessons of wisdom: no, the good gardener removes the tree; not, however, without feelings of regret, and in its place plants the young and vigorous sapling, which, in its time, arrives at maturity, and then decays and is replaced by others. But the government, in removing, must provide for them, so that they may live without want to a green and happy old age, "fighting their battles o'er," and feeling proud of the deeds of the youngsters.

While such have been the operations on land, the squadron under Commodore Conner was engaged in the thankless task of blockading the Gulf ports. Previous to the 8th of May, the commodore, feeling there was a certainty of a conflict on land, sailed with his whole squadron for the Brasos, to offer all the assistance in his power to General Taylor. A command of five hundred marines and sailors were landed on the 8th, under the command of Captain Gregory, to assist in the defense of the fort in case of attack. Another command of five hundred marines and sailors, under Captain Aulick, proceeded up the Rio Grande to act in concert with the expedition of Colonel Wilson against Burita. An unsuccessful attack was made upon the small town of Alvarado on the 8th of August. Shots were exchanged, resulting in no injury on either side. To the great astonishment of a majority of officers, the attempt was abandoned; the reason assigned, the difficulty in crossing the bar, and an approaching storm.

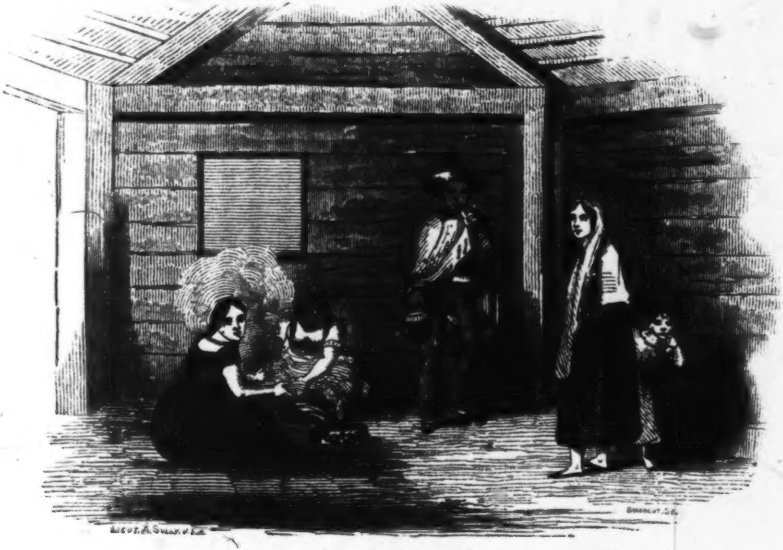
CHAPTER XII.

August 5th. Colonel Garland's command of four companies of Infantry, and Bragg's battery, took up their line of march for Camargo. Nothing could exceed the miserable condition of the roads: the rain of the previous days had made them ankle-deep in mud. The whole population of the district through which we marched turned out to see us; I must confess we presented but a sorry appearance, even if the fife and drum *did* keep up, with a perfect *vim*, the good old tune of "The girl I left behind me." Owing to the flooded condition of the country, we were forced to make a "detour" of some thirty miles; and, instead of taking our proper course, which was nearly west, we started southeast. The flat land upon which Matamoras is situated was completely inundated, making the march fatiguing for men and animals. After marching four miles through thick chaparral, we ascended another table or shelf of land which was somewhat less humid. Passed a few indifferently-cultivated ranchos; the soil was very rich, and the growth of mesquite abundant. About seven miles from the city, entered a beautiful oblong prairie; in the center was an extensive slash, filled with every species of plover; a large herd of horses dashing through the water gave animation to the scene. Encamped, after a march of twelve miles, on the borders of a pretty pond; the grazing was capital, and the men refreshed themselves by bathing.

August 6th. Marched at daybreak; the roads, if possible, were heavier than ever, and a drenching shower previous to marching did not improve them. The road for the first six miles continued through a thick growth of mesquite. Some Mexicans we opportunely met informed us that our guide, instead of turning off at the proper road, was taking us toward Linares, the headquarters of the Mexican army. Our small force would have cut a figure at such an introduction! Whether the rascal did it intentionally, I could not understand; but if his face was an index of his intentions, it marked him villain. We know we are right now, for we are following the tracks of Captain Duncan's battery, who preceded us some two weeks. After leaving the Linares road, our course was nearly west, the country becoming higher, and opening into a beautiful prairie, picturesquely dotted with the mesquite, and a beautiful shrub of the acacia species. In the midst of the prairie, we met a Mexican with a cart-load of melons for the Matamoras market; he sold them in a minute, much to *his* delight and *our* refreshment.

Stopped "to noon" at a pond, near which was a miserable "jacal." Two remarkably fine-looking Mexican women and a girl of eighteen gave us something to look at: the eldest was on her knees at the metat-stone, grinding corn, making it up into cakes, and baking *tortillas* upon a plate of sheet-iron. *Tortillas* are the universal food of the Mexicans. The process of making it is simple enough: the corn is soaked until the hull comes off, rendering it so soft that it is easily ground on the metat-stone with a stone roller. The metat is a species of burr-stone. The corn, as fast as ground, is made up into thin cakes, and immediately baked, making a very palatable bread; combined with milk, they are delicious. In this miserable building were relics of better days, in the shape of a glass candle-shade, and a plaster figure, a little boy, pencil in hand, writing on a tablet.

Our march from our noon halt to the camp for the night was a decided improvement. The ground was much drier, and, with the exception of a belt of chaparral, passing through which the heat was intense, through a beautiful prairie, in which we derived some comfort from a delightful breeze. We encamped at Maguella; one would think, from the name, it was a town, but it is the custom of the country to give names to simple ranchos, and generally to those which are used as camping places, from the fact of their having water. The proprietor of this lived at Matamoras: he owns, in one body, four leagues of land, and has quite a number of "peones" to cultivate it; some of the latter were beautiful girls. This "peone" system is fully equal to our slavery; work for the sake of redemption is sinfully held out to the former, and never thought of by the latter. The men suffered for the want of water: marched eighteen miles.



Interior of a "Jacal."

August 7th. Our course has been west nearly all day. Passed over one beautiful prairie, the rest of the march being through open, and, at times, densely thick chaparral. The heat was intense, and the men suffered very much. I am free to confess, had not my pride come to my rescue, I should have given out. The greatest cause of suffering was want of water. No men in the world drink more water than soldiers, and you can not convince them a swallow is as refreshing as a good long drink; in their improvidence, they soon exhaust their canteens, and then commences their suffering. To those who have never felt the want of water in marching in an excessive hot day, God grant they may never experience it; to those who have, no description is necessary; they can duly appreciate it. Our guide was very ignorant of the route, and deceived us. Any one who is told it is only *one* league to water, and has to march *three*, can well imagine how exasperated we were against him. The men actually dropped down from thirst; the ground was so hot that it burned your feet, and the dense chaparral prevented our feeling the influence of the sea-breeze.

We marched eighteen miles, and encamped at a ranch called Cayetana. Shortly after we arrived, a number of pack-mules came in, laden with fruit from Saltillo. It was packed in crates, and intended for the Matamoras market. There were apples, pears, pomegranates, quinces, and grapes; the latter were very good, the rest miserable. Being picked green, and exposed for eleven days to the intense heat of the sun, they had lost all their flavor. The men bought them in great quantities, and at exorbitant prices. I had a long conversation with the head man of the train; he appeared quite intelligent, and very frank, answering promptly all my questions. Being direct from Monterey, he had to answer *not a few* regarding the defenses of the city, troops, &c. He says there are two thousand men at Monterey, under General Mejia, and none at Saltillo or San Luis Potosi; that they are daily looking for our arrival via Camargo, and that there will be no fight.

The water at this camp is miserable—nothing more nor less than a hog-wallow. Water, no doubt, of the best kind could be obtained by digging; but these miserable creatures are too lazy for that. It is a great drawback to any thing like comfort. The inhabitants of the ranchos are particular in their inquiries whether the troops are regulars or volunteers. Some of the disgraceful rows, proceeding from a few disorganizers among the latter, have been "bruited" far and wide, establishing for that arm a reputation certainly not to be envied. The inhabitants of this ranch say the Mexican army, in their retreat, took every thing they could lay their hands upon, without paying for it. How different is our course of conduct. Here we are, invading an enemy's country as conquerors, and yet levy not one cent; buy every thing; not only buy, but pay the most *exorbitant prices.* I sometimes doubt the good effects of such liberality. Will it not be their interest to continue a war which deprives them of nothing, but *adds* to their purses. However, we will always have the gratifying consolation of knowing we have brought no distress upon the poor. The country through which we have passed abounds in the wild pepper.

August 8th. Off at daybreak; for the first half mile marched through an avenue seventy-five yards broad, cut out of the dense chaparral by order of the government. It was left for some reason in an unfinished state. Debouching from the chaparral, we ascended much higher ground, and, changing our course to the northwest, entered upon a beautiful rolling prairie. Thunder-storms passed all round us, cooling the air, making it the most pleasant march we have had. Vast numbers of, to me, strange flowers presented themselves, and the flowering acacia scented the air with its vanilla perfume: the flower is white and globular.

Stopped "to noon" at a ranch, where I saw the greatest number of fat, ugly girls sitting on the bed, tailor fashion, sewing, that I have ever seen in Mexico. One old woman was spinning yarn with a hand-spindle. No wonder they charge such exorbitant prices, if all that labor is bestowed upon spinning the wool. What would our Yankees, with all their machinery, think of this primitive manner of preparing the raw material. The yard was hung with pieces of raw-hide, stretched from posts, hung with jerked beef, of which we all took good care to lay in a plentiful supply. Encamped six miles beyond the rancho.

August 9th. Started at daybreak, intending to march four miles to Hacaletas, and rest for the day; but on our arrival the commanding officer changed his mind. After a short stop we again started, having the pleasant reflection that not a drop of water could be obtained for seventeen miles. We turned off due north from the Camargo road, to strike the Rio Grande at Reynosa. The face of the country almost immediately changed, the soil more loamy, and in many places quite sandy, the chaparral quite dense, and the ground rolling gradually at first, and increasing as we advanced. We soon struck an extensive district of limestone rock, and, emerging from a mesquite thicket, we descended quite a hill, thence into a large valley; passing through it, we ascended on the other side, and within seven miles of Reynosa we passed over a succession of hills and valleys as far as the eye could reach; hills were overtopped by others, until they united in the crest of a mountain. The hills were of limestone formation, and ran in ridges toward the river. I was probably more struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery from the fact of having been separated so long from any thing like a mountain or valley, among which my boyhood's early days were spent. The men suffered excessively, the heat was intense, and their thirst was only increased by their knowledge of the fact that no water could be obtained. A league off we saw the belfry of the Cathedral. It was to us like a sail to a shipwrecked mariner; it inspired hope, made those who were cheerful still happier, and braced up the weary.

We encamped above the town, on the banks of the river, at half past 3 P.M., having marched twenty-one miles. Directly after sunset I strolled up to the town. It is beautifully situated on a high bluff, which runs almost to the river. Some rich bottom-land intervenes, the cultivation of which added to the attractions of the place. The Plaza is on the summit of the ridge. The town boasts of a Cathedral, with two discordant bells, which, just as I entered the square, were tolled for vespers. At the first sound, all heads were uncovered in mute and silent adoration of that Being to whom we owe our existence. There was something in the act which at the time struck me with awe. At that moment, in different parts of the world, millions of God's creatures were performing the same act of adoration. All the buildings of any pretension presented a dilapidated or unfinished appearance. Many have been commenced on a grand scale, and suddenly stopped, looking as if the proprietors had suddenly changed their mind, failed, or died; and yet this very dilapidation adds to, and throws around them an interest of which they would otherwise be dispossessed. Beyond the Plaza most of the buildings are the common "jacal." Those of any pretensions are built of limestone; it is the soft lime, which indurates by exposure to the air, and which, when fresh from the quarry, can be sawed into any shape. On nearly every street you find quantities of the stone ready for building, giving evidence that at one time there existed an intention of pushing forward the improvements of the place with vigor, which now only remain as monuments of their imbecility and want of enterprise. It is very clean; they can not help themselves in this respect if they would; for Providence, in his kindness, sends rain, which washes off every thing like filth. The women were well formed, rather good-looking, and unusually tidy in their appearance. It is quite ancient, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. It was named after General Reynosa, an officer in the Mexican army. Captain Swartwout, with his company of the 2d Artillery, garrisons the place.

August 10th. To-day has been one of the most scorching hot days I have ever felt. The colonel decided not to start until the afternoon, to march nine miles, and encamp. Our course was due west; the road for the first three miles was through the river bottom, and was, of course, not uninteresting; then it became rolling, gradually more and more so, until we *struck* hills. From the top of one we had a beautiful view of Reynosa, about six miles off, whose white walls were displayed to great advantage. From this point we continued to ascend, having pretty and extensive views to the right and left. The hills were composed chiefly of limestone, covered with a dense growth of chaparral, the soil being of little value. The road was excellent. In the descent we crossed over beds of gravel, the peculiar color of which gave evidence of the presence of iron.

The crowning feature of to-day's march was the magnificent view which broke upon us from the summit and during the descent; I think it one of the most picturesque, slightly touched with the grand, I have ever seen. The Valley of the Rio Grande stretched before us for several miles; one intricate web of hills and valleys fenced it in, and in the distance a line of mountains placed a barrier to the eye. Immediately beneath us slept, in all its luxuriant quietness and repose, the river, which, seen in stretches, had the appearance of so many lakes imbedded in green foliage. The smoke from several ranchos curled gently and lazily upward, giving evidence of the presence of civilization; and a steam-boat—a *high-pressure steam-boat*—true emblem of an American, lay moored at the bank, disturbing nature's rich and solemn silence by lazily working off its surplus steam. Add to this the long line of covered wagons—the troops, upon whose bayonets the sunbeams glistened, marching on their winding way, and you have a picture rarely surpassed. As we descended the hill-side, the limbs of the chaparral were so thickly covered with snails that at first they looked like white flowers: it is a common sight to see the little animals in such numbers.

We encamped at the foot of the hill, in the vicinity of quite a number of ranchos. In one, two families resided, having between them seventeen children, the eldest of whom was not over eleven. The mother of eight did not look over twenty-five. In a neighboring inclosure the goats were equally numerous. As we left Reynosa we passed the burial-ground, "El Campo Santo." It is surrounded by a wall made of small pieces of limestone; in the center are three cubes of stone, each smaller than the other, and on the top of them a cross; at its base are arranged several skulls. They continue burying in the same place, and must, of course, disinter some for the benefit of others.

August 11th. Started at daybreak, but, owing to the difficulty of passing a slough, did not get under way until the sun had risen, which made the march oppressively hot. Our course continued west, through the river bottom, where the thick undergrowth forbade the access of air. The soil was generally of the richest character. Passed several respectable ranchos, and had more water than on any other day's march. Nine miles off, passed Reynosa Vijio—old Reynosa. It is a collection of indifferent "jacals." We stopped to rest for a few moments. The moment we halt, milk and tortillas are offered for sale. Three miles further on, passed a *running* stream; it was enough to drive one into an extravagance of joy. There was nothing but the *running* at all *taking;* for it was muddy, warm, and coursed its way through uninteresting lowlands.

August 12th. The colonel very sensibly decided to alter his time of marching. Troops can not march in this country during the heat of day; the march should be made between 12 at night and 10 in the morning. Reveille was ordered at 12, and the line of march was taken up at 1 A.M. It was a bright, moonlight night. The tramp of the column, and the dull, heavy rolling of the artillery, disturbed the romantic stillness of the hour. The mesquite-trees have increased in size, and the deceptive light of the moon would have caused a stranger to think we were marching through a peach-orchard. The exertion to keep awake was really painful; this "turning night into the day" causes nature to *rebel*, yet it was much better than to cause it to be *roasted*. Passed a great many crosses by the road side; also two conical stone structures, in shape like a sugar-loaf, about five feet high and three feet through the base, all of which marked the spot where murders had been committed. Marched twelve miles by 9 A.M., bringing the men in comparatively fresh. For the amusement of some of the officers, I gave them a description of my trip to New Orleans last June, and, as it was the cause of my meeting rather an original character, and having no small amount of fun, I will not be selfish enough to deprive my readers of the full benefit of

"THE GEORGIA DOCTOR."

During a trip to the good city of New Orleans, on the steamer Fashion, it was my good fortune to be an eye-witness of the most infinite succession of "*saws*," run upon a would-be doctor from Georgia, that ever fell to the lot of any one "human." He was an undoubted specimen of the piney wood genus—a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned Georgian. He hailed from the upper part of the state, *somewhere near Buncombe*, and evidently had been favored with the least imaginable intercourse with the world. Where he graduated, or from whom he obtained his diploma, is no part of my ken. He gloried in the title of *doctor*, and it was this title, and the benefits arising from the practice of the profession, which induced him to venture forth into the world, and, as he said, to "take a look at Texas, and see what was to be done in the medicine line in that country." He had "heard tell it was *some* for making money or doctoring, and he had no objection to try his hand." It appears that, after arriving in the land of promise, and looking around him, he decided upon settling upon some point on the Brasos.

"Well, doctor, how did you like the country? did the practice meet your expectation?"

"As for the country, stranger, that's all well enough; the soil is rich, and raises amazing fine crops; but when you speak of health, thar you have me! I had, sure enough, determined to settle and practice, and send for the wife and children; but when summer-time came, I saw enough."

"Well, doctor, what did you see? you did not 'see the elephant?'"

"Not *edzactly* the elephant, but something which might be called awfully close to it. I tell you, when I came to practice round among the neighbors, and see their yaller, sunken faces, I concluded it did not take long for *their blood to turn to bile;* and thinks I to myself, that would be too much risky practice to suit my taste; and so I decided to pack up and put back for Georgia, high up, where we have hills, and some of the purest white sand-water that ever was drank. Just as I was about starting, this cursed war broke out, and nothing would do but I must go surgeon to one of the regiments. It was agin the grain, any how, for I have no particular taste for this *army* fighting. When it comes to the *regular native* knock down, drag out, *and* gouge, I'm '*some punkins;*' but the case is pretty considerably altered when you are placed just so that the very next moment a—a cannon ball may come along, a whizzing and tearing, and knock your head into a *mummux*, and scatter the well-stored larnin' of years, in a moment, to d—d smash! Go it I did; but I'd made up my mind that Point Isabel should be the termination of my campaign. Upon my arrival thar, before the regiment moved, I made out 'to come it over the colonel,' and got my discharge, and you now see me on the Fashion, traveling straight home to the mountains of Georgia, with little chance of ever leaving them again."

This was a short sketch he gave me of his history on the first evening. Little did the poor fellow know what was in store for him the next day. In the morning, while at the breakfast-table, with evident alarm upon his face, he sang out,

"Well, captain, have you heard what's happened? The captain of this craft has lost his way—has run eighty miles back in the night—don't know where he is—the boat's a leaking, and we are in a devil of a fix!"

I looked around the table, and saw a smile upon every face. I instantly saw there was a joke on foot, and determined, *pour passer le temps*, to lend my hand in amusing ("God save the mark," if you call that amusement) the gentleman.

"What! captain lost his way! ran backward! boat leaking! my God! you don't say so!"

"No mistake, captain (this said with the greatest enthusiasm); it's all true; and, besides, they say the captain is a d—d rascal, and would give us up to pirates rather than not; as for the boat's leaking, I saw it myself (the engineer had been bribed to throw water from the engine into the hold), and it comes in the *all-firedest* stream—oh! that I was back home, a hugging my wife and children!"

As the day wore on, he became perfectly nervous; every one added their quota to plague him. The report was circulated "the captain was a pirate, and he intended to take us into some Mexican port." This only increased the trepidation of the Son of Esculapius, and made him feel much more like "hugging his wife." A formal protest was drawn up by one of the passengers, which we made the doctor head, enumerating our grievances, and calling upon the captain "to run for Galveston, under penalty of his life." The captain was let into the secret; we put the protest in the doctor's hands, and all followed up to see its delivery. The captain was on deck, took it, and read it. We had previously cautioned him that it would give great offense; that the captain would rip and tear about, but that he must stick to him like a good-fellow. The captain read it, put himself into a towering passion, pocketed the protest, and swore he'd put us in irons.

"No, you'll not, captain," we exclaimed; "if you'll behave yourself and take us to port, we'll let you alone; but if you don't, we'll take the vessel."

"That's the way to talk it, boys!" cried the doctor. "I'm the boy to hold him and give him h—ll, while you take possession of the vessel! Oh, that I was back home, hugging my wife!"

The captain pretended that, as we outnumbered him, he would have to obey, but that he would keep the document, and, when we arrived at port, have us tried for mutiny on the high seas.

With the assurance he would run us into port, our victim was slightly quieted for that day; not, however, sufficiently so to insure sleep. He was up and down all night, examining the leak, and repeatedly did I hear the exclamation come from his innermost soul, "*Oh, that I was at home, hugging my wife!*" He looked perfectly haggard the next morning for want of rest; his eyes were actually popping out of his head, and when he came to the table he looked more like a maniac than a sane being. By this time the joke had reached the hands of the boat.

"Well, doctor, how does the leak get on?"

"Leak, sir! my God! the boat is *rotten;* the *niggers* told me they *put their feet through* it last night! Oh, gents, if I was *only* home, hugging my wife!" and away he bolted from the table to re-examine the leak, the bare reflection depriving him of his appetite.

The next morning the scare still continued, and the number of *saws* at work increased. He was so nervous, I became alarmed about him; with hat off, his long yellow hair streaming, and eyes expressive of utter terror, he was seen rushing in every direction, with despair imprinted on his face. Sympathizing friends he found in numbers; every one to whom he went was willing to give him all the comfort they could; invariably ending their advice by expressing their fears for their own situation, and asking *his* advice in the premises. Poor doctor! when thoughts of self for one moment left his mind, imagination flew to *that* wife and *those* children; every inward prayer for their happiness was *outwardly* ended by the oft-repeated ejaculation of, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" It was the burden of his story.

Shortly after breakfast a schooner was seen making for us; "a long, low, black, rakish-looking craft." Such a chance was not to be lost; the cry of "pirate! pirate!" went from stem to stern. Out rushed the doctor: "Where! where!" Our worthy captain, who had fully entered into the sport, pointed it out, and remarked, "He was afraid he would attempt to take us, but that he would fight to the last, and requested all hands to arm themselves;" and then, calling to the mate said,

"Mr. Richards, load the swivel, sir! prepare for action! A suspicious-looking craft!"

The doctor gave one look at the preparations for loading a swivel, about *a feet* long; and then, when, by the expression of his countenance, we saw that the joke took, we all rushed aft, crying, "To arms." The Louisiana delegation were on board, returning from their complimentary visit to General Taylor, and had brought with them some of the lances, escopets, and sabers taken from the enemy on the 8th and 9th of May. Each one supplied himself with some kind of weapon; a saber was offered to the doctor, but, true to his education, he scorned the proffered arm, and swore he would "take the native bowie." Thus armed and equipped, forward we all rushed.

By this time the schooner was nearly abreast; excitement was in every countenance—an expression of firm determination of fight to the last. The doctor had evidently worked himself up to the boiling point, when, as the vessel came abreast, with stentorian voice, the captain cried,

"Port helm! fire!"

"*Bang*" went the swivel, loaded to the muzzle. Just at that moment the doctor's heart failed him, and his thoughts flew back to home and all its endearments; for clear above the swivel's roar, with a *falsetto screecho* accent, we heard, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" He was overjoyed when he found one shot had driven off the "d—d pirate;" and made the captain quite a complimentary speech about the excellent management of his boat, his coolness and daring, and said "he'd have it put in the papers."

About this time some of the gentlemen tried to make him believe he had been fooled; that, of course, he would not listen to: he was one of your obstinately credulous men. By questioning a good-natured pilot, he discovered, if we *were* lost, that we were now right, and that we would make the Balize next morning. The captain now thought it *his* turn for a "saw." Saw ye ever one so *sawed?*

"Look here, my young man, I'm mighty good hearted—have a heap of the milk of human kindness, and am inclined to think well of your wife and children; but all this can't have any effect upon me. I have the reputation of the "Fashion" to sustain. You have attempted to excite a mutiny on board my boat; said you would hold me and "give me h—ll," while the others took possession; I've got your signature as ringleader, and when I get in port I'll have you tried for mutiny, and you may count upon a comfortable birth in the penitentiary."

If a thunder-bolt had struck the poor fellow he could not have been more alarmed; he even forgot wife and children, and commenced begging for mercy; declaring he was only "in fun"—that the boys knew it. The captain remained inexorable, and fully determined upon trial. The doctor had a likely negro boy with him; he was very anxious to know what the captain would take to let him off—offered his boy to any one who would undertake to defend him; but finding there was no hope, retired to his state-room—not "to sleep," nor, "perchance, to dream"—but to exclaim, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" Just before he retired it was suggested that we were again lost, merely to give him an additional incentive to sleep.

The next morning, as we shoaled water, it changed color; as soon as he saw it, he wished to know the reason. One of the passengers exclaimed,

"Now I know the captain to be a rascal! Gentlemen, he is taking us to Havana!"

"To Havana! how do you know that?"

"Know it! don't I know it by the *color of the water?* and is not this very color *a certain* sign the *yellow fever* is raging, and are not the chances ten to one we die of it?"

Here was more matter for the poor fellow's imagination. He began again to talk of taking the vessel, but was soon relieved from all anxiety by crossing the bar and getting into the "Father of Waters." The only thing now was to avoid prosecution for mutiny. Many earnest conversations about it did he have with us all, and many deputations waited upon the captain to settle it, but with no success. In furtherance of our sport with the unsophisticated Georgian, the bearer of the order for the Fashion to go to Mobile was the deputy-sheriff of New Orleans. Were ever saws so lucky? The moment he arrived, it was whispered about the "sheriff was on board." The poor doctor was aghast. The sheriff was let into the secret, and he, being as big a devil as any of us, entered into the joke with all his heart. A deputation waited upon the sheriff to see if he could not accommodate this matter; he, with one or two others, shut themselves up with the doctor in a state-room, and kept the poor fellow in a state of suspense for nearly an hour. Repeated ejaculations were heard issuing from that room, "not loud, but deep," of "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" It was at last accommodated by the doctor writing a very humble letter of apology to the captain.

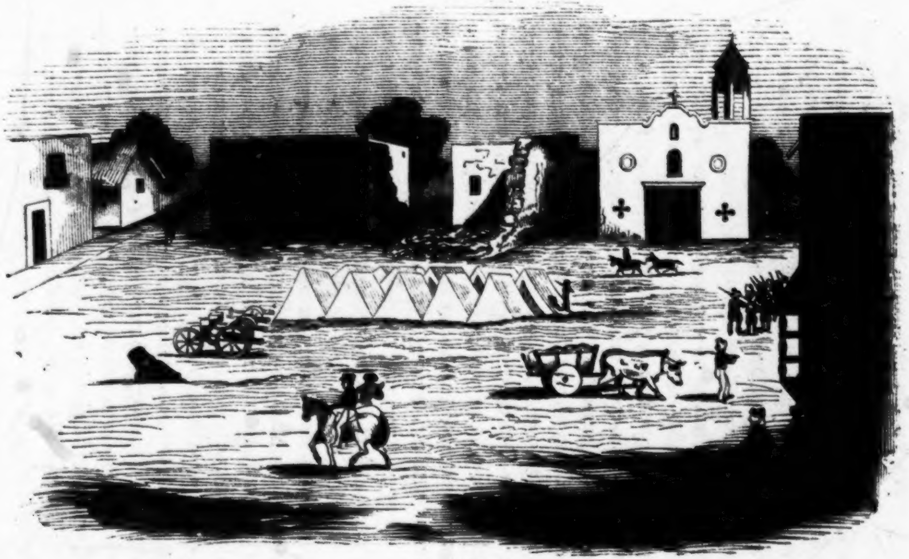
I left the Fashion at the Balize, and the doctor went to Mobile. Meeting the sheriff a few days after, I felt anxious to know the fate of our friend, and asked him how he was disposed of.

"Disposed of! he took good care to *dispose of himself* very well, and of *our money* a great deal better. Thinking he was a *green 'un*, he was invited to play poker; after a great deal of persuasion, he consented, with manifest reluctance. The biters were bitten. If there was any thing he *could* do better than practice medicine, it was *playing poker!* There he had us; he won his passage, and fobbed lots of 'the tin' besides. As soon as we landed at Mobile, he bolted on shore, telling the captain 'he did not think sea-voyaging was so d—d bad, after all.' So anxious was he to get home and 'hug that wife,' that he took the stage in preference to waiting for a boat; swearing, 'by all that was holy,' if he was ever again *caught in Texas*, you might put him down for a stark natural."

August 13th. Reveille at 12, marched at 1 A.M.; the march was performed by a lovely moon; the heavens were studded with stars, and none but one entirely devoid of feeling could resist the pleasure derived from so glorious a scene. The land was high bottom, and the growth of the mesquite still larger. Passed thirty crosses within ten miles. A very celebrated robber some years ago infested this district; after committing several murders, was taken at Reynosa, and paid the penalty of his crimes. Day dawned before we reached Camargo. As we approached, the Valley of the San Juan was marked by the distant hills; the landscape was quite a pretty one. We skirted the town, the cupola of whose Cathedral was visible for a mile, and reached our camp by 7 A.M., just in time for breakfast. The distance marched from Matamoras was one hundred and twenty-seven miles. Found the army encamped, in line of battle, along the banks of the San Juan. General Worth has the *immediate* command of the camp; all those who know his qualities as a rigid disciplinarian must be aware that duty was performed strictly according to regulations.

The Texas Rifle Regiment, the Baltimore Battalion, and some of the Louisville Legion have arrived. Every boat brings up volunteers. The Texas Regiment of Rifles, commanded by Colonel Johnson (a graduate), determined to take their discharge: he addressed them in a patriotic strain, to induce them to remain; but not more than fifteen out of sixty were willing. The government, therefore, lost the services of six hundred men, for whom they have incurred the expense of clothing, subsistence, and transportation, and have not received one iota of service in return; within one hundred and fifty miles of the enemy, where the great majority of the army expected battle, they took their discharge. Before this war is terminated, the people will feel, by applying their hands to a very sensitive part of the person—the pocket—the difference between carrying on the war by volunteers and regulars. The president was correct in discharging the six months volunteers. At the time, I thought the patriotism of the Americans was so strong, that in the face of the enemy they, to a man, would have enlisted for twelve months; experience has proved their patriotism not equal to their self-interest.

Camargo is a dilapidated-looking town, situated upon the River San Juan, a few miles above its junction with the Rio Grande. It boasts, like all Mexican towns, of a grand Plaza and a Cathedral, a few low stone buildings, of very thick walls and flat roofs, a great many



Grand Plaza.

miserable "jacals," not a few donkeys, and any number of dogs and chicken-cocks. The 7th Infantry, under the command of Captain Miles, was encamped in the Plaza. The town was completely inundated in June last, and the population driven out. It may once have boasted of two thousand inhabitants, but there were not more than half that number at the time of the arrival of our army. The Cathedral is of no particular architectural beauty; it has a cupola and two bells. Nearly every building in the place was occupied in some manner by the government. Our transportation is to consist of pack-mules, and the place is alive with them.

On the 17th of August Captain Duncan returned from his reconnoissance of the left bank of the San Juan, as far as Ceralvo. He reports the route practicable and well watered, the country picturesque, and increasing in interest and beauty as he advanced; describes the town as well built, and having a tidy aspect, that none we have yet seen possess. The inhabitants were very friendly, and readily furnished him with every thing he required, for which they were well paid. Within three leagues of Ceralvo he heard there was to be a fandango, at which a colonel under General Canales was to be present; to surprise and take him, he made all those who were going to the dance join his party and accompany him. Shortly before he arrived he met a man, with some mules, going toward our camp: he was permitted to pass. Having accurately informed himself of the avenues and approaches to the ranch, upon his arrival he took possession of them, and, to the surprise of all present, surrounded the house and demanded the colonel. The bird had flown. The man who was driving the mules was a *brother* of *Canales*, and by a detour had returned and given the colonel warning. The colonel left, however, without giving the people any intimation of the cause: the fear of the accusation of cowardice sealed his lips. Captain Duncan informed the gay dancers he was on a friendly visit, and would injure no one; but if any made an effort to escape, they would be shot. Two unfortunate devils tried it; one was killed, and the other had his arm broken. Pretty good shooting in the dusk of the evening. The death of their comrade affected not the hilarity of the party; the dance and merry laugh continued until the dawn of day.

On the afternoon of the 17th there was a grand review of the regulars. It was one of the most magnificent military displays we have had since the last war. There were seven regiments of infantry and two batteries of horse-artillery under review; the line of battle occupied three fourths of a mile. General Taylor, accompanied by his staff, was attended by General Worth with his staff, and Generals Pillow and Quitman. The review was commanded by General Worth. The general's advance from the right was announced by a salute from Duncan's battery, and each corps in succession saluted as he passed. The troops were afterward passed in review, and presented quite a creditable appearance. General Taylor never looked in better health or spirits.

On the 18th of August an order was issued, organizing the regular army: it is divided into two divisions, the brigades retaining the same denominations as at Corpus Christi. General Twiggs's column, the 1st Division, consists of the 2d Dragoons, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Regiments of Infantry, and Bragg's and Ridgely's batteries. General Worth's column, 2d Division, consists of the Artillery Battalion, the 5th, 7th, and 8th Infantry, Duncan's battery, and Captain Blanchard's Volunteers: the latter is attached to the 2d Brigade, the command of which is assigned to Colonel P. F. Smith. Captain Blanchard and his Phoenix Company are the solitary representatives of the State of Louisiana. He marched from his camp to join the brigade on the 18th, with drums beating and fifes playing. The appearance of the company reflected credit upon himself and state. He is a resigned graduate; but the shrill trump of war awakened within his breast early military impulses, and he found it impossible to tear himself away from his first love.

General Worth's division commenced the movement to Ceralvo on the 18th, and he is ordered to push forward and occupy it as a depôt for supplies. Captain Duncan reports the military are actually lariating the "peones" into service; they will be used in throwing up fortifications at Monterey. From all the reports, we have to conclude great efforts are being made to resist us; and large levies of men, such as they are, are being collected. We are all delighted the advance has commenced, and are equally ready for peace or war: in one hand we hold the olive branch, in the other the sword. Let Mexico take her choice. In any event, under all circumstances, she may rest assured the latter will force her to take the former. For the sake of humanity, I hope her choice will be the former.

On the 20th we received information of a revolution in Mexico; that General Alvarez had overthrown Paredes and had taken him prisoner. That looked more like peace than any event that had occurred. When the subject of peace is advanced, the question invariably arises, "With whom are we to negotiate?" The president of to-day is a prisoner to-morrow; his views and intentions are totally changed in that brief period by a successful military aspirant seizing the reins of government. Were ever a poor, wretched people so situated? Was ever a duplicate of such a government known in the world? I really think there is a *dim* light of peace breaking through the darkness. God grant it! Although my profession is that of arms, and we may gain glory and honor by the exercise of it, yet I can not help thinking it would be more honorable and satisfactory to the people and the government to have this war brought to a speedy and peaceable termination. Then, again, the question arises, With whom *are we to treat?* If we make a treaty, what assurance have we it will be respected for a day? View it in any light, I see a long series of trouble and annoyance on this frontier.

A rumor comes to us that Colonel Harney, with a mixed command of Dragoons and Texans, has left San Antonio on an expedition into the interior. General Twiggs, with four companies of Dragoons, Ridgely's and Taylor's batteries, arrived to-day. The latter battery is assigned to Worth's division. Every one is now purchasing mules. The transportation is so limited, that most of the officers have purchased one to carry along some few comforts. Our attempts at speaking Spanish are truly amusing; talk it you must, in some shape or other, or you fail making your bargain. The laughable attempts we make remind me of an anecdote which I heard at Corpus Christi. A man by the name of Clifton, a vagabond "leg," had lost his horse; going to look for him in the chaparral, he met a Mexican upon a similar expedition. Thinking he might be of service to him, he accosted him with

"Look here, my man, have you seen any thing of a d—d *caballo*, a *barnosing* about here, with a *cabrista* on his neck?"

"No entiende, señor."

"Don't understand! Why, the d—d *fool don't know his own language!*"

As an instance of some of the wonderful escapes which occur in battle, I must mention that of private Moore, of Company J., 3d Infantry. While Captain Barbour was gallantly resisting a charge of the enemy's Lancers, on the 9th of May, a ball passed through Moore's cartridge-box and exploded all his cartridges, tearing his box to pieces, and setting his clothes on fire. At first he was not aware his clothes were burning, and, finding that his box was torn to pieces, he borrowed a cartridge from his next file, and, as he was in the act of "tearing cartridge," his sleeve caught fire and exploded it, singing off his eyebrows, and otherwise burning his face. How the passage of the ball could have exploded the cartridges, is beyond my ken; but of the fact there is no doubt. Private Chissem, of Company H., 3d Infantry, was particularly distinguished for his gallant conduct in the battle of the 9th. He fought with a courage and pertinacity rarely equalled, killed many of the enemy, and when *completely riddled* and shot down, he still continued firing. The "leaden messenger" of death which sent his soul into eternity met him with a *cartridge in his fingers, in the act of tearing it.* In this position the gallant fellow was found, surrounded by a pile of "*his own dead.*"

The volunteers, as they landed at the Brasos, were forced, before moving into the interior, to encamp upon that barren, sandy island. The sand drifts in such clouds, you stand not only a chance of swallowing more than man's allotted share, but of becoming blind likewise. A volunteer who thought he had swallowed his full share of it, thus accosted the doctor:

"I say, doctor, have you any thing that will remove a *sand-bar?*"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I am a *gone sucker.* I've got a sandbar in my innards, upon which every thing grounds, and I can't get any thing up nor down."

The volunteers continue arriving by every boat. They have suffered a great deal at their encampments near the mouth of the river. Diarrhœa, dysentery, and fevers have been very fatal. They must suffer much more than the regulars, for they have no idea how to collect around them those nameless comforts the old soldier always has; besides, campaigning is entirely out of their line; and my only surprise is, that people so suddenly transported from a high to a low latitude, in the middle of summer, should have so few cases of disease. They may consider themselves very fortunate.

Discharges are numerous, and the great majority are pretty well disgusted with the service. It is no sinecure—*it isn't;* and, before they are through with it, some other animal worse than "the elephant" will make its appearance. They *do* say the animal has been seen by a few, and a certain medical gentleman told me he took it for a *walrus!* Before this war is over, the government will be forced to confess, and the volunteers freely acknowledge, without any charge against their patriotism or efficiency, that the volunteer system is one of the most outrageously expensive and inefficient with which any government could undertake a *war of invasion.* No one could have conducted the expenses with a more rigid eye to economy than General Taylor; but when the bill is footed the people will open their eyes, and be forced to acknowledge that their worthy citizens had better remained at home, and the regular army been increased.

Owing to the deficiency of transportation, the number of volunteers to be taken forward to Monterey is necessarily limited. The general has organized a division to be commanded by Major-general Butler, the brigades of which will be commanded by Brigadier-generals Hamer and Quitman. The Dragoons, Taylor's, Ridgely's, and Bragg's batteries, crossed the San Juan on the 27th, to encamp at some point where grass could be obtained for their debilitated animals. Colonel Hays arrived at China from his southern tour. Did not meet with any of the enemy. Captain Benjamin M'Cullough's and Gillespie's companies of Rangers have gone with the advance. For the last few days before our departure rumors of every kind and description have reached us. To any that coincide with our wishes for peace, we naturally give credence; but he who believes a Mexican report must be truly gullable.

On the 28th we received something tangible from the city of Mexico. The report of the civil revolution is confirmed. Paredes is a prisoner; Gomez Farias declared provisional president; Santa Anna invited to return, and probably by this time in the country. Santa Anna! Through what a strange, up-hill, down-hill series of events has he not passed? Twice president by means of his military popularity; banished from his country, and every thing connected with his name scorned and trampled upon, he lives to see himself recalled by the same fickle beings, placed at the head of their army, and will no doubt reascend the presidential chair! Fate! what hast thou yet in store for him who is as faithless to his promises as he is devoid of honor?

The 1st Division are ordered to cross the river on the 31st of August, and take up their line of march on the 1st of September; the Volunteer Division to follow as fast as transportation arrives. General Taylor remains behind for a few days to see every thing en route.

The inclosure which marks the grave of the lamented Ringgold, at Point Isabel, is made of two uprights and cross-pieces, the opening filled in with the gun-barrels and bayonets of the captured arms of the Mexicans. They are sawed off to produce a regular slope from the head to the foot of the grave. I can not conceive of any thing more appropriate. We are indebted to Captain Ramsey, of the Ordnance, for so much taste in ornamenting the gallant soldier's grave.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUGUST 31st, 1846. The 3d Brigade, composed of the 3d and 4th Regiments of Infantry, and Captain Shivers's company of Volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Garland, crossed the San Juan and encamped. We relieved the 2d Brigade, who immediately took up their line of march for Ceralvo. The Baltimore Battalion was brigaded with the 1st Infantry (the 2d Infantry not having arrived); this brigade constituted the 4th Brigade, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Wilson and were to follow our movements, with a day's intermission. We have no regrets at bidding adieu to Camargo; our sojourn has been any thing but pleasant. The heat and dust have been so annoying, that any change would have been considered a God-send; besides, the health of the troops require motion.

September 1st. At 8 A.M., sun broiling hot, we were ordered to strike our tents, with the intimation we would start at 10 o'clock. Tents were accordingly struck; but at 10 o'clock no mules made their appearance, nor did they until 2 P.M. In the mean time we spent a most annoying morning; exposed, without any shade, to the noon-day sun. When the mules arrived, our baggage was shown to the *arrieros*, and we were ordered not to touch it, or give any orders regarding its disposition. They applied themselves to loading very scientifically, but very deliberately, I may almost say, lazily, compared with the prompt movements of our men. The following is the modus operandi of packing: The baggage is carefully selected and piled in a row; the mule is brought up by an arriero, and the *tapoho* (leather blind) immediately put on it. This blinding is universal whenever the mule is to be loaded, causing it to stand still. The arriero carries a leather tapoho in his hand, which, with the addition of a few leather thongs, answers admirably for a whip. The pack-saddle is an immense pad, stuffed with hay or wool, tightly girted on, weighing from thirty to forty pounds; on the top some matting is placed. The one who blinds holds the mule; another seizes a package, puts it on the side of the mule furthest from him, which is received and held by another arriero; another package, selected with great care with regard to the weight, is placed upon the opposite side of the mule, and the two packages (called a cargo) tied by the *lasso;* over all, to bind it, is passed a very broad belt, with any quantity of lariats attached, which is secured *secundum artem.* The pack is then completed, and the mule is turned loose, and joins a horse with a bell around its neck, which they always follow. Another and another is brought up, loaded, and turned loose. The arrieros, with their large sombreros and leather aprons, mules, and the process of loading, formed a busy and lively picture. Eight mules were assigned to each company.

It was *withering* hot when we started, and the perspiration burst forth in streams from every person. Marched five miles, and encamped at sunset on the Rio Grande. There arose no little disgust at our novel transportation. The packs were not up with us, nor did they arrive until after dark. There was "confusion worse confounded;" all the baggage was mixed up, and the deuce was to pay to find your own. After diligent search, I found all my packages but my wall tents. For my consolation, I was informed that one mule had *stampeded,* and was left (in ignorance of their language) to infer my tents had paid a visit to the chaparral. Two days afterward they were found, to my great delight, mixed up with other baggage. Flattering myself with the hope of the mule arriving in the night, I dispensed with tent, and had my English camp-bedstead brought out, musquito-bar tucked in, and tarpaulin thrown over the head, and slept as delightfully as if in a house. I would advise every officer to provide himself with one of these camp-cots; they can have no conception of their comfort, convenience, and economy, until they try it.

I am perfectly disgusted with this primitive transportation; where wagons are practicable, it is a perfect humbug; your hands are completely tied with them. The arrieros must have daylight to pack, and the result is, the command is forced to march during the heat of the day, or the train must be left behind, thereby running the risk of its being attacked and cut off.

We are passing one of the very best natural roads in the world, where, with very little repairs, wagons can always pass. Independent of the comfort and luxury of a wagon, and the fact that, with them, you can suit the hour of your march to the temperature of the day, no inconsiderable expense might be saved by their use. Eleven wagons (fifty-five mules) would have transported the command; whereas we have one hundred and twelve mules for the transportation of the baggage, at an expense of fifty-five cents per day. To say the least, it is the most *provoking* transportation we have had in any of our marches. The brigade was accompanied by four camp women; one of them had gone to the expense of a Mexican lady's side-saddle, certainly one of the most curious specimens of saddlery I have ever seen. The lady sits square in the saddle, from which, in the place of a stirrup, is suspended a board, large enough for both feet; it has the usual horns, but much higher, and the back and sides are inclosed by vertical pieces of leather, often beautifully worked with silver thread. I do not think it would suit our fair equestrians.

Upon our arrival we were visited by Mexicans with leche (milk) and pollas (chickens) for sale. One donkey brought in a load which, combined with his personal appearance, was rather hard to beat. What would my readers say to a man, two boys, and a kid upon one poor, mean-looking jack? the kid bleating so piteously that, if he was purchased and killed, the purchaser must have had an adamantine heart or a devil of an appetite, which latter covers a multitude of sins. We were visited by one real patriarch of a jack; whether it was intended for us, or the female mules, I dinna ken. The mellifluous notes of his delicate voice, while serenading, were very *striking;* and any fair *muless* who could resist its supplicating, beseeching accent, must have been unattuned to love. Saw a hog with a thick *coat of fur* instead of hair. The land over which we marched was very rich, and susceptible of high cultivation.

September 2d. A very early reveille. Again the inconvenience of our transportation became apparent; every thing was in utter confusion, and we did not march until 8 A.M. By this time the heat was intense; so much so, the march was painfully oppressive and fatiguing. Passed Brevet Lieutenant-colonel May's camp. Our march still continues through the river bottom; course, west. The land is high, dry, and rich; passed several ranchos and some fine fields of corn, and met several carts carrying soap and wool to market. Soap is a legal tender in some parts of this country; hence the expression, "How are you off for soap?" It is superior to ours; with it you can wash in the hardest water. Stopped to "noon it" on the banks of the river. The mules passed us; when they *start* they travel very rapidly. The afternoon was more oppressive than the morning; we finished a fatiguing march of eleven miles at 4 P.M. Met the return train of wagons from Ceralvo, under the charge of Captain Sibley. He gives glorious descriptions of its beauty and the coolness of its water; says it will make your *teeth* *ache.* Now, to one with a tin canteen of *blood-warm* water, the idea was rather tantalizing.

September 3d. Reveille beaten at 3 A.M.; the column put in motion at dawn of day. The colonel has decided on marching, independent of our packs, leaving a strong rear-guard with them, and pushing on to our camp during the cool of the morning. Passed several *barrancas* (deep gulleys), caused by the caving in and washing of the soil. We are gradually rising in altitude. Just before descending to the Arroyo Salado, a beautiful prospect opened upon us, a succession of hills and valleys rising one beyond the other. The Salado is a small stream, at this time nearly dry; the water was good, and running over sand and pebbles. Previous to reaching the stream, we passed over the bed of another creek or bend of the Salado, in which were found deposits of marine formation, in the shape of masses of oyster-*shells*, now turned into flint, some of immense size; one was eighteen inches long by six broad. The *bed* of *the oyster* was not proportionately large. Doctor S. brought me one *sixty-four*, which I thought might clearly be entitled to the appellation, par excellence, of the *governor oyster*, without any reference to the eighteen by six. The inhabitants of this country about that time must have had some exquisite stews and broils.

Stopped some time at the Salado. It being but three miles from Mier, I, with two friends, obtained permission to visit the town; we jumped on our horses, and dashed off right merrily. The face of the country was very rolling, at times rocky, and always picturesque. We approached the town from the east; within half a mile it suddenly burst upon us. Its appearance was strikingly beautiful; the towers of its two Cathedrals, and long line of buildings, all white-washed, were a fit emblem of the purity of the climate. As we approached, some *little* of the picturesque disappeared. In the suburbs we passed the humble adobe (sun-dried brick) cottages, with thatched roofs; proceeding, we ascended a hill and entered quite a dilapidated Plaza, having one Cathedral. Further on we passed through another Plaza, which was "une autre chose." The buildings surrounding it were in a good state of repair, and constructed with an eye to regularity; the walls were immensely thick, with flat roofs (azotéa); the *streets* were *narrow*, but *clean*, presenting decidedly a much more creditable appearance than any I have yet seen.

The town is situated upon the sides and top of a limestone hill, upon the right bank of a small stream, variously named the *Alcantero*, *Alamo*, and *Mier* River. The former is the proper name for it, and was the original name of the town until some general, expecting to hand his name down to posterity, with its never-crumbling buildings, affixed *his* to it. Its population, and that of the suburbs, is estimated at two thousand five hundred. It boasts of two Cathedrals; that in the dilapidated Plaza is closed, having no priest. It is said to be richly decorated: being closed, our curiosity could not be gratified. The buildings generally have an antique appearance, which throws around them an indefinable interest. I visited the Cathedral in the main Plaza. It is a large mass of masonry, about two hundred feet deep and sixty feet front, surrounded by a very thick and high wall; there is one main aisle, at the foot of which is the grand altar. Upon either side, near the door and grand altar, are four alcoves, twenty feet deep by twelve broad, in which are altars, making five altars in the church. The decorations were very creditable, although not rich; the walls were hung with paintings, some of which were fine specimens of the art. It boasts of an organ, and a belfry with a chime of bells.

The inhabitants are much more cleanly than any I have yet seen, and I did not note a solitary instance of *hunting deer in each other's head.* Mier is celebrated for its pretty women. We saw two beautiful girls at a house where we obtained some eggs and claret. I never have seen more magnificent suits of hair; their arms and hands were faultless; and with their bewitchingly tender eyes, and their persons arrayed in their native dishabille, they were fit subjects for the artist.

The great interest the place possessed for me was from the fact that it was the theater of the fight between Colonel Fisher's command of Texans and the Mexicans under General Ampudia, in 1842. The circumstances connected with that desperate struggle are too recent to need any reference; suffice it to say, I have visited the house where they fought, bled, died, and surrendered, with more than ordinary emotions. I at first despaired of finding a cicerone, but fortune favored me when my friend, Captain E., kindly volunteered his services. He took me immediately to the house. Here, at one corner of the street, diverging from the Plaza, and running with a considerable declivity toward the river, were the Mexican cannon planted; and here, about two hundred yards from the river, we are at the house. It is a low, one-story building, of immensely thick walls, with a thatched roof. We pass the iron-grated window (common to all Mexican houses). Do you see that bent bar? It was struck by a grape-shot, which glanced into the room, and killed a Texan lad in the act of discharging his rifle. Do you see those riddled doors? It is the effect of the cannon. Do you see that fresh masonry in the walls? It replaces the cannon's breach. Come with me to the back yard. Do you see those loose stone walls? The cannon balls striking them, killed many a gallant fellow by the quantity of pieces that fell far and wide. Do you notice that angle of the wall in a dilapidated state? There, on that spot, the brave Cameron, with his company, repulsed repeated charges of the Mexicans, and laid two hundred at its base. Do you see, to the right, that large bake-oven, built in the open air? When the poor fellows took possession of the house, to their joy they found it full of bread. Look closely, and you will see a hole lately replaced in the wall; through it the muzzle of a cannon protruded; the match was applied, hoping the Texans were seated round the oven eating bread. None were there; but if you will open the sheet-iron door of the oven, you will see five holes made by the cannister shot.

Return with me to the house. Do you see that large hole in the wall filled up with fresh masonry, in the end toward the Plaza? When the gallant fellows found the enemy had opened their cannon upon them, they worked their way through it, mounted the roof of a neighboring house, and, with their unerring rifles, killed many of the enemy at their guns. Again and again the Mexicans attempted to fire their pieces, but death was the portion of all who showed themselves. They at last *lariated* their pieces, and drew them off. This unequal combat lasted two days. The day previous, one of the Texans having broken his leg, a doctor and six men were left to attend him. On their way to join their comrades, they were discovered by the enemy, and a large party of dragoons dashed after them. All were killed but the doctor, who made his way up that fatal street; stopping in front of the house in which the Texans were, he exclaimed, "Let me in, boys; it's *rather* hot out here." He entered safely. His trusty horse the enemy attempted to catch, but they were shot as fast as they came near him; and at last the cowardly rascals shot the poor beast. These are some of the circumstances attending a fight between some three hundred Texans and three thousand Mexicans. The victory unquestionably belonged to the former; and, had they refused to treat, Ampudia would have retreated, and all their horrible sufferings been spared them.

At this point we leave the Rio Grande; course, southwest. The country continues rolling, and the soil quite rich. About a mile from Mier, a lofty range of blue mountains burst upon us, their jagged peaks cut into fantastic shapes against the blue sky; it was truly a refreshing sight. A glance at them made us think of rocks, deep and cool dells, and, above all, *cool, cool* water. The grazing increased both in quantity and quality. We encamped at 12 M., having marched twelve miles. The length of our march is regulated by the water. The grass in the immediate vicinity of our camp is sufficient for any number of animals; it is the nutritious mesquite, and I have a tufted carpet of it for my tent floor.

September 4th. Reveille at 2; marched at 3 A.M., by the light of a clear and beautiful moon; our early start is decidedly an improvement; the men walked off with great life. There are a good many sick, and some have given out; not the *first* convenience is taken along for their comfort. An ambulante, for the sick or wounded, is not known in the army. Sickness or a broken leg is not anticipated; they must keep well *by order*, or die upon the road. Never did an army take the field with so few necessaries. Our course is still southwest, over a succession of hills and valleys. The soil generally maintains its rich character, although parts are perfectly worthless. On every hill we were delighted and charmed with a view of the mountains, which rise in magnitude as we approach. They were a perfect *tonic.* I was particularly struck with the peculiarly delicate blue tint which envelops them. The sky is clearer, and the air purer and more bracing. The sunrise was magnificent; as it rose, accompanied with the phenomenon of converging rays, above the edge of the eastern horizon, throwing its golden light over an extensive range of hill and dale, *one must have been insensible* not to have been struck with its exceeding beauty. The growth of the mesquite diminishes, and the thick undergrowth of chaparral and prickly pear increases. Saw many varieties of the cactus; limestone abounds, and some sandstone is found; picked up many pebbles covered with the red oxide of iron, which will serve as an excellent substitute for chalk, to mark our tents. The morning-glory grows in clusters by the road side; one species, pink in color, is nearly as large as my hand. Crossed the Arroyo St. Domingo, eight miles from our last camp; it is a clear, running stream of good water. Reached camp at 9 A.M., having passed no ranchos in a march of twelve miles.

One of the strongest objections which will be urged against the settlement of this country is the want of water. I do not know how it may effect the interior, but it can not apply to the lands bordering the Rio Grande. There, if it is necessary, irrigation can be obtained at a trifling expense; a small outlay in windmills, forcing-pumps, and leaders for the water, and you have it always at your command. The never-dying sea-breeze can be put to an economical and capital use. We are encamped on the Agua Leguas, a narrow, but deep and rapid, stream of excellent water. To-day we received another budget of reports from Monterey, the amount of which was, that no resistance would be offered; that the people at Monterey were only waiting for us "to walk in and make ourselves at home." All this was reported by a Mexican *direct* from Monterey, who said, also, it was reported some American cavalry were seen in the vicinity of the city, which we naturally presume is a part of Colonel Harney's command. I record all these reports and deductions, so that my readers may go along with us, from day to day, and understand the feelings of the army.

September 5th. Off again at 3 A.M.; cool and pleasant, and we knocked it off at three miles an hour in glorious style. Passed over a high, level plain, the chaparral very thick, and the growth of mesquite luxuriant; some of the soil good for nothing, but that bordering the small streams very rich. Arrived at the small village of Puntaguida at 8 A.M., having marched seventeen miles. From an eminence on the march, the white walls and houses of the village of Agua Leguas, and its beautiful valley, were visible; it was a charming prospect. As we approached, the mountains became more grand and well-defined, and here we appear to be almost under them. At this place the 2d Brigade was stationed; the officers received us with great hospitality. They march to-day for Ceralvo, and we take their ground, upon the banks of a narrow but swift mountain-stream.

Puntaguida is a small hamlet of unpretending thatched cottages, containing some four hundred souls. They are devoted to dancing, having given the officers two *fandangoes* a week. Ate some peaches brought from Saltillo and Monterey; although slightly wilted, they were delicious; at any rate, we have proof positive we are approaching the country where they grow. Figs are here in abundance, partially dried; and they have a fig marmalade which is very delicious. The banks of this little river are well cultivated. Irrigation is obtained by throwing a dam across the stream, and leading the water off by artificial ditches. The sugar-cane grows luxuriantly. This has been an exquisite evening; such piles of dark, heavy, fantastic clouds, some fringed with the silvery moon-light; patches of the clearest blue sky; lightning in the south; the dark, indistinct outline of the towering mountains; the sweet, refreshing breeze; the tented field; all conspire to form an enchanting scene. The atmosphere is so pure, it is a luxury to breathe it; it is done *so easy*, you are not aware of the exertion.

September 6th. In a ride through the village, I found little to interest me; it was very dirty, and all the stone houses looked as if they were falling down; the "jacals," with their groups of women and children, and the lazy, loafing men, gave one but a poor idea of Mexican comfort. The people bake, and carry round for sale, a bread which is called *semitas;* it is very light (sweetened), and tastes like our rusk. Some of the cakes are made of unbolted flour, and must be capital for dyspeptics. In the evening formed a party to visit Agua Leguas.

September 7th. Disappointed in our visit. Owing to information received from Ceralvo, it was deemed imprudent to go. Our disappointment was very great, as the place is described as a "bijou," with a jolly, fat priest, who entertains liberally, and for our amusement a domestic billiard-table. Last evening an express arrived from Ceralvo with the following intelligence: General Worth, relying upon the information he had received from a Mexican whom he had taken, felt assured that he knew the whereabouts of General Canales, and sent out two companies of Rangers to surprise him. Colonel Childs was sent with five companies of Regulars to support them. He had proceeded but a short distance when he met a messenger from Captain M'Cullough, who reported the captain had met, and driven in, the advance picket of a body of Mexican cavalry, supposed to be the command of Canales. Our command, having orders not to bring on an engagement, retired. A body of cavalry is, no doubt, in the vicinity, watching our movements.

In the evening a large party of us went to Puntaguida to get up a fandango. On my way, a crowd of happy Mexican lads surrounded my pony, crying most merrily, "Fandango!" "rancho fandango!" "bonita, señoritas!" We waited a long time for the girls to collect; they rarely commence until 10 o'clock—quite fashionable. To our great disappointment, it rained and became quite muddy, depriving us of the dance, as they dance in the open air. The moon rising about the time it rained, a beautiful lunar bow, together with a secondary one, were visible. "Two "monte" banks were in full operation—one out of doors; the cards were dealt on a "poncho," a man holding a candle, and a large crowd surrounding the dealer. The other was in one of their mud-houses, where the heat of the room truly made it a "hell." All appeared absorbed in the game, both men and women; and their last cent was staked and lost with the utmost "sang froid." The boy who gained his sixpence by selling a bundle of grass in the morning, lost it at the "bank" in the evening. Gambling is a perfect mania with them.

September 8th. General Taylor and staff, General Twiggs and staff, four companies of Dragoons under Colonel May, Captain Webster's battery of two twenty-four pound howitzers, and Ridgely's and Bragg's batteries, arrived in the morning. Determined to see a fandango, we paid a visit to the village in the evening. We waited some time until the moon rose, when the girls made their appearance. The first dance was a waltz, in which none but the Mexicans were engaged. An old humpbacked Mexican, seated in a straight, high-backed wooden chair, with the clear moonlight full upon him, called forth tolerably fair music from his violin. It was a slow, graceful waltz, and in elegance of motion the señoritas will bear comparison with some of our northern belles. They continued it fifteen minutes, without cessation. I did not see a pretty face, but all had good figures, and were graceful. One could not but be struck with the wild picturesqueness of the scene. Twenty or thirty couple, waltzing in the open air, the crowd of men surrounding them, some smoking, others listlessly reclining upon the ground; under one porch a "monte" bank in full blast; on the outer edge of the circle, occupied by the dancers, another bank, whose flickering light gave a wild and brigand expression to the faces of the betters; two stalls, with sweet bread for sale, to which, at the end of each dance, your fair partner expects to be treated; the moon; the irregular thatched roofs of the low and quaint "jacals;" the old fiddler, and you have a scene worthy the pencil of any artist.

The next dance many of the officers took partners, and tried to introduce an *Americanized fandango;* but, however willing the girls were, their utter ignorance of our style made it *no go.* The next, I selected the belle; but, with all my accurate calling off, we made another failure. I was in duty bound to entertain my partner; I knew nothing of the language, but, having picked up a word or two, I thought I would make the best use of them. So, believing the coast all clear, I thought I would experiment, and softly whispered, "A bueno noces, señorita"—meaning to tell her that it was a very pretty night; when, right at my elbow, I heard the jocular voice of Captain M. "Well done, G., what's that? try it again." My Spanish evaporated like the dew from before the sun, and, spite of myself, I had to join in a hearty laugh. However, I did not make such a bad hit, after all, for they do not expect to be entertained, and, if you spoke, the chances are they would not reply. The more we became mixed up and confused, the greater the pleasure of the crowd; for every *extraordinary effort,* "mucho bueno" saluted us from all quarters. I left them in a gale of spirits. Having to march at daybreak, I wanted some sleep.

September 9th. The 1st Division of the army, under General Twiggs, marched for Ceralvo. General Taylor and staff preceded us. The morning was beautifully clear, and a cool north wind made one realize the fall had arrived. The face of the country was more level than any we have passed over since leaving Mier. Crossed two swift-running streams. As we approached Ceralvo the mountains became more interesting. The land in the vicinity of Ceralvo is well cultivated; our course was more to the south. We marched past the camp of the 2d Division, and took our position on the right at 12 o'clock, having marched fifteen miles. The town is situated in a beautiful valley, partly upon the side of a white limestone hill; but the larger portion is in a beautiful level at its base, through which courses a bold, running stream, winding its noisy way through the town, and carrying water by artificial ditches into the yard of every family. The houses are low, with "azotéa" roofs, built of "adobes" of a blue color, which imparts a very pleasing effect; some are built of blue limestone, and all are little fortresses within themselves. Nearly every house has a garden, surrounded by a wall. The fig, peach, and pomegranate are in the greatest abundance; besides the yards, the banks of the stream are lined with them, and the lemon, orange, and peccan. The latter are immense trees, covering a great deal of ground, inviting one to enjoy their cool and delightful shade: one of them must have measured five feet through. The Plaza is large and clean: the steeple of the unfinished Cathedral had more pretensions to architectural beauty than any I have yet seen. It is decidedly the neatest and most picturesque town I have noted; that bold, clear, cool stream flowing through it, and bridged in every direction, is of itself beautiful. It is impossible to feel the heat; for, if the house is disagreeable, take a water-melon, go under that huge peccan, rest thyself beside that rushing, bubbling stream, and you'll *all but freeze.* Its population is between one thousand and fifteen hundred. The valley appears to be surrounded by mountains. Far off in the west we see the mountains of Monterey, and they tower *so far* above these we have so long had in view that these may be considered *little ones.*

We are in the vicinity of the silver mines of Ceralvo, which are considered quite rich. The Indians have been such a scourge to this country, they have not only prevented its settlement, but have stopped the working of the mines. At the foot of the hill upon which we are encamped is the same bold, running stream which courses its way through the town, fed by innumerable springs, which gush out every few yards from its base. It flows through a green flat of land, two hundred yards broad, and in its center are immense cypress-trees, which, at a distance, look like the elm, so rich and feathery is their foliage. The majority of the army now believe there will be a fight. General Worth, through means of spies, has received information on which he relies. Ampudia certainly arrived at Monterey on the 31st August, and assumed command. He is said to have at least five thousand regulars, and any number of rancheros. If he has ten thousand men, I think he will make a stand; but this we think is sure, *no matter what their numbers, we will whip them.* A few days since we received a report that Colonel Harney was at Monclova; it appears now that he never crossed the Rio Grande; the men objected to proceeding any further, and he returned to San Antonio.

September 11th. Information was received to-day that a guard which Colonel Harney had left at the Presidio crossing, on the Rio Grande, had been attacked by the Mexicans, and all either killed or taken prisoners. General Butler, with the 1st Brigade of Volunteers (1st Ohio, Colonel Mitchell, 1st Kentucky, Colonel Ormsby), arrived on the 10th. On the 11th General Taylor issued his orders for the march. The 1st Division moves on the 13th, the 2d Division on the 14th, and the Volunteer Division on the 15th. All the pioneers are placed under the command of Captain L. S. Craig, who will leave with them to-morrow, escorted by a squadron of Dragoons under Captain Graham. Captain M'Cullough's company accompanies them. Reports are still arriving of the numbers collecting at Monterey, and of their determination to resist us. The fighting stock is on the rise. The report of one day may contradict the next; nevertheless, on the *last day*, we'll try to unravel and get them all right. With this premise, I'll give the camp rumors of to-day. The last spy in from Monterey brought so vivid, and, apparently, accurate a description, that a map was made by one of the staff of General Worth. From the map, one would think we are to have tight work. *Fires* from *advanced batteries*, *enfilading fires* from the *old Cathedral direct*, and *all sorts of fires* from the *Bishop's Palace*, made some of the old ones even, to say nothing of the volunteers, open their eyes. They go on to say, no matter what preparations they have made, they have unaccountably neglected to fortify a hill which commands the town. With the comfortable picture of *that* hill, I will try to sleep soundly.

September 12th. Captain Craig and escort left. Fighting fever on the increase.

September 13th. First Division, under General Twiggs, marched at daybreak. General Taylor and staff accompanied it. The "tug of war" has now commenced, and the Rubicon may be put down as passed. It was my luck to be left in command of the rear-guard; and as I had to wait until the supply-train had passed, I had the extreme felicity of being broiled in the sun until 2 P.M., when, if dinner had been announced, I might have been served as a *rare dish*. General Quitman, with his brigade (1st Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Davis, 1st Tennessee, Colonel Camp-of calcareous spar and gypsum; the general formation is limestone. No better natural road was ever found. We approached Marin over a beautiful level mesquite plain, and entered the town by a slight descent, it being situated on another table-land, rising abruptly from the Valley of the San Juan. The town, as usual, has its grand Plaza, containing about an acre of ground, surrounded by a very indifferent-looking Cathedral, and other low stone buildings, with azotéa roofs. The streets run perpendicularly with each other; there is hardly a building worthy of description. I examined the residence of the alcalde; it had a large court-yard; ascending two flights of stairs, you entered a long room with an earthen floor; the lower part of the wall was painted red, with festoons of flowers, supported by hideously-deformed cupids. Ascending three steps, you walk out upon a flat roof, from which you have a fine view.

The town contains about two thousand inhabitants. As we approached it, the scenery, if possible, became more beautiful and grand—mountains upon whichever side you turned; the valley completely hemmed in, except where an occasional opening in the mountains gave you a beautiful prospect beyond. The mountains of Monterey, at whose base the city is situated, were distinctly visible in the west. The "Mitre Mountain" and the "Camanche Saddle" stand in bold relief; the latter takes its name from its resemblance to the saddle used by that tribe of Indians. It was at this little town it was predicted we would have a fight, and many would have bet upon it. No enemy presented themselves. When we marched through the town, it was nearly deserted; a death-like, painful silence reigned throughout; most of the houses were closed and barred. It was a deserted village. One might judge, on a miniature scale, what were Napoleon's feelings while riding through the deserted streets of Moscow. When our advance arrived, the enemy had left; their cavalry had been previously seen lining one street and the Plaza, and were computed at a thousand. They are under the command of General Torrejon, and bivouacked in the city last night. Previous to their departure they drove nearly all the citizens out of the town, and, as usual, carried with them the public functionaries. They appear to delight in annoying the people; unable, or too cowardly to protect them, they take pleasure in driving them from their homes, and causing them to endure all the evils and sufferings they can possibly inflict, hoping, I presume, by such means to stir up within them a hatred for, and opposition to us, which *they* in their hearts possess, but have not the courage to display. Most of the people fled to the chaparral; but after we passed through, and before we encamped, a few commenced returning. I saw some leading back pigs which they had tied and taken with them; others driving goats, and some returning on horse and mule back—men, women, and children, some three deep, on the same animal.

On the 14th September General Torrejon had a man shot as a spy in the grave-yard for holding communication with General Taylor. He carried off with him the man taken prisoner at Ramos, and released by General T. He intends shooting him. It is a pity if the fellow is to be shot; it could not be for telling *the truth;* for I will venture to say the general has little of that communicated to him; "the truth is not in them." He cares very little about it; to Monterey he is going, if twenty thousand men oppose him! Decision of purpose, which he possesses in an eminent degree, and which is so essential for an invading general, is one of the best points in his character; it is that which will carry him triumphant wherever he goes. We are now within twenty-five miles of the long-looked-for, much-talked-about city. We will remain two days to concentrate the forces.

September 16th. From a Mexican, taken last night, the general squeezed out the following information: There are nine thousand men at the city, six thousand rancheros and three thousand regulars. The latter are the remains of the army we whipped on the 8th and 9th of May; the former swear they will not fight, and the latter they will. This little town can boast of most lovely scenery. The valley through which the river flows is quite level, covered with a rich growth of grass, affording ample grazing for any number of cattle. The mountains spring up directly from its plain; to the west, three passes opening through the mountains are striking features in the landscape, as viewed from town. The sunset this evening was gorgeously beautiful. This valley is capable of supporting an immense population, and ere long its banks will teem with rich harvests. This country comes nearer the idea of *fairy-land* than any of which I have ever conceived an opinion. All the good people of the north must think of it as such, for it *really* is so; and then they can people it and dress it up to suit their fancies. I will only add, if you give your imagination the rein, you will barely realize it. General Worth, with the 2d Division, arrived to-day. General Henderson, with his command of Texas cavalry, is expected to-morrow, unless they have decided to follow the example of the Rifle Regiment, and take their discharge.

September 17th. Early in the morning I rode up to town for the purpose of making a minute examination of it. Fortunately, I found the Cathedral open, and ascended a spiral stair-case, inclosed in a masonry tower, upon which the belfry rests. I soon emerged upon the top. The view was magnificent, but, owing to the unusually hazy atmosphere, not as distinct as could have been desired. Before this elevated view I had no conception of the breadth of the Valley of the San Juan; it can not be less than fifteen miles. At the base of the mountains, to the southwest, I could distinctly see Monterey. I was surprised, for I had no idea it was visible; and then it looked so near, I could not credit it was twenty-five miles distant. The Bishop's Palace looked like a fortified place, and the city appeared to cover a great deal of ground; of course, every thing was very indistinct, yet very interesting, as all our hopes are at present concentrated upon that spot. This Cathedral is unfinished; it is built in the shape of a cross, and has very few decorations. Their patron saint, and other holy figures, occupied conspicuous positions in niches over the altar. The roof is made of a lime cement, and beautifully graduated to turn rain; on one end was a sun-dial. The ceiling was twenty feet high, composed of massive beams of timber, and laid with plank, meeting in angles.

The camp has been full of all sorts of rumors—first fight, and then no fight. A reputed deserter made his appearance, fresh from the trenches, and reported there was no doubt we would be resisted—that the most extensive preparations were made; thereupon the *fight-ites* rose; then, again, a report contradictory of the former, and the fever would subside. In the evening, General Taylor received a communication from the

Spanish consul at Monterey, asking whether the property of foreigners would be respected. The general replied, he could not be responsible for any thing if the city was taken by assault. General Ampudia has distributed along the road a printed proclamation, calling upon the men and officers of our army to desert, and stigmatizing the war as anti-Christian. He offers them protection, good pay, and equal rank in the Mexican service. How ignorant he must be of the character of the American soldier to think, for a moment, his offer could provoke other than a feeling of disgust. The volunteer division, under General Butler, arrived to-day. Captain Craig was relieved from the pioneers, the road being good ahead. The order for the march is out; we move to-morrow morning. In case line of battle is formed, Twigg's Division will be on the right, the Volunteers in the center, and Worth's on the left.

Rode to the city to enjoy one more sunset; it certainly was perfectly lovely. The sun setting behind a mountain, threw its body in a deep, dark blue shade, while it illuminated the jutting peaks with golden light. Some of them looked transparent. It was a rich, rich scene—soft and melancholy; one calculated to inspire none but the purest emotions of the heart; one that made you feel like drawing around you your family and friends to drink in its beauties, and never wish to leave them. My God! what a spot on which to build a palace, in whose western windows one could sit every evening and enjoy the gorgeous scenery!

CHAPTER XIV.

SEPTEMBER 18th. The first division of the army marched at 8 o'clock; the others followed, with an hour's intermission. The scenery was similar to that already described, save the ground was more rolling than it appeared from Marin. The valley is made up of gentle undulations, broad, level plains; the whole backed by huge mountains, whose cliffs are of a pink color in the morning's sun. The water of the San Juan was very cold, and wading it at early dawn was not very agreeable.

Eight miles from Marin passed a small stream called Agua Frio. Its banks were high, bottom rocky, some slate formations visible, and I have no doubt coal could be found. Quite a number of houses, I suppose the cabins of the peones attached to the hacienda, lined the banks. The "lord of the manor" had, for this country, quite a showy and extensive establishment. In his court-yard was seen one of those old Spanish coaches, heavy enough for six mules, and capable of containing a whole family. Its *tout ensemble* proved the owner a man of some pretensions. An Irishman, upon seeing it, exclaimed, "Och, but we're gettin' into civilization! Be Jabers! there's *an omnibus!*" A good many of the inhabitants came out to see us.

About three miles beyond the Agua Frio we reached the hacienda San Francisco, where we encamped. Just as our advance entered, the cavalry of the enemy left, and were in sight when we turned off to take our camp-ground. Many thought the enemy were in front in force, and a battle would ensue immediately; but it turned out to be the same force which has preceded us since we left Ceralvo. The Padre of the place told General Taylor that Ampudia would defend the place until death, and that it was well fortified. If we do fight, the Infantry will have to do the work, as our deficiency in heavy guns will render our field batteries almost useless. Some of the arrieros attempted to *stampede* to-day, but Colonel Kinney, with his usual energy and promptness, prevented them. They were alarmed, having heard that the bugbear, Canales, was in their rear. The alarm arose from General Henderson's Brigade, consisting of two mounted regiments of Texans, under the command of Colonel Hays and Woods, who joined us this evening. They are a fine body of men, and add some eleven hundred to our force.

September 19th. Marched at sunrise. General Henderson, with his brigade, and two companies of Rangers, in advance. General Taylor and staff accompanied them, to reconnoiter the place. Passed several plantations, and luxuriant fields of corn and sugar-cane. Marching slowly along, within three miles of the city, about 9 A.M., the report of a large cannon, re-echoing from mountain to mountain, told us most plainly the work had commenced, and that the enemy intended to make, at least, a show of fight. Two more reports, in quick succession, followed, and our men, from lagging behind, were inspired with a new energy, and pushed forward with increased vigor. They were ready for the fierce combat at the moment. Two more guns were fired, and the command was halted. The general and staff were seen slowly returning. It appears, when the advance presented themselves, some Lancers came out from the city, hoping, no doubt, our cavalry would charge upon them, when, as they came within range of their guns, many would be sacrificed. General Taylor saw through their design, and ordered a halt; and then it was the enemy opened upon them. The firing was from the citadel, some distance in advance of the city, and from guns of twelve pounds caliber. The third shot ricochéd and passed directly over the general's staff, coming very near him. The troops were immediately encamped about three miles from the city, in a magnificent grove of peccan and live oak. From the sides of the slope issue *springs* of water, which are said to be *streams* at their fountain-head.

After the general retired, the mounted troops remained some time in the vicinity of the spot where they were first fired upon. Several shots were fired at them with no effect. Of course, all is anxiety and excitement—storming parties—taking batteries—crossing ditches—all the subjects of conversation. A reconnoissance was immediately ordered, under charge of our engineer officers, and they are firing away at them with their big guns. As soon as it is finished the general will form his plans, and then we will know what work is cut out for us. The city appears well fortified; and their heavy guns give them a great advantage over us, our small pieces being of no use in battering down their walls. All we have to do is to *take theirs*, and use them against themselves! The greatest enthusiasm prevails among men and officers, and a perfect confidence of success is expressed. In our ignorance of its fortifications, no idea can be formed of the time that will be consumed in taking it; but the general impression is, that the struggle will be fierce, but soon over.

bell), arrived at 11 o'clock. Our course was more to the south, and parallel with the mountains. Passed several bold, running creeks, dashing over pebbly bottoms, in which it was a luxury to stand and cool your feet. The heat was excessive; the sun blistering hot. Thunder-showers had been holding a general gathering throughout the day upon the mountain-tops. One passed over us; we were soaked, but it was as refreshing as the spring to the traveler in the desert. On most of the route the land was quite rocky; that bordering the streams very rich.

Passed only one ranch. A boy and man came out to meet the command; the former with a large gourd full of milk, the latter with tortillas, as the men said, *baked in the sun;* truly, I believe they were. I halted my company, and the boy and man were relieved of their loads before you could turn round. As we ascended, we met with a luxuriant growth of the Spanish bayonet; some to the height of twenty feet, and one foot in diameter; at a distance its bark looked like that of the oak. The character of the chaparral has changed; various beautiful shrubs are seen; one, having white leaves, looking much like the ice-plant, with a profusion of delicate pink flowers, can not fail to attract attention and admiration. The Mexicans call it *cinosa;* it covers the sides and tops of the mountains, and at a distance gives them a bare appearance. The ebony tree grows in this region.

Following behind the train, I had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the arrieros. There are no happier fellows in existence; their shrill whistle, and constant, sharp cry of "mula!" can not fail to amuse the novice. One of them was singing most cheerily the whole afternoon. If the load (called *cargo*) becomes the least deranged, it is inconceivable with what rapidity the mule is stopped, blinded, cargo readjusted, and the animal turned loose.

The rain made the atmosphere quite cool. We did not reach camp until dusk. Just before reaching it, we crossed a bold, running stream, which made us rather too cold. A camp-fire was delightful, and a hot supper awaiting us still more so. Perhaps some of my readers have had the annoyance of playing rear-guard, in a broiling hot day, to some three hundred mules, and, coming into camp wet and fatigued, find a nice supper of chickens and boiled rice, and a hot cup of coffee ready for them? No! Then they can not appreciate it; but I can tell them it is *monstrous* good, and surpasses, for a time, turtle soup and oysters, to those enjoying the luxury of a city life. When I was a lad, I despised a "drum-stick" from the bottom of my heart (papas have a particular and amiable weakness for giving the little fellows at the side-table that sinewy morsel, the drum-stick of a turkey); but if any one had seen me take the *last* in the dish, when I was particularly asked, and the *gusto* with which I enjoyed it, it would have been good for delicate appetites. To dry ourselves we had a cheerful fire, and under its benign influence were made very happy.

September 14th. Started at daybreak. Last evening a report was sent in from the advance (at least it was so reported to us, and, like all camp rumors, turned out to be incorrect) that four thousand of the enemy were twelve miles in advance. The word "go!" could not be more inspiriting to the race-horse than the news to us. Every man cracked his joke, and had them, in imagination, whipped, prisoners, or in full flight before evening! Every preparation was made to meet them. We had not marched far before the truth was known; the same cavalry which had been previously reported had again been seen by the advance. Our course has been more westerly, gradually ascending through a valley, between two ranges of mountains, toward the gorge of the main Sierra. We have approached very near to the mountains, and have a more minute view of them; they are thickly clad with chaparral and the delicate cinosa, and are composed of a succession of conical peaks, rising one higher than the other, until they terminate in the bold and ragged outline of the crest. The valley is intersected by small ridges, and many fine, running streams; the road is quite rocky, and hard upon the men and animals.

Captain M'Cullough, with thirty-five of his men, had a little affair to-day with some of the enemy's cavalry, supposed to number two hundred. They passed a few shots, resulting in wounding two Mexicans, and a horse of one of the captain's men. It is astonishing the enemy did not charge them; they formed for that purpose, but afterward slowly retired. This occurred near the small village of Ramos. In the village the captain saw the two men he had wounded, and took one prisoner, who was brought to the general. He was closely questioned, and stated there were only a few troops at Monterey, and they would not fight us; he was then released. On our march we passed a ranch which was deserted; two pigs and some chickens were the only evidence of its having been inhabited for years. Some of the people say they were driven away against their inclination. Marched 14 miles.

September 15th. Our course to-day has been a little to the south of west, and surrounded by mountain scenery never surpassed in beauty. With an amphitheater of mountains, we have been passing through a succession of beautiful valleys, each inclosed by smaller hills, and they, again, backed by towering mountains, so that the ever-varying scene has not tired, but kept one's senses keenly alive to all its beauties. Language can hardly depict them, especially those of the mountains, in whose rugged features were revealed new charms by every change of light. A succession of bold, rugged cliffs, conical peaks, some terminating in jagged points, with their white sides glistening in the sun, perfectly stripped of all verdure; magnificent clouds curled up, and, nestling in the ravines and on the mountain-tops, made one (regardless of the fatigues of the march) exclaim, "Nothing like this, in grandeur or loveliness, have I ever seen!" The soil in the valleys is very good. About eight miles from camp we passed the summit, and then commenced our descent into the valley in which the village of Ramos is situated. Near Ramos we overtook the pioneers. From the summit the view was very extensive and beautiful; for three miles our division could be seen wending its way through the valley and up the hill-sides.

Just before reaching Ramos we passed one of the boldest and deepest mountain-torrents I have yet seen. We soon entered the village. It is beautifully situated, but has a most dilapidated appearance; most of the houses were the common mud-hut; some were of stone; and one was pierced with large holes, as if for defense. Nearly every yard has a great quantity of fruit-trees: grapes, figs, pomegranates, and oranges.

> "The air was heavy with the sighs of orange groves."

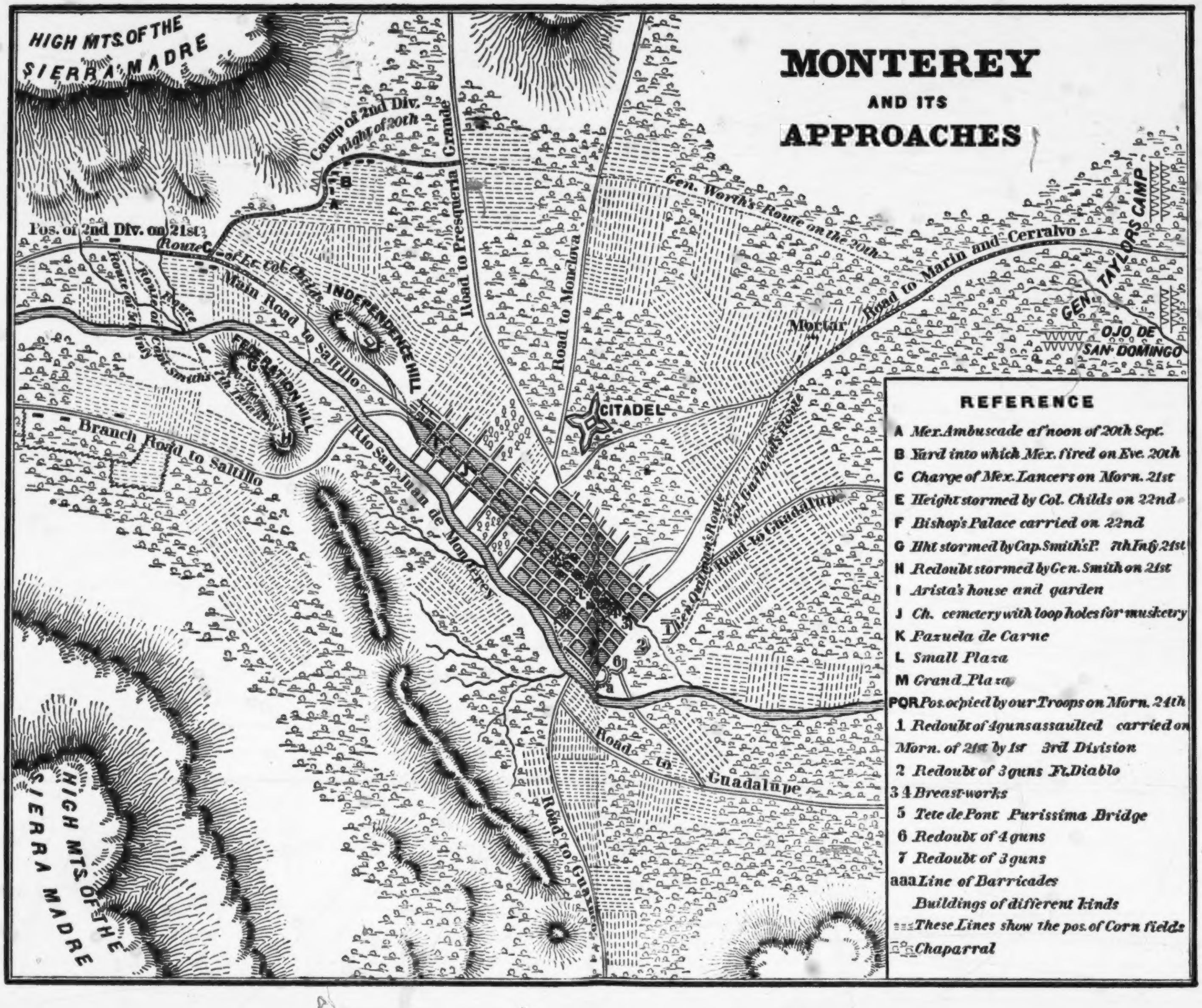
The enemy's cavalry had driven nearly all the respectable people out of the place, carrying off the alcalde and the padre. Saw some beautiful specimens

September 20th. Major Mansfield, in charge of a reconnoitering party, escorted by Captain Gillespie's company of Rangers, left yesterday at 4 P.M. to reconnoiter the works to the west of the town. He returned at 10 P.M., having reached within five hundred yards, when he was fired upon with grape. The whole party was repeatedly fired upon. He thinks the works on the heights above the palace quite strong, but that they can be carried by assault without much difficulty. Reconnoissances are actively going on. General Taylor decided upon sending General Worth with his division to take possession of the Saltillo road, and storm the heights to the west of the city. The division marched at noon in capital spirits. To this division was attached Colonel Hay's regiment, and Captains M'Cullough's and Gillespie's Rangers. The remaining divisions are left for the work in the plain and on the east of the city. The spot upon which we are encamped is called Walnut Grove, and is said to be a fashionable rendezvous for the exclusives of Monterey. A more charming spot for a pic-nic could not possibly be desired.

The works which command the approaches to the city appear to be as follows: on the west, the bishop's palace, and a fort on a height commanding it; to the north, the citadel, a regular bastion-work; and to the east, several detached redoubts: the streets are said to be barricaded.

At 4 P. M. one regiment from each brigade of the 1st and Volunteer Division, with Ridgely's, Bragg's, and Webster's batteries, were ordered out into the plain to make a diversion in favor of General Worth. General Taylor and his staff were out, and we presented quite an imposing appearance. The troops and the

MONTEREY
AND ITS
APPROACHES


HIGH MTS. OF THE SIERRA MADRE
Camp of 2nd Div. night of 20th
Pos. of 2nd Div. on 21st
Route of Lt. Col. Childs
Route of Capt. Smith's 7th Infantry
Main Road to Saltillo
INDEPENDENCE HILL
FEDERATION HILL
Branch Road to Saltillo
Rio San Juan de Monterey
Road to Presqueria Grande
Road to Monclova
CITADEL
Gen. Worth's Route on the 20th
Road to Marin and Cerralvo
Mortar
GEN. TAYLOR'S CAMP
OJO DE SAN DOMINGO
Gen. Quitman's Route
Gen. Garland's Route
Road to Guadalupe
Road to Guadalupe
Road to Gua
HIGH MTS. OF THE SIERRA MADRE
A
B
C
E
F
G
H
1
2
3
6
a

REFERENCE

A	*Mex. Ambuscade af'noon of 20th Sept.*
B	*Yard into which Mex. fired on Eve. 20th*
C	*Charge of Mex. Lancers on Morn. 21st*
E	*Height stormed by Col. Childs on 22nd*
F	*Bishop's Palace carried on 22nd*
G	*Hht stormed by Cap. Smith's P. 7th Infy 21st*
H	*Redoubt stormed by Gen. Smith on 21st*
I	*Arista's house and garden*
J	*Ch. cemetery with loop holes for musketry*
K	*Pazuela de Carne*
L	*Small Plaza*
M	*Grand Plaza*
PQR	*Pos. ocpied by our Troops on Morn. 24th*
1	*Redoubt of 4 guns assaulted carried on Morn. of 21st by 1st 3rd Division*
2	*Redoubt of 3 guns Ft. Diablo*
3 4	*Breast-works*
5	*Tete de Pont Purissima Bridge*
6	*Redoubt of 4 guns*
7	*Redoubt of 3 guns*
aaa	*Line of Barricades*
	Buildings of different kinds
≡	*These Lines show the pos. of Corn fields*
	Chaparral

surrounding scenery made quite a striking picture. We thought we could trace by the dust the course of Worth's column. A fire was kept up at the train from the height above the bishop's palace. During the afternoon a battery was commenced for the mortar. After dusk some shots were fired at us and the working party. After dark all the troops retired but the 3d Infantry and Bragg's battery; they remained until 9 o'clock to cover the erection of the mortar battery. They were relieved by the 4th Infantry and the 1st Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, who remained upon the field all night. The mortar and two twenty-four-pound howitzers were established during the night, and will probably open upon the city in the morning.

September 21st. During the night an express was received from General Worth, stating he had arrived in position, and would storm two heights to the southwest of the castle before storming the height directly west of it. About 7 A.M. the 1st and Volunteer Divisions were ordered under arms, and advanced toward the city. The mortar and howitzer batteries opened, but with little or no effect. General Taylor directed the 1st Division to be moved toward the east of the city to support Major Mansfield in a close reconnoissance of the enemy's works. The division (owing to the indisposition of General Twiggs, who had no idea the action was to be brought on, and was at first in camp, but immediately repaired to the field) was under the command of Colonel Garland, 4th Infantry. The 4th Infantry, under Major Allen, being at the mortar battery, the division went into action with the 3d Infantry, commanded by Major Lear, the 4th Brigade, commanded by Colonel Wilson, consisting of the 1st Infantry, commanded by Major Abercrombie, and the

Baltimore Battalion under Colonel Watson, and Bragg's and Ridgely's batteries. Major Mansfield was directed by General Taylor to bring on the action, if he thought the works could be carried. The reconnoitering party was first supported by Company C., 3d Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Hazlitt, and re-enforced, upon application, by Company H., 3d Infantry, under the command of Captain Field.

The division was formed in line of battle out of reach of the guns of the enemy, when orders were brought for us to advance (by Lieutenant Pope, topographical engineer, and Colonel Kinney, who was acting as volunteer aid-de-camp), make our way into the city, and storm battery No. 1, at the extreme eastern end. As we advanced, battery No. 1 opened upon us. The first shot fired struck immediately in front of our line and ricochéd over it. An enfilading fire was opened upon us from the citadel. The line steadily but rapidly advanced, regardless of all fire; important work was to be performed, and we had made up our minds to carry all before us at the point of the bayonet. For five hundred yards we advanced across a plain under fire of the two batteries. We rushed into the streets. Unfortunately, we did not turn soon enough to the left, and had advanced but a short distance when we came suddenly upon an unknown battery, which opened its deadly fire upon us. From all its embrasures, from every house, from every yard, showers of balls were hurled upon us. Being in utter ignorance of our locality, we had to stand and take it; our men, covering themselves as well as they could, dealt death and destruction on every side; there was no resisting the deadly, concealed fire, which appeared to come from every direction. On every side we were cut down. Major Barbour was the first officer who was shot down; he fell, cheering his men. He was killed by an escopet ball passing through his heart. He never spoke; his most intimate friend, standing by his side, never received one kind look—one "God bless you!" but his spirit, in the twinkling of lightning, winged its way to his Maker.

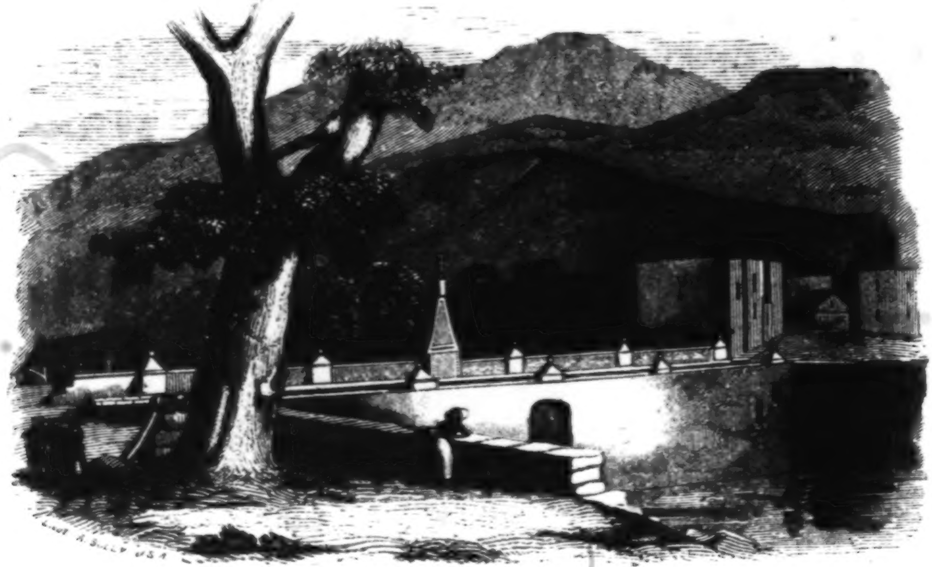
We retired into the next street, under cover of some walls and houses. Into this street the body of Major Barbour was carried. Here were lying the dead, wounded, and dying. Captain Williams, of the topographical corps, lay on one side of the street, wounded; the gallant Major Mansfield, wounded in the leg, still pressed on with unabated ardor, cheering the men, and pointing out places of attack. It was in this street I saw the gallant Colonel Watson, followed by a few of his men (some of them were persuading him to retire). Never shall I forget the animated expression of his countenance when, in taking a drink from the canteen of one of his men, he exclaimed, "Never, boys! never will I yield an inch! I have too much Irish blood in me to give up!" A short time after this exclamation he was a corpse. Lieutenant Bragg's battery arrived about this time. He reached the street into which we had retired, but it was impossible for him to do any thing. Finding the struggle at this point hopeless, our force originally having been deemed only sufficient to carry battery No. 1, without any expectation of finding some two or three others raking us, we were ordered to retire in order, with the view of attacking the battery at a more salient point. In the mean time, Captain Backus, of the 1st Infantry, succeeded in stationing himself, with some fifty men, in a tan-yard, which was about one hundred and thirty yards in the rear of battery No. 1, and nearer the town; in this yard was a shed, facing battery No. 1: its roof was flat, encompassed by a wall about two feet high, which was an excellent breast-work for his men. About twenty yards to the southwest of the battery was a large building, with very thick walls, used as a distillery. On the top of this building sand-bag embrasures had been constructed, and it was occupied by the enemy. The gorge of battery No. 1 was open toward the shed. Captain Backus, with his men, drove the enemy from the distillery with considerable loss. About this time he received information that we had been ordered to retire. Our firing having ceased, he was about withdrawing, when he again heard firing in front of the battery, and at the same time all the guns of the battery opened in the direction of the fire. This was the advance of *two* companies of 4th Infantry, about ninety strong, upon whom the fire of the enemy's batteries were concentrated, and actually mowed them down. It was actually *ninety* men advancing to storm a work defended by *five hundred!* It was here the gallant Hoskins and Woods fell, bravely cheering their men, and the generous Graham was wounded. Backus determined to retain his position; reposted his men on the roof of the shed, and shot down the enemy at their guns, firing through the open gorge of the work.

At this time the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, under the command of General Quitman, advanced under a very heavy fire, and gained possession of the battery, after a very severe loss. The galling fire of Backus saved many of their gallant men. The greater part of the enemy had been driven from the work before it was taken possession of by the command of General Quitman. Major-general Butler was wounded in the leg while leading, in company with General Hamer, the 1st Ohio Regiment. In retiring from the city, we were exposed to a galling fire from the citadel. A ball took a man's head off, and threw it and part of his gun high in the air.

When the division re-formed our terrible loss became apparent. In the 3d Infantry, its gallant commander, Major Lear, was severely wounded by a ball entering at his nostril and coming out at the back of his ear. Lieutenant D. S. Irwin, adjutant of the 3d Infantry, was killed by a shot in the neck. Captain G. P. Field was killed by Lancers while retiring. Lieutenant Hoskins, of the 4th Infantry, Lieutenant Woods, of the 2d (serving with the 4th), were killed, and Lieutenant Graham mortally wounded. Major Abercrombie, of the 1st Infantry, was slightly wounded; Captain La Motte was shot in the arm; Lieutenant Dillworth had a leg shot off; Lieutenant Terret was wounded and taken prisoner. The division was then ordered to the captured work to support Ridgely's battery, about being ordered into the city.

During this time the mortar and three twenty-four-pound howitzers were playing upon the city; one of them, having been taken to the captured work, was now firing into Fort Diablo. While under cover of the battery, we were ordered to enter the city immediately, and carry, if possible, a work of the enemy apparently but a few streets off. The command which went on that fearful expedition was chiefly made up from the 3d and 4th Infantry. The moment we left the cover of the work we were exposed to a galling fire of musketry, escopets, and artillery. We pushed steadily along, taking advantage of every shelter to approach the work. Captain L. N. Morris, 3d Infantry, led the column. Crossing one street, we were exposed in full to the guns (mounted in barbette) of a tête de pont, which commanded the passage of El Puente Purissima. The fire from it was perfectly awful. We advanced through several gardens and streets, and at last worked our way to a spot where we were slightly sheltered from the shower of lead. The enemy had occupied these houses, and were driven from them by the determined advance of our men. We could not proceed any further, having arrived at an impassable stream, on the opposite side of which the enemy were in force with three pieces of artillery, from which an incessant fire was kept up on us. In fact, every street was blockaded, and every house a fortification; and on all sides our gallant officers and men were shot down. Our command did not number over one hundred and fifty, and the enemy were at least a thousand strong at the bridge. It would have been madness to storm it with a force so inadequate.

It was at this point that Captain L. N. Morris, while bravely leading his regiment, received a mortal wound; the shot passed through his body, killing him immediately. Going into action with five seniors, at this critical moment the command of the 3d Infantry devolved upon myself. Captain Bainbridge had been wounded in the hand just after leaving the captured battery. A few moments after Captain Morris fell, Lieutenant Hazlitt, of the 3d, received his death-wound. Here it was that the undaunted courage and bravery of the American soldier showed itself. Although exposed to a deadly fire, they would advance by file, assure themselves of their aim, fire, retire and load, and *again return* to the spot where the balls were flying thick and fast. At one time a whole regiment, coming to re-en-


Lieut A. Sully U.S.A.

Puente Purisima, Monterey.

force the command already at the bridge, was exposed to the fire of our men: it was very effective.

Major W. Graham was the senior officer of the 4th Infantry with this advanced command. The enemy being strongly re-enforced, our cartridges nearly exhausted, the command was ordered to retire. This was done coolly and calmly, under (if possible) an increased fire. On arriving near the captured battery the command was forced to lie down flat in the road, under cover of a very small embankment of an irrigating ditch, for more than an hour, exposed to an incessant fire of bullets, ball, and shells, until ordered to take position under cover of the captured work.

Lieutenant Ridgely, with a section of his battery, advanced to the street leading to the "tête de pont," and fired several rounds, but, finding they were perfectly useless, his pieces were withdrawn. Lieutenant Bragg, with his battery, put to flight some little show of a charge of Lancers. Captain Shivers, with his company, did good service. The volunteers were all ordered to camp, excepting the 1st Kentucky, which was not in the action, having been kept as a guard over the mortar. They, with the 1st, 3d, and 4th Infantry, and Captain Shivers's company, were ordered to remain, to hold the captured work.

Just before dark an express arrived from General Worth stating that he had been successful in taking two heights, and would storm the one commanding the Bishop's Palace to-morrow at day-dawn. There was a smile of satisfaction passed over our good general's face, and when it was announced to the command we gave three cheers. A traverse was immediately thrown up, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Scarritt, Engineers, as a cover from the fire of the citadel. The 3d Infantry, with two companies of the 1st Kentucky Regiment, occupied the battery, the balance the distillery and houses in the neighborhood. The night set in cold, and, to complete our misery, it rained; the men had neither dinner nor supper, and, without even a blanket, were forced to lie down in the mud. Battery No. 1 mounted five pieces: one twelve-pounder, one nine, two sixes, and one howitzer.

While such were the operations under the immediate eye of General Taylor, General Worth, with his division, was moving for the Saltillo road. A large body of cavalry and some infantry disputed his further passage. The charge of the cavalry was met by the battalion of light troops under Captain C. F. Smith, and Captain M'Cullough's company of Rangers. The enemy charged by squadrons, and had to turn the foot of a hill before reaching our men. On they came, our men standing like rocks, and many a saddle was emptied by their unerring aim. The first squadron was completely mixed up with our advance, when on came the second. Lieutenant Hays, of Duncan's battery, unlimbered the guns in a minute, and poured in round shot over the heads of our men. This dispersed the whole body, and the cry was, "*Sauve qui peut!*" In this sharp engagement, the enemy, it is presumed, lost one hundred, the colonel among the number.

As soon as the cavalry had retired, the enemy (from "Independence Hill," west of the Palace) opened upon our column a fire from a twelve-pounder. Under this fire the division marched two miles, incurring very little, if any loss. Out of range of this height, another battery of one gun opened from a hill, called "*Federacion*" (between these heights the road to Saltillo runs), and continued the fire until the division marching on the Saltillo road were out of range. At this point General Worth decided to storm the battery on Federacion Hill. Captain C. F. Smith, 2d Artillery, was selected, with about three hundred men, half regulars, and the rest Texans, under Major Chevalier, for this service. After the departure of Captain Smith, Captain Miles, with the 7th Infantry, was ordered to march to his support. His orders required him to take a direct route to the hill, through a cornfield, which would afford him slight shelter.

The advance of Captain Miles was unobserved by the enemy until he had nearly reached the small stream (the Arroyo Topa) which runs south of the city, and courses its way along the base of the hill upon which the battery was situated. As soon as the head of the column debouched, a discharge of grape was opened upon them, without injuring a man. Before crossing the river, two more discharges of grape were received, and the Infantry stationed upon the hill commenced a plunging fire—not a man was injured. As the regiment crossed the river, it was formed under a point of rock, out of reach of the enemy. Detachments were then sent forward under Lieutenants Grant, Little, and Gardner, to keep the enemy employed, and divert their attention from the advance of Captain Smith.

About this time Colonel Smith, commanding the 2d Brigade, arrived, with the 5th Infantry, and ordered Captain Miles, with the 7th, to follow that regiment in an attack upon Fort Soldado, a temporary breast-work on an eminence to the southeast of Federacion. As the brigade moved on, it was discovered that Captain Smith, with his command, had possession of the height. The 2d Brigade formed in line within four hundred yards of the redoubt, and rapidly advanced. It received one discharge of grape from a twelve-pounder, and *not a few* escopet balls; several were wounded. The advance continued rapidly until within a hundred yards, when the charge was made at double quick. The enemy fled in every direction.

In this affair the left wing of the 7th entered the redoubt with that of the 5th. There were also many of Captain Blanchard's gallant company of Louisiana Volunteers and Texan Rangers well up with the advance, each and all striving for the post of honor. Colonel Smith immediately made the following disposition of his command: Captain Smith to retain possession of the first height stormed; Captain Miles, with the 7th, to hold the last height taken; and Captain Scott, with the 5th Infantry, to move on the same ridge, further east. In this position the 2d Brigade remained during the afternoon and night of the 21st; the 7th Infantry receiving, for several hours, the fire from the Bishop's Palace, which was returned by the captured gun under charge of Lieutenant Dana, of the 7th Infantry. Soon after dark, General Worth communicated with Colonel Smith, informing him that at daybreak the next morning he intended storming the height above the Bishop's Palace, and that Captain Miles, with three companies of the 7th, must move in the direction of the Palace, to create a diversion.

September 22d. Let us return to the eastern extremity of the city, where the command occupying battery No. 1, as soon as day dawned, were forced to lie flat down in the mud to cover themselves from the spiteful fire from Fort Diablo, which was incessantly kept up. Just at the gray dawn of day, lying on my back, I witnessed the storming of the height which commanded the Bishop's Palace. The first intimation we had of it was the discharge of musketry near the top of the hill. Each flash looked like an electric spark. The flashes and the white smoke ascended the hill side steadily, as if worked by machinery. The dark space between the apex of the height and the curling smoke of the musketry became less and less, until the whole became enveloped in smoke, and we knew it was gallantly carried. It was a glorious sight, and quite warmed up our cold and chilled bodies.

Firing commenced on us as soon as the day cleverly dawned. Many shells were thrown from the citadel, none of which burst in the work, although they fell all around us. Lieutenant Scarritt was busily employed putting the battery and distillery in a better state of defense. Captain Bainbridge assumed command of the 3d Infantry in the morning. The 1st, 3d, and 4th Infantry, and Kentucky regiment were relieved by a command under General Quitman, of Colonel Davis's Mississippi regiment. Returning to camp, we were exposed to a cross and enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries. A corporal of the 4th Infantry was cut in two, and one man wounded. We had to scatter along to prevent being fired at in a body. The division were delighted to reach their camp, to have one night's rest. We had hardly arrived when an express came in, stating that General Worth had carried the castle, and another, from whence, I presume, will never be known, that the enemy were coming out to meet us in the plain! We were again immediately under arms, and marched out; no enemy appearing, we returned. At sunset the regiment followed to the grave the remains of the lamented Morris.

At daylight on the 22d, as I have previously mentioned, the attack was made upon the height commanding the Bishop's Palace, by a command under Colonel Childs, composed of artillery and infantry, and some Texans under Colonel Hays. At the moment the storming party commenced the ascent, the command under Captain Miles descended toward the palace, giving three cheers to attract the attention of the enemy; in return for their cheers, they received a shower of grape. This movement held the enemy in check at the castle, and prevented him from succoring his flying forces on the hill above, which was carried with great gallantry and slight loss. Captain Gillespie fell mortally wounded, the first man to enter the breast-work. Soon after, General Worth ordered up the 5th Infantry, Captain Smith's command, and Captain Blanchard's company of Louisiana Volunteers, to re-enforce Colonel Childs. With great exertion, a howitzer was placed in position, under charge of Lieutenant Roland, which played with a plunging fire upon the castle with great precision and effect. A light corps under Captain Vinton, composed of artillery, Blanchard's company and Texans, on the left of the hill, kept up a continued fire of musketry, which was returned with spirit by the enemy.

About noon the Mexican cavalry deployed before the palace, and made an attempt to charge our skirmishers. They were repulsed, and pursued closely by Vinton's command, preventing many from again entering the castle, rushing in themselves through every opening, and driving the enemy with consternation before them. Lieutenant Ayers was the first to enter and pull down the flag of the enemy, and run up the star-spangled banner. Great credit is due to Captain Vinton for his gallantry. General Worth, after the castle was taken, moved down all his forces and ammunition train from the ranch of the Saltillo road, and so remained during the night of the 22d, directing the 5th Infantry and Blanchard's company to return to the redoubt on the hill, where the 7th was stationed.

September 23d. From our camp we had the pleasure of hearing General Worth open upon the town from the castle about 7 o'clock. A report was circulated that the enemy were attempting to escape. The whole command was immediately under arms, and marched almost within range of the enemy's guns. So many commanding points were in our possession, that we were momentarily in expectation of their capitulation. It was cheering to see Worth pouring it into them, and that, too, with their own pieces and ammunition. The rapid discharge of small-arms at the eastern end of the city gave notice that the engagement had again commenced. The regiment of Texas cavalry under Colonel Woods had dismounted, and, with the Mississippians, under Colonel Davis, were sharply at work. The Mississippians at daybreak took possession of Fort Diablo (from which we had received such a destructive fire on the 21st and 22d), without any resistance, the enemy having abandoned it, taking with them their guns during the night. General Quitman was in command. These troops fought most gallantly, driving the enemy before them from house to house, their rifles picking the moff wherever a Mexican's body or head presented itself.

Bragg's battery was ordered into the city, and the 3d Infantry was ordered to support it. When we got within range of the guns of the citadel, the battery crossed the field of fire at full gallop; not one was injured. The 3d took a more circuitous route, and came up under cover. When we arrived the city had been cleared of the enemy on a line with, and within two squares of, the Cathedral, which is situated in the main Plaza, and in which they had been concentrated. General Quitman, General Henderson, General Lamar, Colonel Wood, and Colonel Davis all displayed distinguished gallantry; several of their men were wounded, and some few killed. Bragg's battery and the 3d Infantry dashed in among them, and shared the fight for the remainder of the day. The firing was very severe, but nothing compared to that on the 21st, except at one street running directly from the Cathedral. To cross that street you had to pass through a *shower* of *bullets.* One of Bragg's pieces played up this street with very little effect, as the weight of metal was entirely too light. Sergeant Weightman, Bragg's first sergeant, worked his piece like a hero, and was shot through the heart while aiming his gun. The Mexicans, whenever the piece was pointed at them, would fall behind their barricade, and at that time we could cross without a *certainty* of being shot; as soon as it was fired, their balls (as if bushels of hickory nuts, were hurled at us) swept the street. Our men crossed it in squads. "*Go it, my boys!*" and away some would start; others would wait until the enemy had foolishly expended at space their bullets, and then they would cross.

General Taylor was in town with his staff, on foot, walking about, perfectly regardless of danger. He was very imprudent in the exposure of his person. He crossed the street in which there was such a terrible fire in a walk, and by every chance should have been shot. I ran across with some of my men, and reminded him how much he was exposing himself, to which he replied, "*Take that ax and knock in that door.*"

When we commenced on the door the occupant signified, by putting the key in and unlocking it, if we had no objection, he would save us the trouble. It turned out to be quite an extensive apothecary-shop. The proprietor, Doctor San Juan (there are more St. Johns in this country than stones), was a very respectable-looking Esculapius, and offered us some delicious, ripe limes and cool water. I took some of the former, but declined the latter, as it was hinted it might be poisoned. One of the men, not so sensitive, made himself a *governor* lemonade, and told me it was "*first rate*," and advised me to take some. The doctor said Ampudia was in the Plaza with four thousand men, and that two thousand were in the citadel. The house on the opposite corner had been broken open. It was a grocery store; in it the men found bread and other edibles. Bursting open another door, we came upon five rather genteel-looking women, with some children, and one or two men. They were on their knees, each with a crucifix, begging for mercy. As soon as they saw me, the cry was, "Capitano! capitano!" I reassured them by shaking hands, and, by the expression of my countenance, signified there was no danger. They appeared very grateful to find their throats were not to be cut. Although we are fiercely fighting, and the blood of our officers and men has freely flowed, yet not one act of unkindness have I heard reported as being committed by either regular or volunteer.

General Taylor, finding the field-pieces of little use, ordered us to retire to camp as soon as the volunteers had withdrawn. Their withdrawal was ordered upon the supposition that General Worth would commence throwing shells into the city in the afternoon. The mortar was sent to him yesterday. It was a difficult matter to get the volunteers out; they were having their own fun. The enemy sent in a flag of truce today, asking a cessation until the women and children could be removed. The general, of course, declined; such a degree of politeness should not have been expected at this late hour. The flag is a good symptom; their time is drawing near. I hardly think they will hold out another day. It is reported many were leaving the heights with pack-mules this morning. Had not General Worth taken possession of the Saltillo road, I question whether many would not have been off yesterday. Thus far they have fought most bravely, and with an endurance and tenacity I did not think they possessed.

On our march back to camp, I was very much amused at a remark of an Irishman: "Faith, boys, we have had a Waterloo time of it; three days' fighting! The French fought against the combined powers of Europe; we are the combined powers of Europe and America! We have a little of all among us, and *the whole* can't be bate!"

While such were the operations at our end of the city, General Worth directed the twelve-pounder captured in Fort Soldado to be taken to a point further east, and placed in position to play upon the city. Captain Chapman's company of the 5th Infantry had the immediate charge of it. Its fire had the effect of driving the enemy from their lines bordering the river. Major (no longer *Captain* Martin, though the same in history) Scott showed he was as apt with a twelve-pounder as a rifle. I presume, if the Mexicans had known *he* was up there, they would have decided the jig was up. About 10 A.M. the 7th Infantry evacuated the redoubt and joined General Worth at the Palace, preparatory to entering the city. In these different operations their loss was very inconsiderable; the resistance offered was of a different character from that at the eastern end of the city, where the enemy were concentrated.

Captain M'Kavett, of the 8th Infantry, was killed by a cannon ball as he was marching around the base of the hill, on the morning of the 21st. Lieutenant Potter, 7th Infantry, was wounded in storming the redoubt, and Lieutenant Rossell, 5th Infantry, was wounded in the attack upon the Palace. A command was formed, composed of Major Brown's company of Artillery, Captain Blanchard's company, and one or two companies of Texan Rangers, with a piece of artillery from M'Kall's Battery, all under command of Major Brown, and directed to march back on the road to Saltillo and take possession of an extensive mill, holding themselves ready to repel succor and cut off retreat.

Lieutenant Meade, of the Topographical Corps, had reconnoitered the city in company with Captain M'Cullough, and found the enemy had abandoned it as far as the Plaza, in which is located the cemetery. Captain Miles was ordered to detach three companies, and take the street nearest to the river. Colonel Stanniford had a similar order, as regards the 8th Infantry, to take the next street north; the first was led by Captain Holmes, the latter by Captain Scriven. Both parties reached the cemetery without a shot from the enemy, and took possession of it. Its wall had been loop-holed and prepared for defense. Each of these commands were followed by a piece of artillery. After these came Colonel Childs with the Artillery Battalion, and Captain Miles with the remainder of the 7th and a company of the 8th Infantry, the latter protecting the mortar and ammunition train which had been sent round by General Taylor. The mortar was left in the cemetery, and soon placed in position by Major Monroe, assisted by Lieutenant Lovell. Captains Holmes and Scriven, with their commands, had been ordered to advance through the same streets to a square in advance of the cemetery. They were both soon engaged with the enemy. Colonel Childs followed the street upon which Captain Scriven advanced, and arrived at a large Plaza which it was deemed important to hold; Captain Miles was ordered to his support. Here Captain Gatlin, of the 7th, was wounded. The troops were soon under cover of the walls, and were re-enforced by two companies of the 5th, under Captain Merrill, and afterward by three more companies under Major Scott. The column in the next street, now under the immediate orders of Colonel Smith, was in sharp conflict with the enemy. Captain Holmes was supported by Texans under Walker, and had gallantly pushed his way through houses and garden walls, until he arrived very near the enemy, in Cathedral Plaza. Lieutenant-colonel Duncan was playing down the streets with his battery.

Late in the afternoon, Major Brown, with his command, was recalled, and joined the Texans in the Plaza, where Colonel Childs was stationed. They immediately commenced with pickaxes, working their way toward the enemy, on that line of buildings. It was not long before the sharp crack of their rifles was heard, and good execution was done with them. When night arrived, the troops kept possession of the houses they had taken, excepting Captain Holmes, who, being so far advanced, was without support, and having many of his men wounded, was forced to fall back. The troops in the Plaza took possession of the houses on both sides, and rested on their arms until daylight. During the night Lieutenant Lovell threw shells with great accuracy and execution, the enemy returning their fire with shells from their howitzers. More than once did bomb and shell cross each other in their airy flight. Lieutenant Gardner, of the 7th, greatly distinguished himself in leading the advance of the 7th with ladders and pickaxes. At one time nearly all his command were either killed or wounded. Quartermaster-sergeant Henry, of the 7th, was conspicuous for his gallantry.

September 24th. In the morning all was quiet, and shortly after reveille we heard that Colonel Murino had arrived in camp with a flag of truce, and with an offer from General Ampudia to surrender the city, if General Taylor would permit him to march out with his troops and all the public property. General Taylor of course declined, and sent back his terms, stating an answer would be received at General Worth's headquarters at 12 M.; he repaired there immediately. Colonel Murino stated that they had received information that commissioners had been appointed to negotiate for peace, and that no re-enforcements would be sent them; that we *might* take the place, but that it would cost us two thirds of our command. It was understood, if terms were not agreed upon, firing would re-commence, and as night has arrived, I presume it is all settled. If it is so, honorably, thanks be to God! I am tired of this spilling of blood.

September 25th. The general returned last night about 12 o'clock; the city has capitulated. The commissioners on our side were Generals Worth and Henderson, and Colonel Davis. On the part of the Mexicans, Manuel M. Llano, T. Requena, and Ortega. The following are the terms:

Terms of the Capitulation of the City of Monterey, the Capital of Nueva Leon, agreed upon by the undersigned commissioners, to-wit: General Worth, of the United States Army; General Henderson, of the Texan Volunteers; and Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi Riflemen, on the part of Major-general Taylor, commanding in chief the United States forces; and General Requena and General Ortega, of the Army of Mexico, and Señor Manuel M. Llano, Governor of Nueva Leon, on the part of Señor General Don Pedro Ampudia, commanding in chief the Army of the North of Mexico.

ARTICLE 1. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munitions of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to the commanding general of the United States forces now at Monterey.

ARTICLE 2. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to-wit: The commissioned officers, their side arms; the infantry, their arms and accouterments; the cavalry, their arms and accouterments; the artillery, one field battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

ARTICLE 3. That the Mexican armed forces retire within seven days from this date beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada, the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Pusos.

ARTICLE 4. That the citadel of Monterey be evacuated by the Mexican and occupied by the American forces to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

ARTICLE 5. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and storage purposes.

ARTICLE 6. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the third article before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders of the respective governments can be received.

ARTICLE 7. That the public property to be delivered shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

ARTICLE 8. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

ARTICLE 9. That the Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own battery.

W. J. WORTH,
Brigadier-general United States Army.
J. PINKNEY HENDERSON,
Major-general com'g Texan Volunteers.
JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Colonel Mississippi Riflemen.
J. M. ORTEGA,
T. REQUENA,
MANUEL M. LLANO,
PEDRO AMPUDIA,
Approved, Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. com'g.

Dated at Monterey, September 24th, 1846.

Colonel P. F. Smith commanded our troops engaged in the ceremony. When the Mexican flag was lower-ed, they fired a salute of eight guns. When the "star-spangled banner" was run up and floated in the breeze, twenty-eight guns were fired from the Bishop's Palace. There that most beautiful of all flags, its colors dyed in the blood of our forefathers, and re-dyed in that of their sons upon the fierce battle-field, floated, an emblem of American possession to the Sierra Madre! Whether by treaty we are to keep possession or not, the fact of its having once floated o'er this rich domain will make it sacred to every American; and when they think by what a loss of noble spirits it has been obtained, they will drop a tear to their memory. Our troops marched in to the tune of "Yankee Doodle!"

The enemy, commanded by General Ampudia, can be safely put down at ten thousand, of which at least seven thousand were regulars. Our force consisted of four hundred and twenty-five officers, and six thousand two hundred and twenty men. We lost twelve officers, and one hundred and eight men killed; twenty-six officers, and three hundred and seven men wounded. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained, but it is thought to exceed ours. We captured forty-two pieces of artillery, of various caliber; among them an eighteen-pounder struck in the muzzle and dismounted at the commencement of the bombardment of Fort Brown. The amount of munitions of war is immense. The following officers were killed: Captain Williams, Topographical Engineers; 1st Infantry, Lieutenant J. C. Terrett, Lieutenant R. Dilworth; 3d Infantry, Captains L. N. Morris, G. P. Field, and Brevet Major P. N. Barbour, Lieutenants D. S. Irwin and R. Hazlitt; 4th Infantry, Lieutenant C. Hoskins, Brevet Lieutenant J. S. Wood, 2d Infantry (serving with the 4th); 8th Infantry, Captain H. M'Kavett; Baltimore Battalion, Colonel Watson; 1st Ohio, Lieutenant Hett; 1st Tennessee, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Putnam; Captain Gillespie, Texas Rangers. Wounded: Major-general Butler, Major Mansfield; 1st Infantry, Major J. S. Abercrombie, Captain J. H. Lamotte; 3d Infantry, Major W. W. Lear, Captain H. Bainbridge; 4th Infantry, Lieutenant R. H. Graham; 5th Infantry, Lieutenant N. B. Rossell; 7th Infantry, Captain R. C. Gatlin, Lieutenant J. H. Potter; 8th Infantry, Lieutenant G. Wainwright; 1st Ohio, Colonel Mitchell, Captain George, Lieutenants Armstrong, Niles, Morter, M'Carty; 1st Tennessee, Major Alexander, Lieutenants Allen, Scudder, and Nixon; 1st Mississippi, Lieutenant-colonel M'Clung, Captain Downing, Lieutenants Cook and Arthur.

The battle is over: the army, both regulars and volunteers—or, more properly speaking, Americans—have proved themselves invincible. Both officers and men, with death staring them in the face, did their duty without flinching, and with a bravery worthy of all praise.

CHAPTER XV.

SEPTEMBER 26th. I rode to that city which has been the object of our hopes and fears since the 8th and 9th of May. On my way there, the first point of interest was the citadel, from which issued those spiteful cross-fires over the plain. It is a regular bastion-work, with revetments of solid masonry, having thirty-four embrasures. If the ditches had been dug out in front of the curtains, it could only have been taken by regular approaches. In its interior are the remains of an unfinished Cathedral, which of itself is a work of defense. Two magazines, filled with ammunition, were discovered, enough to have kept them shooting at us for a month.

The city is situated in a plain, open toward the south, and almost at the base of the Sierra Madre, whose towering peaks appear to overhang it. Directly north of the city, and between it and the mountains, flows the Arroyo Topa. Entering the city, I was immediately struck with the number of persons moving and getting ready to move. Every thing that bore the name of an animal was packed, and all appeared to be making their way out of the city as speedily as possible. In every street we passed works of defense, nearly all barricaded, the barricades lapping each other, and ditches in front of each. Every house was a fortification.

I rode to the Plaza, in which many of General Worth's division were comfortably quartered. The streets are well paved, and the sidewalks have flat stones. In the center of the Plaza there is a neat fountain; the houses are better built than any I have yet seen; each one has its garden inclosed by high stone walls, filled with oranges, pomegranates, grapes, and a profusion of flowers. The quantities of beautiful trees scattered about the city, the domes and minarets, give it a fairy-like aspect. A great deal of fruit is exposed for sale in the Plaza; the grapes are delicious. The market-men and women, with their quaint dresses, are already on the move, and every thing betokens an ample supply of vegetables.

Attracted by the sound of that everlasting *Mexican bugle* (whose first notes were given to us at the Colorado), I discovered the Mexican troops were marching out. I saw many of them pass. The infantry were miserably clad, brawny, thick-set fellows, chiefly shod with sandals; one regiment of Lancers were as fine looking men as I ever saw. Their horses were inferior animals; *one* of ours could ride over *three* of them. The streets were filled with the followers of the army, mounted on every thing, from a decent mustang to an humble, uncomplaining donkey. Some of the officers' wives, picturesquely wrapped in their gay-colored ponchos, were slowly riding after their chivalric husbands. The main Plaza is still occupied by the enemy, to which we have no access. General Ampudia left on the 25th, with two divisions of his army.

I visited Arista's Palace, which is directly under the hill on which the Bishop's Palace is situated. It is a long, low, white stone building, beautifully finished, claiming no particular order of architecture, with flat roof, thick walls, and stone floors. At the back of the house is a portico twenty feet in width, and a garden that rivals Oriental magnificence. Double walls of white masonry, about three feet high, filled in with earth, laid out in fanciful figures, with fountains in the center, roses, and numerous other plants, apparently growing out of the walls, and also in the inclosed space; vases, with choice exotics, arranged round them; a bold stream of water, running through a plaster raceway, leads to a marble bath, covered with trellis-work, over which the grape and other vines clamber. In the rear of this are beautiful groves of orange-trees and pomegranates, and a fine vegetable garden. Imagine the whole tastefully laid out and kept in the neatest order, and you can form some idea of one of the retreats of this Mexican nabob. It has been turned into a hospital, in which the wounded of Worth's division are lying. The oranges in the garden were kept for the wounded; but immediately outside there was a wilderness of them, where every one picked what they pleased. Some of the houses occupied by the officers are very neatly, but simply furnished; many of the walls are hung with mirrors and choice paintings.

After riding over the city and examining minutely its defenses, my only astonishment is how they could yield it. It is a perfect Gibraltar. At the eastern extremity, where so many of our brave fellows fell, my wonder is that *any escaped.* There is a system of batteries, the one defending the other. General Worth conducted his movements with judgment and skill. His motto on starting was, "*A grade or a grave.*" He escaped the latter, and it is to be hoped he will obtain the former. The army soon settled down, changed and regulated their camp-ground, so that in a few days there was no trace of the recent contest.

Leaving the diary, I will give a connected account of our sojourn in the vicinity of Monterey; and if my readers will follow me, will try to give them a more minute description of the city. After passing Arista's Palace, do you see, to the west, that venerable-looking building upon a high hill? That is called the Bishop's Palace. The enemy occupied it. Toward the city some two or three heavy pieces were mounted in barbette. It is a quaint old pile, and gives one quite a good idea of some of the smaller castles in Spain. Some seventy or eighty years ago it was the archbishop's residence, and many a gay cavalier and lady fair has been entertained at his hospitable board. It is now a ruin, fast crumbling away: more interesting, perhaps, in its decay than its glory.

Directly back of the castle, do you see that height which towers above it? That is Fort Independence, which was stormed on the morning of the 22d. Take it easy, for it is quite steep, and we will ascend. What a surpassingly lovely view bursts upon you, and how extensive! It is charming! You are perfectly captivated! To the north the whole Valley of the San Juan and its tributaries lie before you, with all its rich fields of corn and sugar-cane; and far off in the distance the little town of Marin is indistinctly visible; and at your feet, embowered in orange groves, lies the fairy city of Monterey. Across the valley to the south, on the other side of the Topa, do you see two heights of less elevation than this, and which exhibit signs of having batteries erected upon them? They are the heights taken by General Worth on the 21st. But look! look to the southwest, through that opening in the stupendous cliffs of the Sierra Madre; there lies the sweetest, dearest little valley in the world, through which the road to Saltillo runs. It is a rich garden, surrounded by magnificent, towering mountains, with the Arroyo Topa meandering through its center, looking in the distance like a thread of silver light. What a lovely, gorgeous scene! how completely language fails in its description! one can never tire of it; view it as often as you will, new beauties will be discovered. But what are these two mounds upon the apex of the hill? Tread lightly; they are the graves of those who fell in battle. Here lie Captain Gillespie and Private Thomas (from Maryland) of his company. Can one conceive of a more appropriate spot for the brave and gallant dead to rest?

But let us hasten down, and we will be in time to see the Cathedral and Plaza. Here we are at it, after a pleasant gallop of three fourths of a mile. Into this large square most of the enemy had been driven before they sent in a flag of truce. On one side is ranged the captured artillery. Some twelves and nines were beautiful pieces, of English manufacture, and of as late date as 1842. On the eastern side of the Plaza is the Cathedral. It is an immense pile, of no particular order of architecture. Its front is richly ornamented with elaborate stucco-work; its chime of bells is melodious, and an excellent clock warns the citizens of the flight of every quarter of an hour. Its interior is magnificent. The lofty pillars, groined arch ceiling, paintings and altars, with the gentle, soft light issuing from windows some thirty feet from the floor, can not but strike the visitor with admiration and religious awe. There are several minor altars, the ornaments of which are very chaste, being carved and gilded work; but the grand altar is really magnificent. It is composed of one immense piece of rich carving and gold gilding, with many figures, heads of saints, and other holy personages. The effect is grand. It must have cost much time and money in its construction. The floor is made of panels of oak, each panel lifting up and disclosing a vault for the dead.

There are some very fine paintings and some rascally daubs. When I first visited it, religion had fled from its walls; it was used as a depôt for ammunition; the quantity is immense, of every kind and description. The shells had their fuses driven, ready for firing, proving to us that the enemy must have calculated the distance at which they expected to use them. Two of our shells exploded in the Plaza on the night of the 23d, and killed and wounded many. Had one exploded in the church, there is no describing the terrible loss that might have ensued. On the 3d of October service was held in the Cathedral; our chaplain, Mr. Rey, officiated. It was a strange, yet interesting sight, to see an American minister officiating at the altar of the enemy, and around him, kneeling, men and women of the country; on the battle-field we may be opposed, but before the altar of our Redeemer all bow in mute adoration.

Before the expiration of the first week in October, the troops of the enemy had left the city. Several medical officers remained to attend to their wounded. In going over the eastern extremity of the city, and seeing the number of barricades, fortified houses, and redoubts, it is inconceivable how so many escaped the first day's fight. It was here the fierce battle raged, and all around are the graves of the noble dead. Strange that some of the brightest flowers of the army should have been selected! Morris, Barbour, Field, Irwin, Hoskins, Woods, Hazlitt, Terrett, Dilworth, Williams! Brave and gallant spirits! Each of you have a soldier's sepulcher, and a page in the history of your country's glory.

General Worth, with his division, occupied the city, and Captain Miles was his executive officer. A rigid system of police was instituted, and every means taken to preserve order, which, however, proved at times unavailing, as many riots and murders occurred, which were not only disgraceful to the participators, but to the American name. These disgraceful scenes were chiefly, if not wholly, enacted by the same few evil-disposed volunteers, for whom the weak discipline of that arm had no terror. The filthy condition of the streets soon gave place to cleanliness; the stores were opened, and, by their exposure of gay goods, gave the city a more cheerful appearance. Very few of the better class remained; at least, if they did, they kept themselves housed.

I have yet to see a pretty girl; but in their place, at every corner, you meet with old women, whose wrinkles claimed for them an *intimate* acquaintance with the last century. It is to be hoped the more genteel class will return when all is settled—when they find their rights are protected, and their municipal regulations not interfered with.

The governor of the city called upon General Taylor to see what was to be his policy. He was told the military would not interfere, and he might pursue the even tenor of his way. The general told him he should call upon him for supplies, and should expect him to cause them to be promptly furnished. The governor was rather averse to that arrangement. The general told him he took that plan, it being the one pursued by the Mexican generals; that have it so he must; he was willing to pay for every thing, and that he called upon him to save the sufferings that might be occasioned the people by his seizing his supplies; that we did not come here to war upon them, but to obtain an honorable peace, and that cash should be paid for all supplies. The sound of the word *cash* overcame all scruples, and I have no doubt all supplies called for will be promptly furnished. Our *cash* and their *promise to pay* are entirely different things. The general and the governor separated with a very good understanding.

Several of our deserters were recognized in the ranks of the enemy, the most conspicuous of whom was an Irishman by the name of Riley, who has been appointed a captain in the artillery of the enemy. He was recognized by his old mess-mates, and passed them amid hisses and a broadside of reproaches. The dastard's cheek blanched, and it was with difficulty he retained his position on his gun. Even the enemy looked upon him with disgust, and one tall Mexican looked down upon him with an expression of countenance, as if he had said, "You are being paid for your rascality; you have to stand it, old fellow!" Some few of our men were taken prisoners during the action. General Ampudia had them brought to him, and questioned them himself; after asking one of them our strength, number of cannon, &c., he wanted to know what effect his proclamation had made among our men; whether some of them had not been inclined to desert. "Oh, no!" replied he, "they were not so *green* as that." The expression *green* being rather above the general's English, another interpreter was brought in to explain this monstrous word. This interpreter was a captain, who six months ago was a private in our ranks. When questioned to explain the word, "Why," said he, "they were not such *d—d fools.*" (Mem—"Green," an Americanism, not well understood by Mexican generals, signifying *d—d fool.*)

Walking through the streets, and perceiving a barber's sign, I thought I would indulge in the luxury of a shampoo. I entered, and told him to shampoo me. I saw by his look that he did not *exactly* understand me, and as I could speak no Spanish, and he no English, I had to resort to signs, and flattered myself I had made my wants known. I sat me down, and in a moment discovered he had never performed the operation. Being in for it, I thought I would see what the fellow would do. He brought a basin, scooped to fit my neck, and commenced washing my head with water. To explain to him that I wanted it well scratched, I had to operate myself; and as, by this time, he had wet my shirt, I jumped up in utter disgust, dried my head, and, without the first drop of perfume, paid my quarter and "traveled," determined to let the first trial satisfy me that the barbers of Monterey had not become sufficiently civilized to understand the refined art of shampooing.

Early in October we were luxuriating in fruit and *green corn;* the latter is of the third crop. All the Texas troops were discharged immediately after the battle. One company of the 2d Infantry, under Captain Anderson, arrived on the 3d of October, as an escort to Colonel Taylor, who arrived with a large amount of subsistence funds. The advance guard of the Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Jackson, arrived the same day. General Lamar, who is as young and active as the best of us, has raised a company, and will be stationed at Laredo.

The question often arises with us, Are we to have *peace* or *war* at the end of the armistice? By a great majority it is deemed folly to prosecute it in this quarter. Peace, not territory, is certainly the aim of our government; this can not be obtained by slightly wounding the *extremities* of the body; we have not touched the *heart*, nor can we by this route. Until there is a government established which has the power to treat, I do not see that we are any nearer the settlement of our difficulties than previous to the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. We may go on and expend millions, and sacrifice the lives of thousands, without any good result. It strikes me an advance from this point can have no effect upon the settlement. Our better plan is to take Tampico, fortify and keep possession of the Sierra Madre and the Valley of the Rio

Grande, until they come to terms. Let them come and take it, if *they can.* If the war is to be prosecuted, let Vera Cruz be taken, and march directly upon the capitol, batter its walls down, and see if some sense can not be *battered* into the people. The victories on this frontier, as honorable and glorious as they have been to our army, are mere *flashes in the pan* as regards the question of peace. The humane and liberal policy pursued by the government in the prosecution of this war has a tendency to prolong it. It is the first war of which I ever heard which was an *actual benefit to the enemy.* Wherever we go, we pay for what we get at two or three times the usual price of the country, and both their civil and religious rights and property are protected. What more *prosperous times* can they desire? Their cry is, "Come along, gentlemen! very glad to see you! come from city to city; you spend your money freely—put us to very little inconvenience, and, really, times are first rate!" I must confess I am tired of this work, and long to see an honorable peace.

The wounded are doing very well—as well as they can, with the few comforts and conveniences our medical department are enabled to supply. Nothing can exceed the devotion of our medical officers; they are literally fatigued to death. There was culpable negligence somewhere in not sending more medical officers into the field, but I presume the government, hugging unto themselves the chance of peace, thought there would be no more necessity for their services. The number was reduced so low immediately after the battle, that *one* surgeon attended *two* regiments, *four* being the usual number in peace.

The great and valiant General Ampudia, after reaching Saltillo, issued his proclamation explaining the fall of Monterey. To condense matters, he states, on the 21st he repulsed us with the loss of *fifteen hundred;* on the 22d the Bishop's Palace fell, but not without great resistance; that, being scarce of ammunition and provisions, a conference was held on the 24th with the enemy, and such terms were made by which they saved their honor, and marched out with their arms; that General Santa Anna was coming, and then we would see who would be the conquerors. Was there ever such stuff and such lies? Mexican to the last. If you were to exterminate a whole army but the general, he would issue a bulletin claiming a victory. If these bulletins are salve to their wounded feelings, they are welcome to write and publish quires. Our loss of "*fifteen hundred*" is only magnified *ten times* our loss in the three days' fight. Their deficiency of ammunition is ridiculous. We found *cords* of it; but *they may* have thought a *month's* supply a deficiency. I hope they will always continue thinking so as long as they have that amount of "materiel" to present us with even at the cannon's mouth.

General Santa Anna arrived at Vera Cruz on the 16th of August. There can not be a moment's doubt that our government, in permitting his return to the country, believed that his best exertions would be used to effect a reconciliation. All those hopes were immediately crushed upon the promulgation of his proclamation to the people the same day of his arrival. It spoke war to the knife. He was immediately placed in command of the army, leaving Salas to perform the functions of president, while he repaired to the tented field to dream of winning fresh laurels, and driving the barbarians beyond the Sabine. He infused fresh energy and life into the people. With an activity characteristic of the man, he repaired to San Luis Potosi, and strained every nerve for the purpose of collecting and disciplining a large army. On the 11th of October we heard he had arrived at San Luis with eight hundred men, and that Ampudia had left Saltillo to join him. Ampudia was ordered to Mexico to explain the fall of Monterey. We all think Saltillo will fall into our hands without a blow. General Ampudia decided upon fortifying the place, and the citizens would not permit it. They very justly told him he had spent much time and money in fortifying Monterey, a city whose natural defenses were much superior to theirs, and had failed to hold it, and they had no idea of having their property destroyed; a very just conclusion. Taking Saltillo, we have the key to this whole valley; we are then over three hundred miles from San Luis Potosi, the march to which is difficult, and part of the way over a desert. Having Saltillo, taking Monclova and Tampico, we can quietly settle down in as lovely a country as the sun ever shone upon, and tell Mexico to *come on.* Tell her we have taken enough to remunerate us for the expenses of the war, and will keep it if she does not grant us peace by a *certain day;* then import your families, give them the land for a mere song, and before one could realize it this valley would be teeming with an American population. We do not want the valley, nor would I, if it can be prevented, keep it; but I certainly would not put our government to any more expense than simply holding it, which, compared to an onward movement, would be nothing. From what we have seen, I question the feasibility of "dictating a peace at the cannon's mouth;" they are a stubborn, stiff-necked race; and I think the appearance of emigrants determined to *settle* this valuable part of her domain would have more effect upon her than hard knocks. "Mais nous verrons."

The Mexican merchants are packing up their goods and leaving for Saltillo, it being impossible to compete with our merchants and sutlers, who, with true American energy, are pushing their goods forward.

On the 10th of October a colonel of the Mexican army arrived from Saltillo; his object was to get from General Taylor the clothing that was left behind belonging to the Mexican army. They claimed it upon the ground that, in the armistice, the word "accouterments" meant "clothing," and every thing appertaining to the soldier. The general informed him the word had a different signification in English, and politely declined granting his request.

Colonel H. L. Kinney was General Taylor's general agent for obtaining transportation for the army. Every one who knows his activity of mind and body, his excellent management and perfect knowledge of the Mexican character, must be satisfied a better choice could not be made. He has proved his efficiency to the army, and his services are appreciated. On the ever-memorable 21st he performed, voluntarily, the duties of aid-de-camp, exposed to a most galling fire, with great promptness and distinguished gallantry. On the 23d he was exposed to the fire of the enemy during the animated street-fight of that day.

About four miles to the north of our camp there is a sulphur spring. Its temperature is a hundred and ten degrees. It is situated upon the outskirts of a small village, in a gorge, between two lofty mountains. A rude house has been constructed for the benefit of those who wish to bathe; out of it you walk into the bath, which is directly over the spring, about twenty feet square, with walls of sufficient height to make it private. The water is not sufficiently impregnated with sulphur to make it disagreeable, but enough so for medical purposes. The bath is truly delicious; every thing is so perfectly rude and uncivilized about it, you can hardly apply the term luxurious, for you miss the many things requisite to make it so; such as dressing-rooms, and all the other little et ceteras, to make it perfection; but such as it is, it creates an additional enjoyment for those who may sojourn at Monterey. The man who owns the bath requires a small compensation for its use. When I visited it, women were washing clothes in the water as it flowed from the bath. What a fashionable resort an American would make this spring. If well managed, the lovely scenery alone would insure a full house. There was a goodly number of people in the village; but the dogs outnumbered them, and made a desperate attack upon mine host. Sabers and whips were put in requisition for his defense, and by dint of great exertion we kept him from being devoured. All the Mexican dogs have their ears cropped, and a surly looking set of devils they are.

On the 11th of October Lieutenant Armistead, bearer of dispatches from Washington to General Taylor, arrived. Their contents have not transpired, but it is surmised that some movement is on foot for Tampico. Lieutenant-colonel Clay, of the 2d Kentucky regiment, is performing the duties of aid to General Taylor.

On the night of the 12th of October, Lieutenant R. H. Graham, of the 4th Infantry, died from wounds received while gallantly leading his company in the assault on Monterey, September 21st. He passed unconsciously from life to death; his gentle spirit sighed itself away. All who knew the amiable and gentlemanly qualities of the deceased will drop a tear to his memory. A moment before he passed to that unfathomable world, he complained of feeling very faint, turned aside, and the vital spark had fled. It must be a great consolation for his family and friends to know that, to the last, he was surrounded by warm and devoted friends, who did all they could to ease his pain and administer to his wants. On the 13th of October his remains were consigned to the tomb, with appropriate funeral honors. Being a Roman Catholic, he was buried with all the forms of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Rey officiating.

On the 16th of October we heard the enemy had evacuated Saltillo. We also hear that Ampudia was ordered not to risk a battle here, unless *positive of success*. Santa Anna rebuked him for *fighting*, and stated the loss of Monterey had complicated the settlement of our difficulties. I can not imagine what are the additional complications, but the inference is that Ampudia was *certain* of victory. Under these circumstances, the glory attending our triumph is greatly enhanced. I am safe in stating the enemy at twelve thousand. Monterey was, in fact, a walled city; for every approach to it was fortified. The attacking force never exceeded six thousand. There remains for history to record the successful assault of a fortified city, strong in natural as well as artificial defenses, by a force one third less than the besieged, at the point of the bayonet.

On the 17th we had a great change in the weather—a visit from a *young* norther; not a Corpus Christi one, but yet sufficiently like it to remind us of our old visitors. During its continuance, it was enough to give you a chill to visit the houses in the city. Heavens! how cheerless they are! Stone floors; stone walls; no furniture; not the first sign of a fire-place; not even a painted one. It makes the chills run through one to think of it. I much prefer being in camp, to enjoy the luxury of a glorious camp-fire. The Mexicans were bundled up in their ponchos, and looked frozen to death. Their ideas of comfort are very limited; for, although I presume they never have frost, yet there are many days in which the luxury of a fire would be acceptable.

I have had several hunts; blue-winged teal and snipe, for a few days, gave us some fine sport. On one of our hunts we followed a slash until we reached the small village of San Francisco. There we put it to the vote whether we should make an effort to get a dinner; the dinnerites carried it, and D., with his smattering of Spanish, was appointed spokesman. Passing through a crowd of crop-eared curs, all looking as if they would like to make a meal of us, we rode up to a hut where we *happened in* most opportunely. A very tidy-dressed woman was busily engaged at the metat-stone making tortillas. To our inquiry whether they could give us a dinner, they replied they had something already cooked. They produced a sort of olla podrida (half hash, half soup) in a soup-plate, and, to assure us it was good, one of the men *stuck his fingers* in it and tasted it, exclaiming, "Mui bueno!" The fingering of it I did not consider any recommendation; so, getting D. to venture first upon it, and he deciding it was really "mui bueno," two more plates were ordered. I must confess, good as it tasted, recollecting in Gil Blas the "civet de maton," rendered some Cayenne necessary to make *it stick*. Expressing a wish for pepper, one of the men ran to a neighboring fence and picked a handful. So eager was he to be of service, it was with difficulty I could prevent his *mashing* it with his fingers. Such a thing as a spoon they had not thought of. The olla podrida, combined with some warm tortillas, made us a capital meal.

The more I ride over this region, the more I am struck with its fertility. Field after field of the finest corn and sugar-cane stretch out for miles and miles. All this luxuriance is the spontaneous gift of nature; for, compared with ours, there is really no cultivation. Their ground is broken up by a primitive wooden plow, made of the crotched limb of a tree, shod with iron: the seed is barely stuck in, and if it gets one hoeing, it is about all; and yet, with all this neglect, they make magnificent crops. What would not the land produce by our preparation, and our care and attention during the early growth of the plant?

A most interesting incident connected with the fall of Monterey I have nearly forgotten to record. It is stated, and generally believed, that a company of Lancers was commanded by a woman. Her name was Dos Amades. Seized with a patriotic spirit, she unsexed herself, and dressed in the full suit of a captain of Lancers; she desired to be led against the foe, and swore she would never yield until the "northern barbarians" were driven from her natal land, or until she had shed her last drop of blood in defense of her native country. Previous to our attack, she was paraded before the troops, and greatly excited and augmented their courage. She harangued them, and desired to be posted at that spot where the first shot would fall and where the thickest of the battle should rage. It is reported that on the 21st she led the charge of Lancers which proved fatal to some of our command, among the number the lamented Field. There's an example of heroism worthy the days of old! It has remained for Mexico to produce a second Joan d'Arc, but not, like her, successful. She is reported to have been a daughter of one of the former governors of Nueva Leon, and after the battle retired to the walks of private life.

On the 23d of October a Spanish officer arrived direct from the city of Mexico. He states he passed Ampudia's army between Saltillo and San Luis Potosi, in a most disorganized and broken-down condition; that Santa Anna was at the latter point, actively engaged organizing an army, but without money and subsistence; that the government had only sent him eighty thousand dollars for current expenses. It does seem that, reduced to so low an ebb, the enemy should accept the olive-branch.

On the 25th of October, as Captain Ridgely was riding along the streets of Monterey, his horse blundered and fell, the captain's head coming in contact with a rock. He remained in a state of perfect insensibility until the night of the 27th, when he expired. His body was brought out to the camp of his company, and buried with funeral honors on the evening of the 28th of October. His company escorted the remains, and the Baltimore Battalion attended as mourners. The procession was swelled by nearly all the officers of the army. Colonel Childs read the service for the dead, and three guns were fired over his grave. Dark clouds hung o'er the mountain-tops; mists were in the valleys; and all nature seemed in mourning for the departed hero. Captain Ridgely graduated from West Point in 1837. He was a native of Baltimore, and from a family identified with the State of Maryland. He served with distinguished credit in the battles of

Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and in the storming of Monterey. For his gallantry in the action of the 9th of May he was brevetted a captain, and appointed an assistant adjutant-general: the latter appointment he accepted, the brevet he declined. He, as well as his friends, thought if he was deserving of a brevet for the 9th, he was equally so for the 8th of May. It seems strange he should die by such means, after passing through three battles.

If any officer has *particularly distinguished* himself, it is the lamented Ridgely. His dauntless courage and reckless exposure of person, combined with the most perfect coolness and judgment in the hottest fire, won golden opinions for him from all. Those who knew him in the social circle can well appreciate his loss. A bright star is extinguished! He will never return to pluck fresh honors for, and add new luster to, the gallantry and chivalry of the service. Strange and unfathomable fate! He died from a fall from a horse, than whom none could ride with more grace and fearlessness, nor manage with more judgment and dexterity. He was probably the best rider in the world, an accomplished and polished gentleman, and one of the most heroic and gallant officers of the army.

On the 29th of October we received a new *batch* of reports. General Bravo is said to be marching on Tampico with fourteen thousand men; General Bustamente, with eight thousand, upon Chihuahua, to give General Wool (of whose march General Taylor received information) a friendly reception; and Santa Anna, with twenty thousand, at San Luis Potosi. Should General Wool meet with such a force, he may have something to amuse him. Major Lear died from the effects of his wound received on the 21st, on the 30th of October. His remains were brought out to the camp of his regiment, and interred with funeral honors on the 1st of November. Four companies of the 4th Infantry, under the command of Major Buchanan, were his escort, and the 3d followed as mourners. Major Lear was appointed from the army as second lieutenant of 4th Infantry, February, 1818. Serving his country faithfully for more than a quarter of a century, he received his mortal wound while gallantly leading his regiment in the storming of Monterey. Who of his regiment will ever forget the cool and calm manner in which he took the regiment into action, marching it with the same precision as if on the drill field? He was a man of iron nerves, a strict disciplinarian, and a warm friend. He is the *sixth* officer of the 3d Infantry who fell at Monterey.

Near the spot where Major Lear was wounded fell the gallant Barbour. The latter, a native of Kentucky, graduated at the Military Academy in 1834, and joined the 3d Infantry as a brevet second lieutenant in that year. He was promoted to a second lieutenant in 1836, and a first lieutenant in 1838. In the latter year he was appointed adjutant of the regiment, which office he held until the fall of 1845, discharging its duties with great ability and distinguished credit. As an adjutant, he had not his equal in the service. He accompanied his regiment to Florida, and performed the arduous duties connected with his staff appointment, not only of the regiment, but of assistant adjutant-general of the army for a short time, and of the western district for more than a year, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all. For meritorious services in Florida he was brevetted a captain, and in November, 1845, was promoted to that grade. For gallantly resisting, on the 9th of May, a charge of cavalry which threatened the recapture of a battery, he was brevetted a major. He fell, gallantly leading his company, on the 21st of September. He was one of the most accomplished and finished soldiers in the army; he had not his superior in his grade. He was essentially a military man in all his thoughts, words, and actions. He was a rigid disciplinarian; dignified without reserve, exacting prompt obedience, but affable and courteous to all. He was a fond husband, a warm and devoted friend, and eminently calculated to shine in all the social relations of life; his high and honorable soul scorned all meanness. In whatever circle he moved his influence was ever felt, and his departure always regretted. By his death the service and his regiment have sustained an irreparable loss; both have been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. Soldier! friend! peace to thy noble ashes! Thou hast fought bravely, and died nobly upon the battle-field. Many tears will be shed over thy grave. Thy noble form and generous disposition will long be missed by crowds of admiring friends; thy goodness and thy deeds are engraven upon the hearts of thy comrades, and thy name will be handed down in the annals of thy country.

We hear it rumored that fault is found with General Taylor for the armistice and the terms of the capitulation. I can not imagine upon what ground. The more I reflect upon it, the more I am convinced that, under the circumstances, they were the best terms that could have been made. Take it for granted we could have forced the Mexican army into an unconditional surrender, what was to be gained by it? We encumbered ourselves with ten or twelve thousand men we could not have fed, and would have been forced to turn loose.

The policy of our government has, thus far, been *humanity.* Humanity has been particularly inculcated upon the commanding general; and when could he have had a better opportunity of giving a practical exemplification of our feelings and policy than in the present instance? Under all the circumstances, better terms should not have been wished; they not only reflect credit upon our brave chief, but prove to the world that this war is not a war of conquest for conquest's sake; but that, in the height of victory, humanity, and a strong desire to obtain an honorable peace, characterized the capitulation. The country will assuredly support General Taylor. At best, we were unprepared to advance beyond this point, and to have encumbered ourselves with a large army of prisoners would have been the extreme of folly, more particularly as the army who had bravely defended the place marched out with only their personal arms and six pieces of artillery. Every thing else fell into our hands; in the article of ammunition alone we captured more than *has been sent for the use of the " Army of Occupation."*

The troops on the Rio Grande, during this period, were under the command of Major-general Patterson, whose headquarters were at Camargo. The following are the different regiments, and the mode of their distribution:

At Camargo, 2d Brigade, General Pillow commanding, composed of 2d Tennessee, Colonel Haskell; Alabama, Colonel Coffee; Ohio and Kentucky Brigade, General Marshall commanding, composed of the 2d Kentucky, Colonel M'Kee, 2d Ohio, Colonel Morgan; Illinois Brigade, General Shields commanding, composed of 3d Illinois, Colonel Forman, 4th Illinois, Colonel Baker, 2d Infantry, Colonel Riley.

At Reynosa, Company H, 2d Artillery, and two companies of the 1st Indiana, Captain Swartwout commanding.

Matamoras, 3d Ohio, Colonel Curtis, Captains Loude, Vanness, and Norman's companies of Artillery, Colonel Clarke commanding.

Camp Belknap, Indiana Brigade, General Lane commanding; 2d Indiana, Colonel Bowles, 3d Indiana, Colonel Lane.

Mouth of the Rio Grande, 1st Indiana, Colonel Drake.

Brasos Island, Captain Porter's company of Artillery.

Point Isabel, one company of Artillery, Major Gardner commanding.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the 2d of November Major James Graham arrived from Washington as bearer of dispatches to General Taylor. Of course, all was excitement until their contents were divulged. The government directed General Taylor to announce to the Mexican authorities that the armistice was broken up, and that we were to commence hostilities with renewed energy. It was rather a matter of astonishment to those who knew the actual state of affairs how that was to be done. It is announced that General Taylor has twenty thousand men at his command. At this date our returns only show thirteen thousand, and I question whether, from the great sickness and discharges among the volunteers, the general could raise an efficient army of ten thousand men. To carry out these instructions, Major Graham, with a small escort, was dispatched, on the 6th of November, to communicate to the general commanding the Mexican forces the orders of our government. We know he will be permitted to go to Saltillo, but it is extremely improbable that they will permit his further advance.

Again active operations may be considered as renewed. The government, having decided upon attacking Tampico, determined, without any consultation with General Taylor, to send General Patterson, in command of a force, for that purpose. His orders were not even passed through General Taylor. The general, with his usual magnanimity, threw no obstacles in his way, and General Patterson commenced organizing his command. The two companies of the 2d Infantry at Monterey were immediately ordered back to Camargo, as the 2d Infantry was to be a part of his command. General Worth, with his division, with the exception of the 7th Infantry, one company of Artillery, and M'Kall's battery, and Colonel Smith, are ordered to march to Saltillo on the 12th instant.

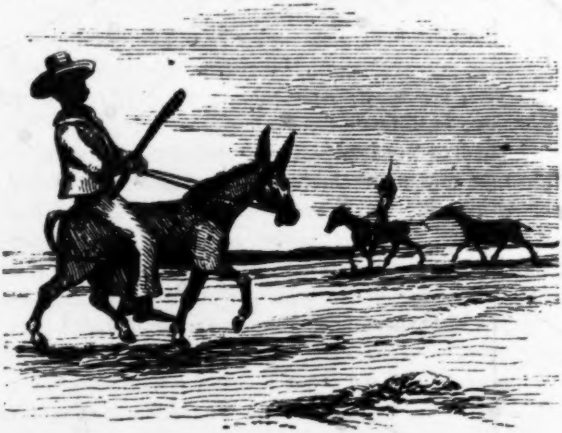
On the 5th, a priest was detected inducing our men to desert. Several have proved false to their colors, and gone over to the enemy. The reverend gentleman was placed in confinement, and was shipped by train to Camargo. If he gets his deserts, he should be hung, spite of his sanctity. The recruiting officer's duty is hardly in keeping with that of the priest. The enemy offer as high as one hundred and fifty dollars per man, with a promise of a captaincy. If they will give that much for a private, what will they not give for an officer? I should think we should, at least, have one of their mines, and a general's commission.

General Taylor intends going to Saltillo with two squadrons of dragoons, on the 12th instant, and return immediately. Upon his return he will organize a column, and move upon Tampico as a supporting force. Opinions are very much divided as to the resistance that will be offered. There is a rumor that Santa Anna has ordered the withdrawal of the troops from that point. I should not be astonished if it was true; for he must feel assured it will fall, its garrison and artillery captured. Santa Anna deprived of their commissions, and placed in confinement, all the general officers of Ampudia's army but Mejia and Ricina—at least such is the report. Ampudia was confined in Perote. He remarked to General Taylor that he would lose his commission for the capitulation. General Paredes has left the country and gone to Havana.

On the 8th an express arrived from General Wool, reporting his arrival at Monclova. He does not intend to advance upon Chihuahua, but will remain at Monclova until further orders.

On one of my late visits to the city, I paid an interesting one to a children's (female) school. The school-mistress was a respectable lady; the children had finished their recitations, and were actively engaged embroidering. There were some beautiful creatures among them, and with one bright-eyed little one I should most certainly have had a frolic had I been master of her language. There are several schools in the city, but education is wholly confined to the children of the higher class. The poor are kept in utter ignorance, and under a blind obedience to their priests. Their whole labor is for the Church; a child can not be christened, a couple married, the dead buried, without extortionate fees for the Church. The priests are our bitterest enemies and opposers, and are the main-spring of the war.

The greatest curiosities in this country are the sober, demure, honest donkeys; they are part and parcel of the poor Mexican; as much so as the pig of the Irishman. To see some of the funny-looking ones, with their monstrous loads, would make a cynic laugh. They will put nearly a whole field of fodder upon one of them; and so completely are they covered that their legs can hardly be seen—nothing but a moving mass of fodder. And then, if their fashion of riding could be seen, the climax of one's mirth would arrive. After throwing off their load, instead of sitting on their saddle, they put themselves upon the apex of the donkey's rump, sometimes a little nearer his tail, and there



they sit, and every step they keep their heels spasmodically spurring the poor devil's sides, not increasing their gait one particle, but only proving that in one instance they do not give way to their utter laziness.

Major Graham returned from his mission on the 10th. He proceeded no further than Saltillo. The authorities of the city received him very kindly, and pressed him (under the impression he was the bearer of offers for a *peaceful* settlement of the question) to proceed to San Luis Potosi, offering to increase his escort. Having found an official with whom he could leave his dispatch, and thereby fulfill his orders, he felt bound in honor not to proceed. He says the citizens appeared *very* anxious for peace. From the best information he could obtain, Santa Anna was at San Luis Potosi with sixteen thousand men, and expected six thousand more. They were actively engaged fortifying. It was supposed he was laboring under great difficulties from deficiency of money, and that he would find much trouble in keeping so large a force together.

Papers have been received from Mexico, in which the dispatches contained in one of our mails (which was captured not long since) figure largely. As bad luck would have it, they were quite important—no less than orders to co-operate with the navy in an attack upon Tampico. Much good may it do them.

On the 10th an express arrived from Matamoras, with a letter from Robert M'Lane, Esq., stating he was bearer of important dispatches from Washington. The movement of General Worth was suspended. On the 12th Mr. M'Lane arrived. The contents of the dispatches did not prevent the movement. We are to take possession of the different towns and cities between this and Tampico.

On the 13th General Worth marched with his division, together with General Taylor. It is surmised an expedition is on foot against Vera Cruz, and there is no doubt the navy is ordered to attack Tampico. We received a report it had been taken by a night attack. General Taylor received Santa Anna's reply to his notice of the breaking up of the armistice on his way to Saltillo.

On the 21st of September a private of the 3d Infantry was mortally wounded by a cannon ball. An orderly passing by him, the man asked him for a drink of water; he gave it to him, and asked him if he could do any more for him. "Yes, my friend, you can take my musket back to the 3d; I am a dead man, but I would like my piece to go back to my old regiment." The musket was faithfully delivered, and the poor fellow died. Another of our men, dashing across a street, was struck by a musket ball on the leg. He clapped his hand upon the spot, turned on his well leg, and exclaimed, "Boys, I've *got my ticket!* I'm off for camp."

On the 20th Colonel Belknap returned from his trip to the Rio Grande and St. Joseph's Island. The general hospital at the latter place is broken up. He was sent down to press forward supplies.

On our march from Camargo to Monterey inquiries would be made regarding the chance of a fandango. Puntaguida was the only place at which we enjoyed one. They all told us "*Mucho fandango à Monterey.*" This was constantly repeated. After the battle we saw the *point* of it; they facetiously referred to the *fight* we were to have; certainly a most polite manner of informing us bloody work was ahead. Some brave, chivalrous souls little thought, in all the confidence and buoyancy of youth, their hearts filled with anticipated pleasure, that the "fandango à Monterey" was to be their death-knell.

General Taylor and staff returned from Saltillo on the 23d of November. He entered and took possession of the city on the 16th. When within twelve miles, a dispatch was sent him by the governor of the city, protesting against his occupying it. After so great an effort, his honor left immediately for San Luis Potosi, or, as they say here, "*barnosed the ranch.*" He was met, shortly before entering, by some of the principal men of the city. The troops marched through the streets with colors flying and drums beating. General Worth's division occupied the main Plaza. General Taylor, with his usual disinclination to any thing like a house, passed through the city with his dragoons, and encamped at the first stream. The people appeared decidedly hostile, although lots of pretty women and girls lined the windows and doors to see our troops pass. They wished to charge an extortionate price for their forage, but the general sent out foraging parties, took what he wanted, and paid for it at his own price. That brought them to their senses, and they decided upon supplying the command at a fair rate.

Saltillo is the capital of the State of Coahuila, and contains between fifteen and twenty thousand inhabitants. It is about seventy-five miles from Monterey. It is situated upon the side of a hill of considerable declivity. The houses are well built, many two stories high; their material is sun-burned bricks, covered with cement. The streets are well paved. It is about the size of Monterey, but much more compactly built. It has four Plazas kept in neat order, and fountains scattered throughout the city impart to it an air of elegance and taste. Its Cathedral is a magnificent building, a third larger than the one at Monterey, built ot these sun-dried bricks, and the cement mixed with small stones. The interior is magnificent—groined arches, rich and elaborate carvings, paneled floors, and ornaments of gold and silver. Nothing has been removed—the first instance, as yet; for heretofore every Cathedral has been stripped of its valuables prior to our approach. San Luis Potosi is celebrated for its fairs, and is quite a place of business. It boasts of a cotton factory, employing some fifty hands (many of them Yankee girls), owned by an Englishman. Oats, wheat, barley, and corn are cultivated. Our troops will have a good supply of flour. The maguey is extensively cultivated; the grape and apple flourish; but, from its extreme elevation, it is too cold for the orange. Jack frost paid the general a visit nearly every night, and twice ice was found in camp. The troops will suffer, owing to the scarcity of wood: it is brought several leagues.

Captain Graham, of the Dragoons, went thirty miles beyond, toward San Luis Potosi, to examine the passes. They were said to be impregnable; but he reports they can be readily turned. The city is commanded by a hill, and would have been untenable by the enemy. No doubt these considerations influenced its abandonment. The Passo del Muertos, between Saltillo and Monterey, is really a very strong position, at which a few determined men might dispute the passage of an army. The enemy had fortified it, but, in their retreat, destroyed the works. The great beauty of the ponies at Saltillo is spoken of in enthusiastic terms by the officers. Santa Anna ordered the tanks between San Luis Potosi to be destroyed. The difficulties attending a march to San Luis Potosi are very great; they have not been magnified; and, with the loss of these tanks, they will be much increased. Captain Hardee, with his company of Dragoons, was temporarily left at Saltillo. While the general was there the news of the abandonment of Tampico was received. It was occupied by the navy on the 14th of November, without any resistance. The expedition was commanded by Commodore Perry. The enemy destroyed their works, took off what cannon they could, and threw the rest into the river.

On the 24th Captain Taylor arrived from Camargo with two eighteen-pounders and two eight-inch howitzers. He was escorted by two companies of the Rifles. Our heavy ordnance is placed beside that captured from the enemy in the main Plaza. It presents quite a formidable appearance, and will enable us, if we again come in contact, to play at *long taw* as well as the enemy. General Shields and Colonel Harney arrived on the 24th from General Wool's command. Colonel Harney assumed command of his regiment (2d Dragoons), and General Shields goes to Camargo, and thence to take command at Tampico. At the request of all the captains, and a majority of the subalterns, Brevet Major Buchanan, of the 4th Infantry, was appointed to the command of the Baltimore Battalion of Volunteers. Colonel Belton, with six companies of artillery, sailed from the Brasos for Tampico. They will, for the present, constitute the garrison of that place under Colonel Gates.

General Patterson, without authority from General Taylor, started down the river with some of his command, intending to embark for Tampico. The general expressed a messenger after him, who fortunately overtook and stopped him at Matamoras. His movement would have interfered with General Taylor's plans and directions already transmitted to General Patterson, and can only be accounted for by a spirit of insubordination or utter ignorance of military responsibility. The 2d Regiment of Infantry took post about the middle of November at Monte Morelos. It is a small town about sixty miles from here, on the road to Tampico.

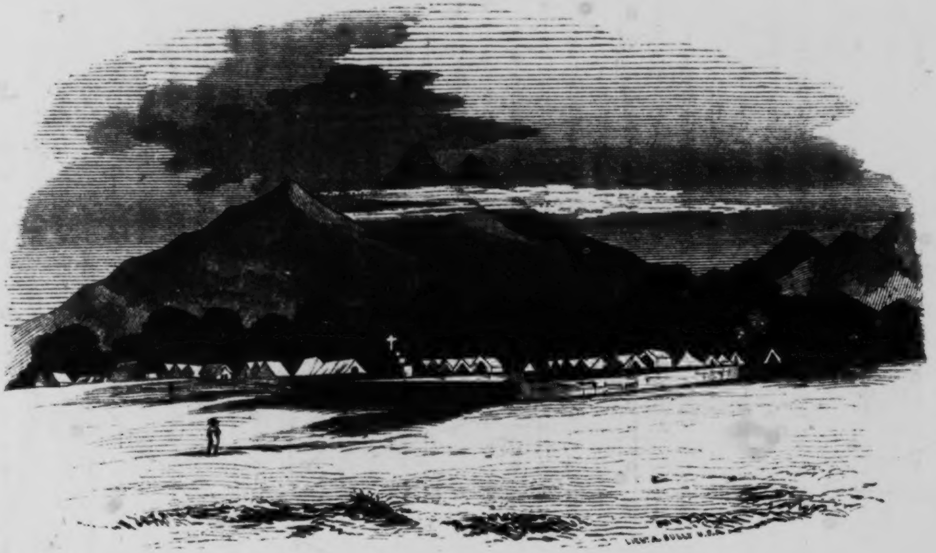
In some of the Mexican papers which we have received there is a defense of General Ampudia by his nephew. The general has been sentenced to death by one court; but as he has an appeal to two more, the result is easily foreseen. From another article, it seems the Mexicans carry their system of rewards so far as to *brevet towns*. Alvarado is nothing more than a village; but for its gallant defense against the attacks of our navy, the supreme government, with any quantity of pretty compliments, has seen fit to *brevet it a city*. And the *hamlet* is dignified with the title of *village*. What great rejoicing the good inhabitants must have had! what an eating of sweet-bread and drinking of muscal there must have been upon the reception of the joyful intelligence! If adobes (bricks) could speak, what magnificent thanks those houses would return!

Seven Texans were taken prisoners previous to the storming of Monterey, at China and the Presidio crossing of the Rio Grande. Some belonged to Colonel Hays's regiment, and some to the guard left at the Presidio by Colonel Harney. They were taken to San Luis Potosi. When General Taylor sent his dispatch, giving notice of the cessation of the armistice, he demanded their release. Santa Anna complied with it, and, in a flaming letter, complimenting our worthy general upon his great magnanimity, &c., sent them with an escort to Saltillo, where they were delivered to General Worth. They were in wretched plight, but said they were treated kindly. They reported Santa Anna with twenty-seven thousand men, and that he was fortifying the city. Their description of the road is any thing but agreeable to those who expect to travel it. For thirty leagues the traveler is dependent upon tanks for water. It is with the greatest difficulty the stock is supplied by keeping animals drawing water night and day. It makes one thirsty to think of it.

Desertions of late have been alarmingly on the increase; it is chiefly confined to the English and Germans, particularly the latter. The sons of Erin can not be seduced. There is a regularly-organized gang to effect desertions. A plan was laid by some of our men to catch the scamps: they pretended they were disgusted with our service, and wished to go over to the enemy. They were taken by the Mexicans into a private room, and there promised $60, citizens' clothes, and a horse and guide to take them to the army. Every thing was agreed to; and the Mexicans, to be extra liberal, gave them fifty cents each to drink the health of their illustrious general, Señor Don Lopez de Santa Anna. As they were passing out of the city, one of them requested permission to stop in a house to see a friend. He communicated the state of affairs. Three Mexicans were taken, and among the number was the son of the alcalde of the city.

The 3d Infantry erected a cemetery for the officers who fell at Monterey. It is a square inclosure, situated a few yards to the west of the road leading to Monterey, and directly in front of the camp of the regiment. The wall is four feet high, and on the face toward the camp there is a rectangular pillar surmounted by a cross. It is built of blocks of white limestone neatly dressed. The remains of the officers having been disinterred from the shallow graves in which they had been placed on the battle-field, at 4 P.M. on the 25th of November the funeral ceremony of the gallant dead took place. The 4th Infantry were the escort, and the 3d attended as mourners. It was a sad and melancholy duty, yet one which carried some little consolation to the officers of the regiment, and will be of inestimable satisfaction to their friends and relatives. The service for the dead was read by Major L. Thomas. There they lie, sleeping as they fought, side by side; and there they should be permitted to remain, surrounded by towering mountains, and in the midst of scenery unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty, until the "last trump" shall summon them before their Maker. Lear, Morris, Field, Barbour, Irwin, Hazlitt—where could have been found in the service more gallant, courteous, and excellent officers? Flowers of your regiment! an early frost has forever closed your opening leaves—has stopped the pulsations of your warm and generous hearts! But, unlike earthly flowers, the memory of your virtues, of your noble, chivalric bearing, no frost can destroy. You will live in the hearts of your countrymen, and your memory will be cherished in your regiment while it exists. History will record your gallant bearing when fighting against great odds, and the spot upon which you fell, crimsoned by your heart's blood, will be sacred to every American.

The Alabama regiment, under the command of Colonel Coffee, was sent round by water to Tampico. General Patterson was ordered to march upon Victo-



Cemetery of the 3d Infantry.

ria with the two Illinois regiments and the Tennessee regiment of cavalry. General Taylor ordered General Wool with his command to Parras, where he arrived on the 5th of December. Parras is situated to the east of Saltillo. It is described as a beautiful place, and the country under rich cultivation. *Parra* means a vineyard ; hence its name, the country in the vicinity being a succession of vineyards. At this place large quantities of the native wine and brandy are made ; the wine is a fair article, and the brandy, excepting its peculiar taste, is quite good.

Brigadier-general Thomas L. Hamer expired on the night of the 2d of December, after a very short illness. Ever since the battle he has been in bad health, but no fears were entertained of his recovery. On the 1st of December he was seized with an alarming attack of dysentery, which resulted in almost immediate death. It cast a gloom over the army. He was universally esteemed by us. He was a man of unpretending manners, of sound judgment, and of fearless independence. He was a conspicuous member of the Democratic party, and had just been elected to Congress from his native state (Ohio). His whole political career has been marked by devotion to his country and state. He never descended to the low trickery of party, and often fearlessly advocated and voted for measures to which a majority of his party were warmly opposed. Ohio lost in him one of her favorite sons, the country one of her sound and good men, and the army one of its warmest admirers and supporters. He had made it his particular study to inform himself of our condition, of our wants, and the changes which a ruinous system demanded. A *Retired List*, from its vital necessity to the well-being and efficiency of the service, he had repeatedly promised to urge with all the influence his high talents and character commanded. As a general, without making the least pretensions, his good judgment and sound common sense invariably led him to correct conclusions, and his firmness enabled him to execute them. His bereaved family and friends have the consolation of knowing he *died beloved by all who knew him.* His funeral took place at ten A.M. on the 4th of December. His escort consisted of the 1st Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, commanded by Major Shepherd, Captain Graham's company of Dragoons, and two pieces of Bragg's battery. The 1st Regiment of Ohio Volunteers attended as mourners, and all the officers of the army off duty swelled the mournful procession. General Quitman commanded the escort. The remains of this great man, the balance-wheel of the volunteer force, were deposited in the cemetery of the 3d Infantry, and, after reading the service for the dead, three volleys were fired over his grave, and he was left to rest beside the honored dead of the 3d. It was the first funeral of a general officer I ever attended. The serpentine course of the procession, its way through the deep, dark woods of St. Domingo, the gurgling stream beside whose banks we marched, combined with the recollection of our great loss, made it a funeral of unusual solemnity.

On the 11th of December General Taylor reorganized the brigades of the 1st Division, preparatory to their march for Victoria. The 2d Dragoons, Bragg's battery, 2d and 3d Infantry, constitute the 3d Brigade, commanded by Colonel Harney. The 3d will unite with the 2d Infantry at Montemorelos. The 1st Infantry, 7th Infantry, Rifles, and Captain Sherman's battery, at present commanded by Lieutenant Thomas, constitute the 4th Brigade, commanded by Colonel P. F. Smith. The 4th Infantry is to be left, and stationed at the citadel. The Baltimore Battalion is attached to General Quitman's Brigade, which will move with our column.

I have almost forgotten to mention we have had, for two or three weeks, a circus in full blast. The head of the company is a Mr. Hamblin. They have been in this country nearly four years. They take the native horses, and break them to the ring; the horses are very tractable. Some of their ponies are beauties. We Americans are a great nation! whip the Mexicans one day, and offer them the amusements of a circus the next.

At 10 A.M. on the 11th of December, the funeral of Lieutenant Hoskins, of the 4th Infantry, and brevet first Lieutenant Woods, of the 2d Infantry, took place. A company of the 3d was their escort, and the 4th followed as mourners. They were buried in the cemetery of the 3d Infantry. It is proper and appropriate that such should be their burial-place. The two regiments served together at Jefferson Barracks, moved together to Corpus Christi, and, since our arrival in this country, have been brigaded to this date. We are now to be separated; and it was grateful to the feelings of all that, just before our departure, the 3d should perform the last sad rites to their brothers of the 4th. Lieutenant Hoskins was the adjutant of his regiment, a whole-souled, noble fellow; all who knew him loved him. Lieutenant Woods, just prior to the battle, was promoted to the 2d Infantry. As a brevet second lieutenant, he particularly distinguished himself in the battle of the 9th of May, and for his gallantry was brevetted a first lieutenant. Both these gallant young officers fell in the charge of the two companies of the 4th Infantry against Battery No. 1, on the morning of the 21st.

The order for the march was issued on the 12th of December. The 1st Division moves to-morrow at daybreak.

On the 12th I took my last evening stroll to the cemetery; my heart was sad—filled to overflowing. The innumerable happy hours spent with those whose existence is now only marked by a cross and grave rose vividly before me. Oh that I could recall you, my noble, my dear old friends! But, alas! 'tis vain to wish. Your fate, ere this, is sealed; and if the good and brave are granted happiness hereafter, surely a full measure has been accorded to you! A departure is always more or less attended with melancholy, for there is hardly that spot on earth where we have not formed some warm ties; where we have not received some acts of kindness; where some friend, in anticipation of our loss, has not exclaimed, "I'm sorry—very sorry you are going!" where some bright eye of woman has not been dimmed with departure's tear; but *this spot*, can any of us leave without feelings of the saddest nature? And yet, why should we grieve? Have not our brother officers and the gallant men, by their blood freely shed in storming the cannon's dreadful fire, added another page to the glory of American arms, and consecrated one of the loveliest spots upon which the eye ever rested?

Sweet and gloriously brilliant was our last sunset at Monterey. From the rear of the cemetery could be seen the Saddle Mountain; it was thrown into a deep, dark shade; its lofty peak appeared to be kissed by a dove-colored cloud, which anon extended itself and formed a delicate bridge across the saddle. Turning to the west, the sky was all brilliancy; the ragged peaks of the Mitre Mountain were illuminated by a golden light, and the distant outline of the Sierra Madre, fringed with lofty pines, looked proudly down upon the quiet scene. But a soldier has no right to be sad; his duty is to tramp, tramp, fight, fight, not to brood over misfortunes. Farewell to the romantic city! Farewell to the scenes never to be effaced from memory! Farewell to you, graves of my brother officers! would that you were with us! The memory of your noble deeds will nerve us in future battles. Thank God! the cross protects your precious remains from desecration.

In one of my late visits to the city, I attended high mass at the Cathedral. I was induced to visit it to hear the organ. It is one of very fine tone, and the organist was a finished performer; he played two or three exquisite pieces, some from our favorite operas. I left, struck with regret at the small congregation. I do not think there were twenty souls present; and they, in the immensity of the Cathedral, were hardly noticed. War has caused its solemn aisles to be deserted. The inhabitants have left the city, and must kneel at other altars than those of their childhood. May peace soon enable them to return to those, so intimately and beautifully associated with their every feeling, from the first wondering gaze of admiring childhood, to the holy associations and impulses of maturer years.

And now let us, for a while, contemplate the deeds of the navy, still engaged in blockading Mexican ports. The brig Truxton, commanded by Commander Carpender, was unfortunately run aground on the 15th of

August, on the bar off Tuspan. Lieutenant Berryman left in a boat to communicate the intelligence to the squadron. On the 17th she was abandoned by all the officers and men, except Lieutenant Hunter with a boat's crew. The latter succeeded in reaching a vessel of the sqadron, and the former surrendered themselves prisoners of war. They were treated kindly by the enemy, and were eventually exchanged for General La Vega, and the officers who accompanied him to New Orleans. Upon the reception of the news, the Princeton was immediately dispatched to the scene of the disaster, and finding it impossible to save the vessel, she was burned.

On the 15th of October a second attempt was made to capture the town of Alvarado. Commodore Connor was in command. The attacking force consisted of steamers Vixen and M'Lane, three gun-boats, and schooners Nonata and Forward, and steamer Mississippi, Commodore Perry. It was thought the latter vessel could be brought near enough to command the passage of the bar, but the water was too low. There was a battery at the mouth of the river mounting seven guns. The first division, consisting of the Reefer and Bonita, towed by the Vixen, crossed the bar and became engaged with the battery. The second division, consisting of the Nonata, Forward, and Petrel, towed by the M'Lane, were prevented crossing by the grounding of the steamer. Commodore Connor finding it would be folly to proceed with the first division, withdrew the vessels, and the attempt was abandoned.

On the 16th of October Commodore Perry sailed from the squadron to attack the town of Tobasco. He took with him the steamer Vixen, Captain Sands; schooners Bonita, Benham; Reefer, Sterret; and Nonata, Hazard; schooner Forward, Captain Nones; and steamer M'Lane, Captain Howard, both of the Revenue service. Captain Forest had a command of some two hundred marines and sailors. On the 23d he crossed the bar, and took, without resistance, the small town of Frontera, capturing all the vessels in port; among the number, two steamers. Tobasco is seventy-four miles from Frontera. On the morning of the 24th Commodore Perry commenced the ascent of the river. The captured steamer Petrita towed the Forward and the barges, and the Vixen the Bonita. On the morning of the 25th arrived in sight of Fort Aceachappa, which commanded a difficult pass of the river. The enemy deserted the fort, and the commodore ordered the guns spiked. About noon all the vessels anchored in front of the town. The town was summoned and refused to surrender. In the mean time the boats captured five merchant vessels. The town was fired upon by the vessels, and, in the afternoon Captain Forest, with his command, were ordered to take a position in the city. After a sharp little engagement, they were ordered back at night. The town was spared at the earnest solicitation of the foreign merchants.

On the morning of the 26th preparations were made to leave with their prizes; one of them, under the command of Lieutenant Parker, grounded, and was immediately fired upon by the enemy. The vessel was gallantly defended by Parker, with the loss of one man killed and two wounded. The vessel was got off. In conveying an order to Lieutenant Parker, Lieutenant Morris was wounded; he died, from the effects of the wound, on the 1st of November. He was a gallant young officer, beloved in the service, and his loss will be severely felt. The expedition returned to Frontera, and, leaving the mouth of the river blockaded, sailed for the anchorage of the squadron.

On this expedition were captured and sent in two steamers and seven sail vessels; four sail vessels were burned. All the vessels in the river were captured or destroyed; and no doubt a check was put to a commerce by which supplies of munitions were introduced from Yucatan into Mexico.

On the 12th of November Commodore Connor sailed for Tampico with a large proportion of his squadron, and on the 14th the city surrendered unconditionally, without any resistance. The navy held possession of it until relieved by the arrival of troops from the Brasos.

On the 20th of November, Lieutenant Parker, with Midshipman Rogers and Hynson, with a small boat and crew of six men, in the darkness of night, rowed in and succeeded in burning the bark Creole, anchored under the guns of San Juan d'Ulloa. It was a gallant and daring act, reflecting great credit upon the heroic lieutenant and his associates. On the 5th of December, Midshipman R. Clay Rogers, Doctor I. W. Wright, and John G. Fox, a seaman of the Somers, went ashore for the purpose of reconnoitering one of the enemy's magazines, and ascertaining the practicability of destroying it. The party had gone some distance from the boat, when they were surrounded by seven Mexican soldiers. Doctor Wright made his escape. Midshipman Rogers and the seaman were made prisoners.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHORTLY after the declaration of war the president decided upon organizing a column to concentrate in Texas, and move thence directly upon the city of Chihuahua, the capital of the state of that name. Brigadier-general J. E. Wool was assigned to the command of this force. San Antonio de Bexar was the point selected for concentration. It was the last of August, 1846, before the various corps arrived. The general's column, which he denominated the "Central Division Army of Mexico," was composed of the following regiments: 1st Illinois, Colonel Hardin; 2d Illinois, Colonel Bissell; six companies of Arkansas mounted men, Colonel Yell; one company of Kentucky Volunteers, commanded by Captain Williams; two companies of the 1st Dragoons, Captain Steen; two companies of the 2d Dragoons, Major Beall; three companies of the 6th Infantry, Major Bonneville; and Captain Washington's company of Horse Artillery, making an aggregate of two thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine men.

From the moment of their arrival at San Antonio every exertion was made to push forward the military instructions of the volunteers, to prepare them to take the field. The army moved from San Antonio in two columns: the first under the command of Colonel Harney, 2d Dragoons, on the 26th of September; the second under Colonel Churchill, on the 14th of October. General Wool, with his staff, left on the 29th of September. On the 8th of October the advanced column reached the Rio Grande, and crossed at the Presidio. This is a small, dilapidated town, of probably a thousand inhabitants, remarkable more for their *uncleanliness* and rascality than any other propensities. The two columns uniting, the advance left on the 15th, and was followed by the remainder on the 16th of October. Their march was one of extreme interest, although of great fatigue and annoyance. The country passed over was, at times, beautifully romantic; bold and magnificent ranges of mountains ever gladdened the eye; and the happy, smiling valleys, teeming with rich harvests, their fields irrigated by the dashing mountain streams, formed a picture that deprived fatigue of some of its pains.

The towns passed through are described as very interesting, all being built after the old Spanish fashion. The commands were treated kindly at every point, and were enabled to obtain every thing the country afforded at moderate prices. To their credit be it said, no act of violence or robbery was committed. The towns of San Fernando de Rosas and Santa Rosa are particularly spoken of. The latter lies at the foot of one of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the world. It is especially noted for the richness of its silver mines. In consequence of the unsettled state of the government, they have not been worked for many years. General Wool was received with marked civility by the alcalde of the place, and all seemed to look upon the arrival of his force with a favorable eye. The soil in the valleys is rich, and produces noble crops of corn, wheat, and barley.

The command arrived at Monclova on the 29th of October, and took possession of it without any resistance. It is situated in a valley celebrated for its great production of grain: oranges, figs, lemons, &c., are found in great abundance. It is quite an old town, and in rather a dilapidated condition. A small hill, dividing it into two parts, commands a beautiful view of the city; the back ground of mountain ridges produces a striking effect. General Wool decided at this point not to prosecute his march upon Chihuahua.

CHAPTER XVIII.

December 13th. General Twiggs, with his division, started at sunrise for Victoria. It was a prompt movement—the first day rather a late start is expected. I had the felicity of being on rear guard with my company. Of all duties to perform, it is the most disagreeable for the first day's march. All the drunkards must be taken care of, and I had my hands full. The infantry marched direct to the village of Guadaloupe; the artillery and baggage train went through Monterey. The sunrise was magnificent, and every thing appeared combined to leave a pleasing impression of the old camp.

Before arriving at the village, we passed some farms under excellent cultivation, and crossed the Arroyo Topo. It is a clear, swift-running stream, pebbly bottom, whose bluff banks were lined with the willow, interspersed with the tall, graceful palm-leaf cane. The village is situated directly at the foot of the Saddle Mountain, and contains some five hundred inhabitants. It is well laid out, has a neat little Cathedral, lots of pretty women, and men enough loitering about, with their shovel-crowned hats and graceful ponchos, to whip a small army. While the train was arriving and passing, I stopped at a house, where they kindly offered me a seat in the shade. I tried to make friends with the children, but, in spite of the pa's "bueno Americano," and the ma's "Americano amigo," and my offer of an insinuating "bit," they kept at a respectful distance. I presume the little things are taught to fear us. Our course from the village was slightly to the north of east, over a good road and limestone country. Our road runs near the base of the Sierra Madre. After a march of ten miles, we encamped on the Topo.

December 14th. Marched at daybreak. Every one was fresh for a good pull, and a pull, indeed, they made of it. The heat was intense, almost equal to mid-summer; the grass all dried up, not having had a drop of rain for three months, and the road either ankle-deep in dust, or filled with small sharp stones, which materially assisted not only in wearing out your shoes, but blistering your feet. Our route, until we reached Cadereta, was over a magnificent table of land, being the dividing ridge between the Topo and San Juan. Our course is still to the north of east, with an extensive range of mountains to the west, and in the eastern horizon the mountains of Ceralvo. The country has lost much of its beauty, the great drought having burned up every thing. Occasionally we would catch glimpses of the rich alluvial plantations upon the Topo, which materially deprived the picture of much monotony—monotony, save in those glorious mountains, which are ever charming, yet seem never to vary their proximity. This country is *the* country of *deceptive distances.* One can hardly credit it: mountains, miles distant, appear within a short ride; yet travel for days, and there they are, apparently at the same distance.

We have marched thirty-two miles from Monterey, and we are just realizing we are bidding farewell to our old friend the Saddle Mountain. This evening it appears to rise higher and higher, and come forward again to greet us. There are no less than three distinct ranges in the mountain chain along which our road runs, each rising in a succession of conical peaks, with singularly distinct wedge-like sides, until the last is often lost in the clouds. We stopped to "noon" six miles from Cadereta. Great bargains were driven for eggs and chickens. Just before reaching Cadereta, you suddenly descend from the dividing ridge, and the beautiful city lies at your feet, with her white houses imbedded in orange groves, situated in a richly-cultivated valley, on a slightly elevated bluff on the right bank of the Topo, surrounded by gardens, with the dashing stream stealing away in the midst of a wilderness of sugar-cane and corn. Our approach caused the good people to turn out. I was full of agreeable expectations, having formed no ordinary idea of the fairy city. Women in crowds were on the bank above the crossing-place, attracted, as they *are* and *should be*, by the button. A wobegone looking set they must have taken us for, covered with dust, and no particular show of *any extra abundance of clothing.*

Crossing the river, we continued our route through the city. I presumed we were to encamp on the opposite side, but imagine my disappointment, and that of all, to find we were to proceed, and have no opportunity to examine the place. I was utterly disgusted, but delighted with the little I saw. The same Spanish style of building, large yards with high walls, orange and other evergreen groves in profusion. The houses were well built, some two stories high, and painted with bright and cheerful colors; their quaint old wooden doors, with massive bolts and fantastic knockers, gave them quite an aristocratic appearance. As we passed along, the men in crowds gathered at the corners of the streets, and the bright eyes of pretty women were occasionally peeping at us through the grated windows. I saw more well-dressed men, who looked like gentlemen of easy circumstances, than I had met previously; the females looked tidy, and their complexions were lighter. Just as we entered the Plaza the Cathedral bell tolled for 12 o'clock. It had a rich, deep tone. The Cathedral was commenced on a magnificent scale, but for some reason remains unfinished, imparting to it the appearance of a ruin. In the center of the Plaza is a Corinthian column, about forty feet high, erected in honor of the declaration of their independence. The streets are well paved, and cleanliness itself; there is a happy air about the place.

Marching from Cadereta to our encampment on the right bank of the Topo Grande (one of the branches of the San Juan) was excessively fatiguing, and the dust actually choked us. For the last mile we had to march in a narrow lane, on each side a high brush fence, not a particle of air, and the dust so thick it could be cut. I could not help thinking the "white kid-glove gentry" were earning their per diem this day. The Valley of the Topo Grande is under rich cultivation with sugar and corn. Many of the men *gave out*, from the excessive heat and length of the march. Twenty-two miles to a recruit is no joke. Just as we reached camp we passed a squad of men resting. One of my company was whistling with the greatest glee the Cachucha. One of the squad, who was completely used up, exclaimed, "What would I not give to be able to whistle like that man?" Poor fellow! whistling carried to him the idea of freshness and freedom from fatigue. Give me your singing, whistling fellows; they are always contented. If you have to decide between two men, take the fellow who whistles and sings; you may be sure he is equally honest, and much more willing.

December 15th. Started at 8 A.M.; heat excessive. Our course has been southeast since leaving Cadereta, over a succession of rocky ridges and rich bottoms. Nearly all the low lands are under cultivation. No matter how rich the soil is, if it can not be irrigated it is of much less value. It rains so seldom there would be no certainty of making a crop upon the high table-lands. Our road was well watered.

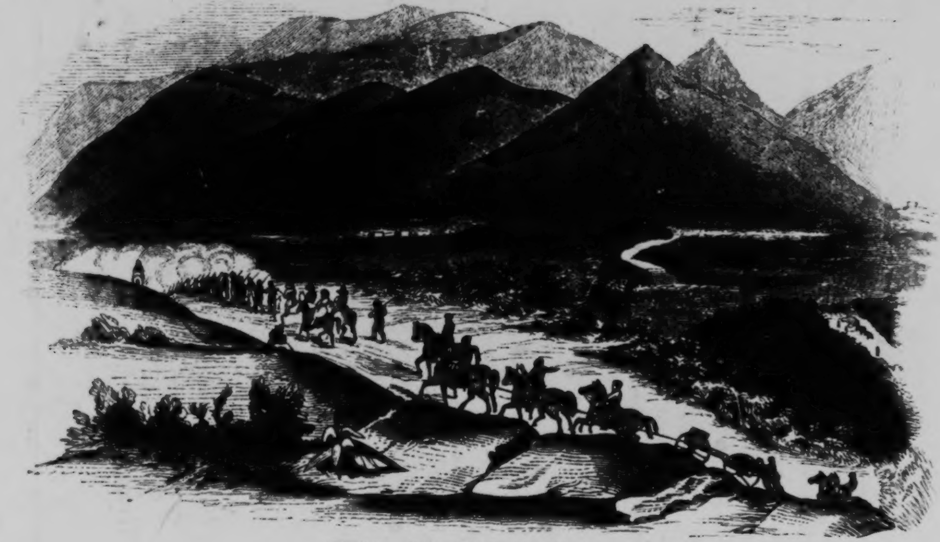
An immense quantity of sugar-cane is grown in these valleys. Their mode of manufacturing it is primitive enough: when the time for grinding the cane arrives, the whole family leave their house, and go to the sugar-shed and take up their quarters. There, for a mill, you see a plain cylinder, with cogs; a regular old-fashioned cider-mill, with a long arm turned by a yoke of oxen. A man stands by and feeds the mill with strips of cane two feet long. The juice runs from a gutter into a trough. A furnace is obtained by digging a hole in the ground, into which is placed, leaving room for the fire below, an immense copper kettle for a boiler. When that and the trough are filled, the operation of grinding ceases until that amount of juice is boiled down. Under the shed is collected the whole family; the aged grandparents, their children, and their grand-children, all either drinking the juice or chewing the cane. Chewing cane takes up half their time, and a very lucrative trade is driven by its sale. Nowhere can such fat, dirty-faced children be found as at the mill; it is a pleasure to see them enjoy it. The juice, when sufficiently boiled, is run into molds in the shape of truncated cones. In this shape, wrapped around with strips of the cane from which the juice is expressed, it is exposed for sale, and called *pilonci.* The taste of their sugar is any thing but pleasant—too much of the cane. While at Monterey, they were very anxious for us to visit their mills, and treated us to as much juice as we wanted, and never let us depart without forcing upon us two or three cakes of pilonci. A drink made of the juice and the green orange is delightful.

We encamped this evening on the right bank of the Ramos. It is a beautiful stream, and, where we crossed, appeared to issue directly from the mountains. Its banks were lined with cypress, willow, sycamore, and ebony. Our camp-fires were made of *ebony.* Think what extravagant dogs we were! Marched thirteen miles.

December 16th. Started at daybreak. The atmosphere was much cooler, and a brisk north wind braced us up. We passed over a lovely country; it was a succession of stony ridges, and basins of the richest kind of soil. We marched along rapidly, and before noon had passed over twelve miles, when we reached a hill which forbade any chance of our wagons ascending without the assistance of the men. I christened it "Disappointment Hill;" for we were very anxious to reach Montemorelos, and we saw our march delayed for some time within sight of the place. We ascended, stacked arms, and marched down again to assist the teams. The artillery got along admirably by hitching twelve horses to a piece; but when the mule-teams came, it was entirely another thing. The ascent must have been at least forty-five degrees; certainly one of the steepest hills I ever saw wagons ascend.

General Twiggs assumed the management of the passage in person. Those who know the general can not but recollect his peculiarities, and his faculty of getting more work out of men in a given time than any other officer in the army. A quarter-master stood no chance; his stentorian lungs drowned every one's voice; and his tone of command did not admit of any question. "Bring on that team, there!" Along comes the team, with a company of men hold of its wheels, and every available point. Quarter-master—"Drive slowly, a little way at a time, and let your mules blow." Team commences the ascent; all steam is cracked on, and the quarter-master cries "Stop." "Stop! the devil!" cries the general; "who *ever* heard of such a thing? Crack ahead! speak to your mules, sir, and keep them going as long as they will!" And away goes the team, amid cracking of whips and cheering of men. The men would pile on about six feet deep behind, pushing each other along. "General, those men are certainly doing no good." "You are mistaken, sir; they are keeping the man next the wagon from holding on going up hill." The last to cross was the quarter-master's forge. "Well," exclaimed the general, "do you think you can get up, 'lasty asty,' without any men?" "Oh, yes, general." "Well, on with you!" By the time "lasty" had ascended twenty feet the mules commenced backing. "Great God! teamster, which way *are* you going? That's not the way up the hill." And, amid peals of laughter, a company went to the assistance of "lasty."

With any number of jokes, the general succeeded in crossing the train in an hour and a half. From the



The Sierra Madre, 15 miles from Monterey.

top of the hill the town was visible. Descending, we marched at least three miles over a dead level, the soil of the richest character, and well irrigated. Skirted the town, and encamped about 4 P.M., having marched seventeen miles. The most striking feature I saw in passing by was the "star-spangled banner" waving from the Plaza. The orange-trees were loaded with ripe oranges, and fig and peach trees were in abundance.

December 17th. A very cold night and keen air in the morning. After breakfast, walked to the city. It is a small place, of the usual Spanish appearance; the sidewalks and the streets well paved; situated in a beautiful and extensive plain of the richest soil, surrounded by hills on the north, south, and east, and on the west a lofty range of mountains incloses the valley, adding a striking feature to the landscape. The town contains about two thousand inhabitants, and the valley nine thousand. Its Cathedral is small, the altar very neat, and most of the ornaments solid silver. It boasts of four bells, and from the belfry you have a beautiful view. The town lies at your feet, its houses imbedded in orange-groves, laden with their golden fruit. Toward the east the small River Pilon winds away in the distance, running over a blue pebbly bed.

Leaving the Cathedral, I passed through the principal streets, in which are several excellent stores. Returning, passed the funeral procession of a soldier of the 2d Infantry; the solemn music of their excellent band produced a sad effect. The town is nearly deserted; all who can get away have gone to the country, fearful of Santa Anna's wrath should he suspect them of any kindness or attention to us. It is a very old town, and takes its name from a priest by the name of Morelos, who held large possessions in the vicinity, and was very active in their struggle for liberty. The chief article of commerce in this valley is sugar; they have been in the habit of supplying the mines about two hundred miles from here with pilonci; this year, however, the demand has been so great from our soldiers, the trade has been diverted to Camargo and Matamoras. The miners will be rather the sufferers.

Colonel Riley, with five companies of his regiment, has been stationed here for several weeks. Four more companies of that regiment and the 2d Tennessee, Colonel Haskell, arrived from Camargo this morning. General Taylor and suite arrived to-day; as also General Quitman, with his brigade. Met with and was introduced to a gentleman by the name of Thompson. He is a doctor, and has been in this country for nineteen years; he looks *for all the world* like a Mexican, although he is a native of Connecticut. He told me he had been at San Luis Potosi since the collection of Santa Anna's army, and says he has thirty thousand men, fourteen thousand of whom are regulars, well armed, and the remainder a rabble, armed with knives and whatever they can lay lay their hands on. The road from Victoria to San Luis is impassable for wagons, mules often being precipitated with their loads from the narrow and dangerous path, and crushed to pieces. One of our officers, conversing with a regular-looking Mexican, and finding some difficulty in expressing himself, was informed he need not put himself to any trouble, for the man could speak English. He turns out to be a Pennsylvanian, and has been in this country for several years; his skin has partaken of the olive, and his whole aspect was as completely Mexican as if he were "to the manor born."

For the two last days of our march the men were forced to eat corn-bread. Corn-mills were in requisition, and grinding was going on all night. As a general rule, the men do not like corn-bread. "Fool who with your corn bread." "*Pain de maize*" has got to be as much of a by-word as "*Lancers*" after the battle. Some companies made it better than others; and some were quite on the *softky* order. One of the men attacked another, exclaiming, "Halloo, Jim, you've got your haversack full of *mush;* take care you don't fall, or *you'll stick.*"

This evening we are all in a grand state of excitement. After dark an express arrived from General Worth reporting the advance of Santa Anna upon Saltillo, and of his having invited General Wool to join him with his command. Orders were immediately issued for the return of the regulars. We march tomorrow at daybreak, and expect some of the tallest marching. General Quitman, with his brigade and Thomas's battery, are to prosecute their march to Victoria. The majority think the report is a false alarm, but feel assured Worth can hold the enemy in check until we arrive. It is certainly a proper move for Santa Anna. His only chance is to attack us after we are well scattered over a large section of country, beyond supporting distance.

December 18th. Started at daybreak upon our return march. All were in good spirits, and willing to shove ahead to meet the "Napoleon of Mexico." The door-ways of all the ranches were filled with people looking at our return. They would have thought we were retreating if General Quitman had not continued the march. Since our arrival at Montemorelos we have observed signal-fires in the mountains. If Santa

Anna is really advancing, it corresponds with the reports of the citizens at Monterey. A month ago they commenced leaving the city, giving as a reason there would certainly be another battle, as Santa Anna had promised to eat his *Christmas dinner* at their city. The 2d Infantry joined us shortly after leaving the town. We marched at a cracking pace, making twenty miles by 4 P.M. General Taylor went on to Cadereta, and, with his usual energy and endurance of fatigue, will push forward with his escort of dragoons under Colonel May.

December 19th. Off at daybreak, and made twenty-one miles by 4 P.M. It is quite cold this evening. It was reported at Cadereta that Santa Anna left San Luis on the 6th instant; if so, he will reach Saltillo before us.

December 20th. Encamped at Guadaloupe, four miles from Monterey, at 1 P.M. We there heard General Taylor had gone on, and left orders for us to proceed. General Butler repaired to Saltillo with a brigade of volunteers, 1st Kentucky and 1st Ohio regiments. No news from Saltillo. The impression at Monterey is that Worth was unnecessarily alarmed, and that there is no probability of a fight. Late in the evening an express arrived from General Taylor, who is on his way back, ordering us not to proceed, but to repair to our old camp at the Walnut Springs. All this excitement turns out to be a grand humbug.

December 21st. Reached our old camp at 10 A.M. Expected to remain some time. Before evening the order for our return was out. We shall make another attempt to reach Victoria on the 23d. It is to be hoped there will be no more false alarms, to make us march one hundred and twenty miles for nothing.

Colonel Harney is relieved from the command of his brigade. Brevet Colonel Riley is assigned to it. Colonel Harney repairs to Saltillo to take command of his regiment. General Butler remains at Saltillo in command.

December 22d. In the morning visited the city, to take one more look at it, as well as to supply some few vacancies in the mess-chest, occasioned by the return march. I was struck, upon entering, with the number of persons leaving the city. A perfect *stampede* is in operation; they are frightened out of their senses, and can not account for all these marches and counter-marches. A report has been circulated among them that we are forced to retreat from Saltillo; that Santa Anna, with a large army, is after us; and that another battle will soon be fought at Monterey. They openly declare they are not afraid of *us*, but of the brutality of their *own soldiers*. A handsome compliment to their army!

The city looks deserted. Every one is leaving, the rich and the poor. I saw several carriages containing delicate, genteel females and little children, hurrying off, with but few necessaries, hastily thrown into the vehicle; they are probably destined to some ranch in the vicinity. The poor were packing out all they could upon donkeys, and many poor creatures have gone to seek shelter in the mountains, with a second meal for their sustenance. Their sufferings will be very great, and from my heart I pity them. It was impossible to convince them there was no danger. The bustle and confusion in the city, teams dashing about for supplies, officers hurrying about hither and yon, making purchases for the march, I have no doubt tended to keep up their alarm. The hospitals are filled with the sick: there are between two and three hundred. Chills and fevers prevail to an alarming extent.

The 2d Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers made a very prompt movement from Camargo upon hearing of the expected advance of Santa Anna. They arrived this evening, and came with the most limited supply of transportation. They deserve great credit. Colonel Marshall's regiment of Kentucky horse is arriving. If all these movements have not the tendency to puzzle Santa Anna, I am very much mistaken. We have had a drizzling rain during the afternoon and evening. Nothing could be happier for us, provided there is not too much of it; it will lay the dust, and render our return march quite pleasant: it is the first rain we have had for more than three months.

December 23d. Reveille beat at 4 A.M., but before it was over an order came putting it off an hour and a half, on account of the rain. Before I heard of the order, my hasty toilet was performed, and of course I was not a little provoked. At daybreak had my tent struck and wagon packed, when an order came stating we would not march to-day! Had my wagon unpacked and tents pitched again. Then an order came stating we would leave after breakfast! Well, after breakfast we really got off. The day was *decidedly moist;* the roads muddy and heavy, but far preferable to the dust. We reached our first camp at the Topo at 1 P.M.

December 24th. Started at sunrise. The day bade fair to be cloudy, but before noon the sun was out in all its beauty. The sunrise was surpassingly brilliant. The whole heavens were covered with rain clouds, and the mountains were overhung by a thick mist. Suddenly the Sierra, directly behind Monterey, the gorge leading toward Saltillo, and the Salinas Pass, far away in the distance, were lighted up by the sun's rays. The sun could not be seen, and it seemed as if its rays were concentrated into an aperture, and thrown with all their brilliancy upon these beautiful mountains. I never saw them stand out in bolder relief; in the far west the clear blue sky seemed the emblem of purity, and made one believe naught but happiness could exist where every thing was so beautiful. And there hung upon the mountain sides, and were pillowed in the ravines, thin, gauzy, floating, fairy-like clouds, which the sun's rays gradually dissipated.

Winding down a hill, our column was halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see, at their head, a plain-looking gentleman, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown, olive-colored, loose frock-coat, gray pants, wool socks, and shoes; beneath the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of an eagle, and every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty, and a calm, determined mind. Reader, do you know who this plain-looking gentleman is? No! It is Major-general Zachary Taylor, who, with his military family, and a squadron of dragoons as an escort, is on his way to Victoria. He never has around him any of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" but when the battle rages, when victory hangs upon a thread, when the bravest are appalled by the galling fire, you will find, foremost among them all, that brave and gallant general, whose presence alone insures a victory. While his wagons were passing, he received an express stating that General Patterson, with his command, left Matamoras for Victoria on the 21st instant. Strange, we have thrice passed through Cadereta as the bell tolled for meridian. We reached our camp upon the Topo Grande at 4 P.M.

December 25th. Christmas! dear old Christmas! Ever dear and hallowed in the memory of every youngster, and rendered sacred to the parents from the fact that, on that day, if on no other, they strive to collect the family around the social board. Dear old Christmas! What a host of pleasant recollections come over me when memory reverts to events connected with that day! How eager to "*catch*" even the servants for "a merry Christmas," and how anxious and sleepless the night in anticipation of the well-filled stocking! How, when a "little shaver," I eagerly emptied the contents to get to the small *piece* in the toe; and, after unwrapping some dozen covers, how my eyes glistened as the shilling rolled upon the floor. Oh! happy, happy moments! Their bloom is worn off; their freshness can never return. It is not at all probable any of us will forget how we spent this Christmas—a weary march in a foreign land, separated from family and friends, is not easily forgotten.

As we left our camp at the dawn of day, the merry bells of the ranch proclaimed the holyday. The road was as hard and smooth as marble, and, as if to insure our not forgetting the day, we encamped upon *Tick* River; named from the innumerable quantity of those insufferable vermin. Last evening there was one chicken left belonging to my mess. I had just given orders for its decapitation, preparatory to frying for breakfast, when it jumped on my mess-chest, then on the table, and sat beside my plate as contentedly as if it were a member of the mess. Of course, its execution was forbidden, and it was treated, in honor of the eve, to some egg-nog, which it drank as if accustomed to it. We received a report that the Mexican Congress were willing to treat. An Irishman exclaimed, "Boys, Mexico is goin' to trate! Be Jabers! I'm glad of it; I've been wantin' a *dhrop* this many a day!"

December 26th. Off at daydawn; crossed "Disappointment Hill" without any difficulty. Passed through Montemorelos, crossed the Pilon, and encamped a mile and a half beyond the town by 10 A.M. The camp was thrown into no little excitement by the announcement of the fact that General Scott might daily be expected in the country, and that the government had ordered out nine additional regiments of volunteers. It is also rumored that Santa Anna has been elected president, and Gomez Farias vice-president. The message of President Salas to Congress gives a gloomy description of the state of affairs, but recommends a vigorous prosecution of the war.

December 27th. Off at daybreak—on an advance-guard for the day. Our road, for the first eight miles, wound through a succession of valleys, surrounded by small conical hills of limestone formation. A good deal of slate rock was visible, and some appearance of iron ore. The scenery, as ever, perfectly beautiful. For the last nine miles marched over an extensive mesquite plain, from which the view was surpassingly lovely. The valleys seemed like continuous orchards. Saw three large gobblers in the road, but, unfortunately, had no gun to shoot them. Turkeys are very numerous; the deer equally so. Saw a bird called the wild guinea-hen; in form like the jay-bird, but much larger; the color of its body was brown, and head dirty white. Encamped about 1 P.M. upon the banks of a bold-running stream. General Taylor overtook the command; Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, accompanied him. He is on his way to join his regiment. An expedition to Vera Cruz, under General Scott, is the topic of camp conversation. Nothing official has been received as regards it. A hint is thrown out that he is to take a large part of General Taylor's army. I hardly think it can be possible. If peace does not prevent it, certainly none can be spared from this frontier, for General Taylor will have his hands full enough.

December 28th. Off at day-dawn. The character of the country for the first nine miles similar to that of yesterday. We then entered the beautiful Valley of Linares. It is under excellent cultivation. For the last four miles of our march the road was through a lane; on one side was nearly *a thousand acres* of sugar-cane in *one* field; on the other an extensive cornfield; and in the distance beautiful evergreen trees added freshness to the landscape. On the west was the same bold range of mountains, and in the east another made its appearance, and we seem to be marching to the gorge between the two. A mile or two above the town, on the north side of the river, the cultivation of the field has been neglected, and beautiful acacia shrubs have usurped its place. In one field there was quite an orchard of apple and peach trees, and fig-trees lined the fence for half a mile. Sugar-making was going on in all its glory, and the road was lined with Mexicans offering for sale "pilonci" and delicious oranges.

We crossed one of the branches of the San Fernando, half a mile from the town, and marched through it at arms supported, close order, and bayonets fixed. It is an imposing sight to see a body of armed men marching through an enemy's city in that order; dead silence prevails, save the heavy tramp of the column and the dull rumbling of the artillery. The windows and doors were thronged with women and children; many groups of the latter laughed most heartily at us. We passed through the town, crossed the San Fernando, and encamped upon its right bank. The Valley of Linares is decidedly one of the richest in this section of country. Its population is nine thousand, and that of the town fifteen hundred. In appearance it can not compare with Cadereta. It has two Plazas and two Cathedrals: one merely a chapel. Its police is shockingly neglected.

In the afternoon we rode over to the city and called upon the padre, who kindly ordered the Cathedral to be shown to us. Its exterior is striking; the interior is simply but neatly finished in groined arched ceilings, with an octagonal dome, from whose stained windows the soft light was thrown upon the altar. The ornaments of the latter were of silver; the pure white Corinthian columns of the grand altar, bordered with gold, had a pleasing effect. The town is about eighty years old, and is interesting to us from the fact that it was the point to which Arista retreated with his army after the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. Received another report that General Worth was attacked; no confidence was placed in it. We proceed to-morrow.

December 30th. A fresh southeast wind made our march very pleasant. For the first five miles passed over a rolling country, quite rocky, and covered with low chaparral; then entered the small Valley of Parida. It is narrow, but the soil very rich. A small village is situated on the left bank of a clear, rapid stream of the same name. The growth of the timber in the bottom is quite large; the beautiful peccan was conspicuous. After crossing the river, we entered upon an extensive mesquite plain. Our road bearing more to the west, brought us under quite a range of lofty hills, between which and the Sierra lies an extensive valley.

At 12 o'clock crossed a rapid stream, upon the right bank of which is situated the village called Cerro de Villogrand. It is a dilapidated-looking place, boasting of a Plaza, a small Cathedral, with three large bells in front and detached from the building, suspended on a pole, and supported by two uprights. Most of the houses look as if they had been visited by a hurricane. It contains about three hundred inhabitants. Passing one of the houses, I saw the dead body of an infant, decorated with flowers, laid out upon a table; it looked like a wax doll. We encamped upon the western skirts of the town, having marched twelve miles. The mountains at this point are particularly interesting, the tops of most of them fringed with tall pines. The setting sun threw them in bold relief. Flocks of parrots are found in the woods; you hear them talking away at a great rate, but it is all Mexican, and therefore unintelligible. Doubts being expressed about their identity, an officer killed one this evening, and convinced the most skeptical it was a bona fide *poll.*

December 31st. Late last night an express arrived from Colonel May stating his rear-guard was attacked on the way from Labadores to Linares, which, together with the baggage-train, had been cut off. He wrote no particulars, except that the officer and sergeant had escaped. Immediately upon receipt of the news the order for the march to-day was countermanded, and the general dispatched an order to Colonel May stating he would wait here, and ordering him to proceed immediately. Colonel May with a squadron of Dragoons, had been dispatched to Labadores to examine the nature of the passes through the mountains. Of course the news produced great excitement, and, in the absence of details, many surmises. In any event, it is most unfortunate; no matter how insignificant the loss, it will be magnified by the enemy, and embolden them to make future attacks. The night we encamped at Linares two thousand eight hundred dollars public funds were forced from the alcalde. The report is that such an amount of public money was not in his possession, and that it was made up by *forced contributions* from the citizens. The best contradiction to the report is the fact that General Taylor approved of it.

An express was received from General Quitman this evening. He arrived at Victoria on the 30th, and took possession without any resistance. Report says a body of a thousand cavalry left the place the day before he arrived for Tula. General Valencia is reported to be at Tula with five thousand men and several pieces of cannon. Tula is a small town southwest from Victoria, on the road to San Lúis Potosi. Between Tula and Victoria there are forty miles of mountain passes, impracticable for artillery. From Tula there is a wagon-road to San Luis Potosi.

We have passed various specimens of cactus on our march. One (first seen at this place) is extremely curious. Imagine a cucumber very nearly as thick as your leg, about eight feet long, with seven grooves lengthwise, their edge covered with thorns, one large and six smaller ones arranged in the shape of a star, at equidistances throughout its length, terminating in one mass of thorns at the top, and you have a very good idea of it. I have never seen any thing more curious in the vegetable kingdom.

January 1st, 1847. A pretty New Year's day I have spent, truly! marching twenty miles in a cloud of dust, without a drop of "the critter" with which to drink a "Happy New Year" to the absent ones. I commenced the wish in dust, and washed it down in cold water. Last night we had a regular norther. There was a busy scene driving in *tent-pins* and tightening cords, and no little fun seeing a tent snugly settle upon its inmates. From being sultry hot it became quite cold, and it took fast marching to warm us. Our road for the first sixteen miles was very much of the same character as that already described. The scenery still continues beautiful; one prominent cliff looked like an immense dome colored pink and yellow.

Fifteen miles from Villogrand we entered the valley in which the small town of St. Hidalgo is situated. Previous to crossing the river, in an elbow of which the town is located, we passed over a very rich tract of bottom-land. There were two shelves, the first a rich cane-brake, and the second covered with a vigorous growth of hackberry, oak, ebony, and peccan, all of good size. The limbs of the trees interlaced over the road, and it seemed as though we were passing through a beautiful avenue, the approach to some gentleman's country seat. The town of St. Hidalgo is a dilapidated-looking place, designed, apparently, to be built on a magnificent scale, but the intention was never realized. The Plaza is quite large, but the houses are few and far between, and crumbling away. The Cathedral, in its early days, must have presented quite a showy appearance, but now centuries seem to have rolled over its crumbling, moss-covered walls.

We again crossed the river, and encamped two miles from the town, having marched twenty miles over as dusty roads as could possibly be desired. The sunset was beautiful, and the mountains were higher at this point than at any other on our march; one peak seemed to tower a thousand feet above its neighbors. Passing along the road, we saw a Dutchman with a pipe in his mouth, sitting bolt upright, fast asleep. The men, as they passed, looked at him, uncertain of his state, when one exclaimed, "Look at that Dutchman asleep!" The voice woke him, and, without moving a muscle of his countenance, he puffed away with all the phlegmatic indifference of his race.

Colonel May, with his squadron, joined us this evening. He reached Labadores through a difficult mountain pass, scarcely practicable for horses. The view from the heights is described as very beautiful and magnificent beyond description. He took the good people of Labadores by surprise, seized a large quantity of cigars, and distributed all he could not take with his party between the priest and alcalde. He returned by the way of the Linares pass. On leaving San Pedro, a small ranch upon the route, a stream takes its rise, which has washed out a deep ravine. Their route lay along the dry bed of this stream. They arrived at a point where the pass was so narrow they were forced to dismount and lead their horses through in single file. On one side the cliff rose perpendicularly to the height of six hundred feet; on the opposite side the slope was nearly as precipitous. Just as the squadron passed through the defile, and as the rear-guard was entering it, from the top of these immense heights a mine was sprung, which had the effect of hurling showers of stone into the pass. At the same time, they were fired upon from the opposite side. The *arrieros* deserted their mules in affright, and the rear-guard, consisting of eleven men, fled precipitately. The officer and sergeant of the guard, being in the advance, escaped. They were both arrested, and the matter will undergo an official investigation. Colonel May immediately dismounted twenty men, and returned with them; he went through the pass and a mile beyond, but could see nothing of his men nor the enemy. Some straggling shots were fired at him from the heights, and were returned, without effect on either side.

The party who attacked Colonel May is supposed to consist of some forty or fifty rancheros, who, stationing themselves upon the top of the cliff, could, in perfect security, hurl stones upon those passing. The arrieros joined Colonel May, so no suspicion can be attached to them. The loss to the squadron was eleven men, twelve horses, and all the baggage. An express was sent back to the alcalde of San Pedro, demanding the men. He replied he had nothing to do with the attack, regretted it (humbug!), and informed Colonel May the men had passed through the village. Some think they will make their way back; but I think they were so outrageously frightened, they gave themselves up to the first man they met, and are good for a journey to San Luis Potosi.

We have constantly heard the mountain passes were so intricate that they could be commanded by a few men rolling down rocks; we have *now* practical evidence of the fact. This gives some idea how difficult it will be for an army to march through these passes if they are defended by a few determined men. Had this party been bold, the whole squadron might have been cut off: they were perfectly helpless, hemmed in a narrow pass where their fire-arms were perfectly useless.

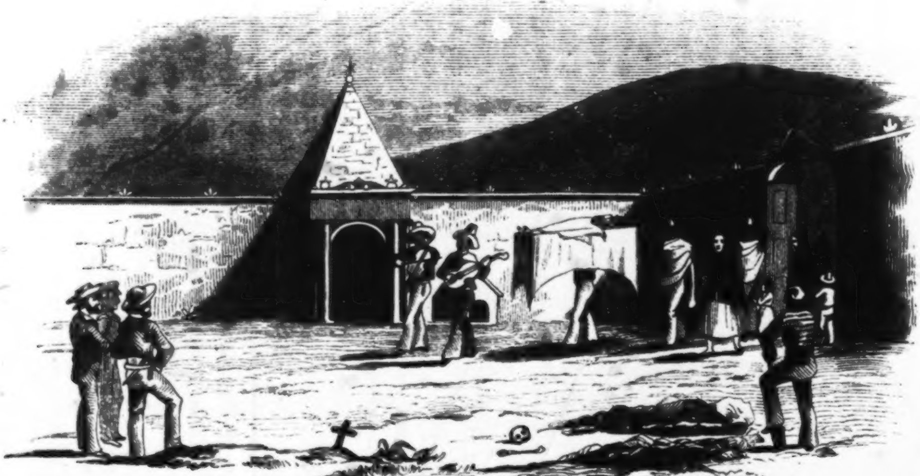
January 2d, 1847. In anticipation of a long day's march, reveille was beat at 3 A.M., and the column marched at 4 o'clock. It was quite cold. We reached the Rio Purificacion just after sunrise. It is a bold mountain torrent, dashing over rocks, the color of the water like that on soundings. It is the deepest and largest stream we have yet crossed, being above the saddle-skirts, and nearly a hundred yards broad. The water was very cold—so much so, we dreaded to go in. No little fun ensued; one man, in particular, created a great deal of mirth; he had taken off every thing but his shirt, and half way over fell full length into the torrent, creating a universal shout.

The face of the country has been more level than any we have passed over since leaving Montemorelos. It is quite rocky, and a great deal of conglomerate is visible. We had a very dusty and tiresome march of twenty-three miles, reaching the hacienda Engracia at 3 P.M. We encamped upon the opposite side of the stream. The estate is owned by Don Simon de Portes, a native of St. Domingo. He has a very comfortable residence, and a magnificent orangery, inclosed by a high stone wall. In his inclosure he cultivates nearly every tropical fruit: the banana, orange, lemon, sweet lemon, citron, &c. The *sweet* lemon was a curiosity, and by many is considered very delicious; but the oranges! one never tastes them—don't know what they are in the States; they are delicious, and we bought for a dime as many as we could eat. The estate, an extensive sugar plantation, is situated in a lovely valley within a few miles of the mountains, and is worked by peones, whose jacals were scattered around the mansion. Being asked his name, he presented us with a very neat card; that was a point beyond us; we were not quite so civilized as to carry with us, in this semi-barbarous land, so evident a mark of gentility.

January 3d. Started at daybreak, and marched twelve miles to Caballeros. The face of the country was less broken, chiefly well-wooded mesquite plains, and densely thick chaparral. The character of the soil in some places was much changed; a great deal of the red and chocolate-colored was visible. Crossed the San Pedro, a stream with very high banks; immense cypress-trees lined its banks, and grew in the bed of the stream. All these streams give evidence, from the breadth of their beds, of being tremendous torrents when swelled by heavy rains. On the south side was a small ranch, called San Pedro, where we halted for a few moments, and purchased and ate some delicious oranges. A large flock of parrots were in a neighboring field, entertaining us with their garrulous tongues. They invariably fly in pairs. The stream on which we encamped has a broad, rocky bed, and presents the singular phenomenon of sinking; a few yards above our camp it is running, and directly opposite it has disappeared. Streams with that singular characteristic are quite common in Florida. The proprietor of the plantation had quite an extensive grove of bananas.

January 4th. Off at day-dawn. The country more level; growth of mesquite and thick chaparral abundant. About half way to Victoria passed a ranch called the Mission. It is beautifully situated on a rocky ridge, commanding on every side an excellent, and extensive, and well-cultivated plantation. A stone wall, made real "Northern fashion," took my eye. The approach to Victoria was over an elevated plain, under rich cultivation, and in view of valleys on all sides teeming with sugar-cane and corn. I have never seen a richer agricultural prospect. At the foot of the Sierra was a sweet little valley, cultivated to its base. We passed directly through the town, and encamped two miles east of it. Our flag was waving in the Plaza, and the streets were lined with volunteers, some of whom were amusing themselves by feeding a huge monkey, perched upon a garden wall. General Patterson, with his command, arrived a few moments after us; they suffered very much for the want of water.

January 5th. Rode to the city. On the outskirts of the town, half a mile from the Plaza, we passed their cemetery. It has decidedly some claims to architectural merits. It is surrounded by a wall, the base of which is stone and the upper part brick, with brick pilasters at equal distances throughout its extent; the entrance, very neatly ornamented, faces the town. Quite a large monument is erected to some one, I presume, of more than ordinary distinction; its base is quadrangular, and top pyramidal. The base is hollow and neatly finished; on a shelf, presumed to be the tomb, are four candlesticks, with candles; and from the top are suspended two lamps. The entrance to it was through a very neat wrought-iron gate. Some of our poor fellows, who are "food for powder," could not help expressing their wish, if they were killed, to be buried there; so natural is it to desire some sweet, retired spot, free from the noise and confusion of the world, in which to have our remains deposited, and where the ashes of he or she, who has been associated with us in indissoluble ties of friendship, may, when the immortal spirit has fled, find a secure resting-place. The better-built portion of the city is confined to the Plaza; the outskirts consist of the common "jacal."



LIEUT. A. SULLY. U.S.A.

A Mexican Funeral.

The Plaza is a large one, and the Cathedral one of the most indifferent I have seen.

Victoria is the capital of Tamaulipas, and contains about one thousand three hundred inhabitants. It is a place of very little importance. The inhabitants have evinced toward us a more friendly disposition than those of any other city: many of the genteel families remained. General Quitman went through quite a ceremony in taking possession of this place. The troops were formed upon the sides of the Plaza; he and his staff, and the commanding officers of regiments, were ordered to the front, and, as the star-spangled banner was run up, arms were presented. A captain of one of the companies of the cavalry, which retired before the advance of General Quitman, was Augustine Iturbide, a son of the late emperor. Several of our officers were his schoolmates in the United States. His father was shot, upon his return from banishment, near this place.

January 6th. Undoubted intelligence has been received that a large force of the enemy, under Generals Valencia and Urea, is stationed at Tula. It is estimated at five thousand. Tula is one hundred and fifty miles from Victoria. One of the passes have been surveyed by Lieutenant Meade, who reports it impracticable for artillery. The general is anxiously awaiting letters from General Scott, in order to regulate his future movements. It is thought he must be at Tampico, and an express is to leave for that place to-morrow, to communicate with him.

January 7th. Last night was one of the most uncomfortable I ever spent. Shortly after tattoo, from being sultry hot, the wind shifted to the north, and before morning one would have supposed it blew directly from an iceberg. The *holding-ground* was bad, and before morning nearly every tent was prostrated. A certain lieutenant's went at the first blast. "The lieutenant's tent's down; fetch some men to put it up." "Never mind the tent, sergeant; I'll stick it out until morning under my blanket." And, sure enough, there he laid, like a true philosopher, regardless of the blast. There were many more of the same class, with, probably, a little more endurance; for many of the tents fell directly on the inmates, who never moved a peg, thankful for a little more covering. For my part, I was just getting warm, and felt a good deal like the British officer who had retired upon half pay. He made it a rule, during his retirement, that his servant should wake him at the usual hour for reveille, that he might have the pleasure of turning over in his comfortable bed, and exclaim, with great emphasis, "*D—n reveille!*" and then enjoy the luxury of a morning nap, with the consciousness he was no longer the servant of the fife and drum. I say I had the feeling; but the latter instrument soon dispelled so consoling a delusion.

The mail arrived from Monterey, but no news from General Scott. That indefatigable government agent, Colonel H. L. Kinney, left with dispatches for General Scott, presumed to be at Tampico. His expedition is hazardous, but if any one can insure its success, he is the man. We are losing precious moments. The winter season, the best for field operations, is rapidly passing, and we are not one particle nearer the settlement of our difficulties than we were after the fall of Monterey. It is reported that the Mexicans entertain great hopes that our operations will be crippled by the discharge of the twelve-months' volunteers. That time is rapidly advancing, and, unless forced to sue for peace in the mean time, they will hang on, hoping to find, by the loss of so large a portion of our force, matters will take a turn in their favor. To be sure, nine regiments have been called out to take their place, but *time* will be occupied in their transportation, and after their arrival they are to be disciplined. Any one who reflects for a moment must be convinced that such a course is not only perfectly natural, but dictated by a state of things that never should have existed. The bad policy of having so great a disproportion of volunteers can not but be felt in a *war of invasion.* If the war is to be prosecuted with *vigor*, a much larger *regular* force must be raised. No column should advance into the interior composed of less than *one half regulars.*

We are now preparing to enter a densely-populated country, and must *go strong-handed.* This is not said in disparagement of the volunteers. Their individual gallantry and courage, and sacrifice of home and all its comforts, are appreciated. The only difference between them and the regulars is *discipline:* it makes the coward a good soldier; for, after all, we are mere machines, guided and directed by some one head. A considerable body of troops is reported to be at Hamarve, a small town forty-five miles from here, on the road to Tula. An expedition to dislodge them was talked of, but every thing is to remain quiet for the action of General Scott. Santa Anna, defending himself for the abandonment of Tampico, says the place must have fallen, and that Tula is a much better point to make a stand against an advance. I can not see the strength of his reasoning. One thing is very certain, he abandoned a very important sea-port, which will be of inestimable value to us, giving us a new base from which, in certain emergencies, to draw our supplies, from which the navy can obtain water, and where a depôt of coal can be established for our steam-vessels: at the same time, it perfects the conquest of the state of Tamaulipas.

At this point our gallant and veteran general sees himself the victor, with inadequate means, of three hard-fought battles, and a successful conqueror of a large portion of the enemy's country. He will be relieved of the command of the army in the zenith of his glory, having driven the enemy beyond the Sierra Madre, completely surrounded them on their eastern borders, and in active preparation for advancing and rendering still more circumscribed their limits.

CHAPTER XIX.

JANUARY 8th. We have nothing new on this the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. Last night was very cold, accompanied by frost. I have often noticed in the different towns braids of the palm leaf attached to the gratings of the windows. My curiosity was excited, and, until to-day, never gratified. It appears these plaits of palm are consecrated by the priests and sold to the people, who attach them to some part of their dwelling, believing them to be a specific against all harm. When a storm rages, they break off a small piece of the plait and burn it, believing it will appease old Boreas. They attribute to it as much virtue as the Indian does to the "powwow" of his chief. The priests make quite a speculation by their sale. Some time since, at Mier, the priests consecrated a large quantity of new ones at Christmas, and wished the people to buy them; those whose consecrated palms were supposed to have lost none of their virtue refused to buy, thereby causing quite a row with their priests: it ended, however, as usual, in favor of the Church.

January 9th. Had the pleasure of reading some late files of Mexican papers. Their tone, as regards the war, is quite desponding: they talk no longer of driving us barbarians beyond the Sabine; their cry now is for men, money, and supplies, to *prevent our further advance.* Many think, from the different articles upon the subject, peace is at hand. It is fair to presume it *should* be; but *should* be and *will* be are different things. The impression of some respectable Mexicans at this place is, that there is no chance of peace without another battle; that they must be whipped—whipped soundly—*sacrificed in numbers*, and then they will treat. They say truly that we have not yet seen Mexico—have not touched upon the populous parts—nor associated with *the* people. The latter do not believe they *ever have been beaten;* their pride makes them think it is utterly impossible to vanquish their army—their great and mighty Mexican army! To be conquered by so diminutive a force! never! They therefore eagerly swallow the lies disseminated by their officers; that Arista sold them on the 8th and 9th of May! and that Ampudia's cowardice caused the surrender of Monterey! No! they will *not* believe it until a battle is fought in which their loss will be very great. One gentleman remarked, "I hope you will whip them: if you would exterminate our army, it would be the greatest blessing to our country, for it is our *greatest curse.*" Never were truer words spoken. A colonel of the Mexican army is now placed in disgrace by Santa Anna for openly expressing, as his opinion, that *we* were superior to *them* in artillery; that our *soldiers* were better; and that it was hopeless for *them* to contend *with us*. I agree with the worthy colonel, and think *he* may be put down as one of the *few* from whose eyes the scales have fallen. The general has decided upon marching to Tampico: he must move from here, for we have consumed nearly all the grain the country can supply.

January 10th. Again very cold. Killed some of the "Paysan Mexicanus," a bird the natives call "Chicalacha," from the sound of its note. It made capital eating. The weather has been so cold, the small fish in the creeks were benumbed: one of my men killed *twenty-one* at a shot! Nothing of any interest occurred on the 11th.

January 12th. The order for our march to Tampico was issued. The 1st Division marches on the 14th, and the volunteer brigades follow with a day's intermission. The general directed me to be put in charge of the pioneers. My command consisted of one company of the 3d, one of the 7th, and the company of sappers and miners, under Lieutenant G. W. Smith.

January 13th. Marched at 7 A.M. with the pioneers. To save a few miles, a middle route was selected—one that was seldom traveled by *any thing* but mules. The old proverb, "the longest way round is the shortest way home," was fully realized. We had a hard day's work of it, and were forced to bridge two bog holes, to say nothing of cutting down banks. Those who recollect the crooked, thorny nature of the timber of this country—so crooked that a man has to hold one end to make the other lie still—can form some idea of our trouble. The sappers and miners, under the direction of that excellent and promising young officer, Lieutenant Smith, of the Engineers, showed they were equally capable of bridge-building as of the higher class of operations usually intrusted to them. It is nothing to make a bridge that will pass fifty or sixty wagons, but when it comes to two or three hundred, it is another affair. By the time we reached a small ranch, Santa Rosa, a distance of ten miles, we were all willing to encamp.

Our course has been southeast; the Sierra much closer to us; the mountains not so lofty, and the scenery monotonous in the extreme. Our route, with the exception of about a mile of rich bottom-land, has been over arid mesquite plains. The water, too, has lost its purity: we are bidding farewell to mountain torrents, and gradually approaching the land of lagunes.

January 14th. We have been completely imposed upon in the selection of this route. It is really nothing more nor less than a *mule track*, and that of the most infamous kind. Streams to be bridged, with no means at hand; the face of the country is very stony, and filled with gullies, which must be cut down. We failed in reaching the spot laid down for our second night's camp, by six miles. Fortunately, at the last place we constructed a bridge, there was a small stream of water, which, by building a dam, afforded us a supply. Shortly after dark it failed. Some rascally Mexican in the rear had cut the water off, hoping to annoy us. He succeeded to a charm.

The person who recommended this route had certainly an eye to the "internal improvements" of the state of Tamaulipas. The pioneers should institute a suit of damages against him. We were quite a disgusted set of *worked-out* individuals. Our greatest annoyance was the crossing of small streams with soft bottoms. They must be bridged, and timber was so scarce that it was really a work of no little labor. Our expression of countenance, when "soft bottom" was announced, would have been a fit subject for ineffable disgust. We were repaid for some of the annoyances of the day by witnessing one of the most magnificently deceptive sights I have ever beheld. Just as day dawned, there appeared in the east a lofty range of blue mountains, from whose conical summits, at various distances, appeared to be evolved immense columns of smoke—a perfect amphitheater of active volcanoes. The delusion was perfect—so much so, an officer exclaimed, "What a lofty range of mountains!" It was nothing but an immense bank of clouds, which assumed these fantastic shapes, which the sun, in rising, soon dissipated, leaving in their stead some of a most delicate mulberry color. The sun seemed to rise directly under this apparent mountain. An Irishman exclaimed, "Be Jabers, boys, we're surely in a new counthry; there's the sun rising under the mountains. Och! but it's a quare sight."

January 15th. Our road was still worse to El Pasta, the cutting quite heavy, and the arroyos very deep; the soil miserable and rocky. From the tops of the hills *the eye* rested upon fair and beautiful prospects; but when it came to examine the mesquite thickets, it made one dread to reach them. The command worked like "good men and true," but the army overtook us within two miles of El Pasta, at which point we encamped. After an hour's rest, we again started to work on the road until sunset. Lieutenant Smith and myself, for our satisfaction (the reports of the state of the road being so contradictory), determined to ride some ten miles in advance to examine it. We found it much better than any we had yet passed over—less cutting—some heavy digging, and lots of stone to remove. The stones are singularly confined to small spaces, and there they are piled up as if they were purposely thrown there. They are impregnated with the oxide of iron, and are evidently of volcanic formation. Our road has been over immense hills and through extensive valleys, almost a dead level, cut up with arroyos (the word is here applied to deep gullies) now dry, upon the sides of which there are deposits of salt. There is a striking similarity between the prominent features of the different hills. We cut fou miles in advance, and returned to camp.

General Twiggs brought with him General Taylor's order relinquishing the command of this part of *his old army*. On the eve of marching, General Taylor received instructions from General Scott to send his whole command, with the exception of the two batteries of Light Artillery and squadron of Dragoons, to Tampico, where he will meet them the latter part of this or the first of next month. General Taylor was ordered to return to Monterey and remain on the defensive. He left immediately, taking with him the 1st Mississippi regiment, in addition to the above-named forces. This order deprived him of nearly all his regulars, and destroyed all his hopes of advancing upon San Luis Potosi, leaving him with a force which may endanger *not only* the keeping open his long line of communication, but the *ability* to retain the country already conquered. He bade farewell to the veterans who had been so long under his eye in a feeling and complimentary order, expressing his regrets, and wishing us every distinction. Many a soldier's heart that had braved the battle's storm undaunted, *now* swelled with emotion; many an eye that had flashed fire o'er glistening bayonets, filled with tears when the order announcing our separation was read. It was as follows: "It is with deep sensibility that the commanding general finds himself separated from the troops he so long commanded. To those corps, regular and volunteer, who had shared with him the active services of the field, he feels the attachment due such associations; while to those making their first campaign, he must express his regret that he can not participate with them in its eventful scenes. To all, both officers and men, he extends his heartfelt wishes for their continued success and happiness, confident that their achievements on another theater will redound to the credit of their country and its arms." General Scott arrived at the Brasos, December 28th, 1846, and immediately assumed command of the army. Orders were dispatched to General Worth to move with all the regulars, excepting Washington's, Webster's, Sherman's, and Bragg's batteries, to Point Isabel. Although no announcement was made of our destiny, yet it is undoubtedly for Vera Cruz.

"Ah me! what various ills environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."

January 16th. Another very heavy day's work. Marched eleven miles, and encamped upon the Arroyo Alhagilla. The country passed over is good for nothing—the most utterly worthless section I have yet seen. The labor of the pioneers was hard and incessant, and they deserve praise for the cheerful manner in which they forced the work. We expected to march as far as Tula, but the guide, sent ahead, returned and reported that there was no water. We were all under the impression that we were approaching a ranch, and *some* had the impudence to think they might add a few eggs and chickens to their mess-chests, but it turned out to be nothing but a pond (in wet weather), deriving its name from the peculiar grass growing in it. Eggs and chickens were at a discount! Saw an entirely new species of tree, which is called La Palma. It reminded one still more forcibly he was in a tropical climate. Its trunk is about nine feet high, about six inches in diameter, from the top of which grow several smaller branches, from whose ends long leaves, in shape like the ribbon-grass, grew in tufts, descending like the feathers in a plume. The bark was perfectly smooth, of a grayish-white color. Lieutenant Sturges, who was tried for the loss of the rear-guard which was cut off from Colonel May's squadron, was acquitted.

January 17th. This has been to the pioneer party comparatively a day of rest. They had little or no work to do, for the first nine miles passing through a prairie, and then through quite open chaparral, part of the road well cut and very much traveled, so that we kept ahead of the command without difficulty. It was a pleasure to see the men strike out and enjoy their march, unmolested by the cutting of trees, building of bridges, or reduction of ditches.

W[illegible]ached a miserable ranch called Forlon by 10 o'cl[illegible] crossed the Rio Persas, and encamped upon its right bank, having marched ten miles. The river is a bold, running stream, with rocky bottom. The country passed over was literally good for nothing, being an extensive wilderness of chaparral and various species of cactus: the singular variety already described predominated. We are surrounded by a curious amphitheater of hills and mountains. Far off in the east is quite an extensive range of lofty mountains; one peak, in particular, has attracted our attention for the last ten days. Nearer, and surrounding us, are hills having fair pretensions to the title of mountains, astonishingly alike in their formation: their crests are almost right lines, and of the same height; their slopes are in the same direction, and at equal angles. Having no connection with any other range of mountains, and surrounded by plains, they appear to have been planted there purposely to excite the admiration and astonishment of the traveler. Our course now diverges from the Sierra, running more to the east. The sunset, with the distant peaks of the Sierra, covered with fleecy white clouds, enveloped in a peculiarly blue, smoky atmosphere, and one of those singular hills standing boldly in the foreground, formed a magnificent sight.

January 18th. Intending to march the distance as laid down for two days' march in one, reveille was ordered at a very early hour. The pioneers slipped off, without fife or drum, at 3 A.M.; by so doing we avoided waking up the camp, and stole a good march, which enabled us to keep ahead all day without being pushed. We reached the ranch Panocha, situated upon the left bank of the river upon which we encamped last night, quite early in the morning. It was laid down at *five leagues* distant, and certainly was not more than *seven miles*. Four miles from our last camp there was excellent camping-ground directly on the river. I mention these facts to show how annoying and provoking it is marching through a country where you are perfectly dependent upon ignorant guides, who appear to *exist on lies.* They asserted most positively, at Forlon, there was no water between it and Panocha, whereas there was plenty four miles off.

From an examination of Arista's map (which, by-the-by, has been more valuable to us than any thing captured from the enemy), and from the river turning so much to the west, I am induced to believe it either the Simon or Tamesis. The same river is called by as many names as there are ranches. It is a noble stream, of considerable depth, and filled with fine fish. A merchant, with an *atajo* of mules laden with merchandise, was at this miserable ranch, on his way to Victoria. He informed us that the Mexican Congress were unanimous for carrying on the war. Strange infatuation! Such being the case, we must really go to war in earnest. If the people, through their representatives, vote for the continuance of this struggle, we must make *them* feel it. In the end, it will be the most humane policy. They must be made to do so, or the war will never end. A protracted war will carry with it more evils, and a greater amount of suffering; while a fierce, and, if necessary, sanguinary struggle, though terrible for the time, must bring matters to a speedy settlement.

After crossing the river, the face of the country changed a great deal, particularly the growth of timber. The cabbage-tree (or palmetto) made its appearance in all its beauty, and the grazing was most luxuriant. Marching along, we were all struck with admiration at Mount Bernal, an immense mountain peak in the shape of a dome, which was seen in the southwest. It was truly grand. Rising to the height of three thousand feet in a plain, with nothing in the shape of elevation around it, its jagged peaks standing in bold relief, and vaporing clouds playing around its base and summit, caused every one to exclaim, "How strikingly beautiful and magnificent!" It is put down on Arista's map with smoke issuing from its apex, and is said to be an active volcano. It is directly opposite the Santa Barbara Pass, on the route to San Luis Potosi. It was through this pass the troops from Tampico retired. Mount Bernal is the first land seen by mariners in approaching Tampico.

We reached El Petril by 11 A.M., having marched sixteen miles. It is a small ranch, situated upon a creek of the same name. It consists of one dilapidated stone building, the mansion of the proprietor, surrounded by the jacals of his peones. *All* the estates in this vicinity are stock farms: little attention is paid to cultivation. In the door of the mansion were standing three striking-looking females, whose appearance induced me to ride from the road to give them a nearer inspection. It was a mother and her two daughters, decidedly the most genteel women I have seen in Mexico. Death had deprived them of a husband and father, whose body had left the house for burial at Alamitas just before we arrived. Sadness and gloom were in the mansion, and the tear of sorrow was trickling down the face of the younger girl. I could not but feel for them; they looked as if they were *alone* in this vast wilderness.

A mail arrived, and we received information of the extensive preparations on foot for the bombardment of Vera Cruz. A company of rocketeers is formed, and will repair immediately to the scene of operations, under the command of Lieutenant Talcott; Captain Huger coming out as the chief of ordnance.

January 19th. Off at early dawn; country slightly rolling; road quite stony, though good; grazing capital; no palmetto, but its place supplied by a species of the acacia, and some large trees resembling the live-oak. The chain of mountains in the east becomes more apparent. For several days we have been passing through the valley lying between them and the Sierra Madre. Saw several large droves of ponies, the property of the proprietor of Alamitas.

We reached Alamitas at noon, after a march of twelve miles; it is quite an extensive hacienda, the property of Mr. Cintara, nephew of the gentleman who died at El Petril. He was educated in Louisiana. The hacienda is situated upon quite a high bluff: the principal buildings are the mansion of the proprietor, a long stone building on the east of a small Plaza, and directly opposite a very neat little chapel, the front ornamented with Roman-Doric columns. Both buildings were white-washed, which gave them an air of refinement. Around him, on all sides, were the jacals of the peones, corresponding to the quarters of our slaves; but oh, how different in point of real comfort! The slave is a happy being compared with the peone.

January 20th. Started before day; this early movement, occasionally getting your face scratched by a projecting limb, is any thing but pleasant. We went along famously; found the road capital. For the first five miles we passed through chaparral, and then we struck the prairies, and have continued in them all day. They extend within a short distance of the coast. Passed through quite a large ranch called Los Tinos, a smaller one called Tierras Blancas, and arrived at Chicoi, a small ranch, at 3 P.M., having marched twenty-three miles. The prairies passed were quite undulating, and, in their green liveries, must be very beautiful.

During our march we met a merchant just from Tampico, on his way to Victoria, with goods for our army. His disappointment was very great to find we had left. For the few last days we have seen a bush with most singular thorns; they are quite large, and in the shape of ox horns, and grow from the root of the tree to the end of the branches. Ants make nests in them by eating through one of the ends; breaking them open, we found them full of these little insects.

January 21st. Off before day. The morning was cold and cheerless, and the heavens threatened rain: dark as it was, we managed to poke along. Our road for the first seven miles ran through a prairie; we then entered upon a low bottom, evidently subject to overflow, of a rich, black soil, which had been traveled while muddy and dried in lumps; it was very rough for both men and wagons. We have been unusually favored in all our marches, especially in this; had it rained, we could never have passed through the country.

We reached a ranch called Los Estaros at 10 A.M., having marched twelve miles. It is situated in an extensive flat of land, upon a very large lagune, which empties into the Rio Tamesis, and which often overflows its banks to the depth of four or five feet. It is a dismal-looking place, and inhabited by men who have the most thoroughly cut-throat, "your-money-or-your-life" expression of countenance I have ever beheld. The only consolation we have for stopping at such a place is this: we are informed that, on reaching Altimira, we can procure oysters! "Waiter! a dozen, fried."

January 22d. Started some time before the dawn of day. Our progress, until it was light, was truly laughable. It was so dark we could not see the road.

We knew, from an examination last night, that there were deep ditches in various places, a fall into which might have occasioned no little injury; aware of this, there was a good deal of *feeling* to find where we were. "Where are you going?" "Why, I'm right." "No, you are not; you are *taking up* the bed of a dry stream." By the time the caution was given, the advance was in a ditch or a tree top. The cry then was, "Where's the trail?" for that was all we had to guide us. Trail found; again we moved on until some one pitched into a ditch, and set us all groping for the path. We had two camp women along, who were on horseback; and the poor creatures, from the tumbles they received, to say nothing about their scratched faces from projecting limbs, must have been thankful when day dawned. The road was of the very worst description, being traversed at brief intervals by the deepest gullies we have met. The labor was constant and fatiguing. The column passed early, and left us in the rear for the balance of the day.

We reached Altimira at 3 P.M., having marched fourteen miles. It is a very old and insignificant-looking place, situated upon a rise of ground near the edge of an extensive fresh-water lagune, which communicates with the Rio Tamesis. It is eighteen miles from Tampico. The distant roaring of the breakers was distinctly heard. Our anticipations with regard to oysters were not realized—not even a shell was visible. Some officers came out from Tampico to meet us, and gave bewitching descriptions of the place. We found some *Irish potatoes* at Altimira. One who is in the daily use of them can hardly conceive of the joy which the greeting of the good old standard vegetable produces after being without them for some time.

January 23d. The division arrived within three miles of Tampico at 12 M., and encamped in the vicinity of a large lagune. We marched fifteen miles; the road nearly the whole distance was through dense woods, chiefly of live-oak; the undergrowth of impenetrable chaparral, and the soil quite sandy. As we approached Tampico, the country became hilly and the soil quite rich. To avoid a hill, a road was cut through a wilderness of lime and lemon trees growing wild. The command picked a great quantity of them. General Patterson passed us this morning, and repaired immediately to the city: a salute announced his arrival. Our march, though fatiguing, and at times harassing, has been attended by few drawbacks; we have been blessed with fine weather and health, have passed through a new and interesting country. What more could we desire?

CHAPTER XX.

General Taylor, with the 1st Mississippi regiment, under the command of Colonel Davis, Colonel May's squadron of Dragoons, and two batteries under Bragg and Thomas, arrived at Monterey, on his return from Victoria, toward the latter part of January, 1847, and re-occupied his old camp at the Walnut Springs. General Wool had established a camp at the rancho called Buena Vista, five miles to the south of Saltillo. His rapid march from Parras, to re-enforce General Worth, reflected great credit upon his command. The superior state of discipline to which he had brought his column, by his untiring energy and perseverance, his rigid enforcement of orders, was not only soon to be displayed upon the battle-field, but had already gained for them the respect of the citizens of the different towns at which they were stationed. On leaving Parras, some of the ladies of the city besought the privilege of nursing his sick, and, to their honor be it recorded, watched by the sick-bed of an American soldier, and cast around him those comforts and conveniences which none but the gentle spirit of woman know how to bestow. General Taylor, though advised by General Scott to abandon Saltillo, with a prudent foresight determined to hold *it* and the strong passes in advance, and pushed forward all his available forces to those points.

On the 22d of January, at the Hacienda Encarnacion, sixty miles from Saltillo, two scouting parties, under the command of Majors Borland and Gaines, the former of the Arkansas, the latter of Kentucky cavalry, were surrounded and captured by General Miñon, with a command of three thousand Mexican cavalry. Their capture was the result of gross carelessness, and reflects little credit upon the vigilance of the officers. The command consisted of six officers and sixty-four men: they were immediately marched off for the city of Mexico. On their way, Captain Henrie, a Texas volunteer, made his escape, and, after an endurance of privations hardly credible, succeeded in reaching our forces in the vicinity of Saltillo. Another disgraceful and mortifying capture, the result of want of vigilance, occurred on the 27th of January—that of Captain Heady, with seventeen men, Kentucky volunteers, who, being on a scout, were captured by a party of rancheros without the least resistance. About this time was perpetrated a fiendish act of atrocity, which one must blush to record. A private of the Arkansas cavalry was found near the pickets, murdered, having previously been lassoed. A party of that regiment, who should blush to own themselves men, armed themselves and repaired to a neighboring ranch, and, in cold blood, murdered several inoffensive peasants, in revenge for their lost comrade.

The capture of the different parties, and the rumors and reports which reached Saltillo of the advance of Santa Anna with an overwhelming force, induced General Taylor to change his headquarters. Bringing forward with him the command with which he marched from Victoria, he arrived at, and established his headquarters at Agua Nueva, eighteen miles south of Saltillo, on the 5th of February. By the 8th the whole army, with the exception of Major Warren's command, for the protection of Saltillo, was concentrated at that point. It was composed of two companies of the 1st Dragoons, under Captain Steen; two companies of the 2d Dragoons, under Brevet Lieutenant-colonel May; Bragg's and Sherman's batteries, 3d Artillery; Washington's battery, 4th Artillery; one regiment Arkansas cavalry, under Colonel Yell; one regiment of Kentucky cavalry, under Colonel Marshall; 2d Kentucky foot, under Colonel M'Kee; 1st Regiment Mississippi Rifles, under Colonel Davis; 2d Indiana, under Colonel Bowles; 3d Indiana, under Colonel Lane; 1st Illinois, under Colonel Hardin; 2d Illinois, under Colonel Bissell; and two companies of Texas Volunteers, one commanded by Captain Conner, the other a spy company, commanded by the celebrated Captain (now Major) M'Cullough, in all amounting to three hundred and thirty-four officers, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-five men.

Of this number *four hundred and fifty-three* men composed the entire regular force.

General Taylor minutely examined the country, with a view to selecting a position for the anticipated conflict. The camp at Agua Nueva was found to be untenable by so small a force, being easily turned on either flank. A pass two miles in advance of Buena Vista, critically examined by General Wool prior to the arrival of General Taylor, was selected. In the choice of his position, General Taylor exhibited the same comprehensive sagacity and military *coup d'œil* which has characterized him in the several battles of his brilliant campaigns. The valley, at the point selected, was about three miles broad, the surface very irregular, dotted with hills and ravines, cut up with deep arroyos, and bounded by lofty mountains. The main road ran along the course of an arroyo, the bed of which was so deep as to form an impassable barrier. On the right of the road impassable gullies extended to the mountains, and on the left commenced steep ascents to the tops of the spurs of the mountains, which united and formed an extensive plain for a battle-ground. Nothing could have been more judicious than this selection.

Information which reached General Taylor regarding the concentration of a large force of the enemy in his front, induced him to send out reconnoitering parties several miles in advance. Major M'Cullough had reported to the general a large force of cavalry at Encarnacion, on the route to San Luis Potosi. On the 20th of February a strong reconnoitering party, under Colonel May, was dispatched to the Hacienda Hendiondo, and Major M'Cullough made another examination of Encarnacion. The result of these examinations rendered it certain that the enemy under General Santa Anna were in great force, and meditated an attack.

General Taylor broke up his camp on the morning of the 21st, and took position at the pass above described. Colonel Yell was left, with a command of cavalry, to cover the removal of the stores. This command was driven in by the advance of the enemy, after they had removed nearly all the stores, and set fire to the remainder. General Taylor, with a small force, proceeded to Saltillo to make arrangements for the defense of the place, leaving General Wool in command of the army. Dispositions were immediately made to receive Santa Anna. Captain Washington's battery was posted to command the road. The 1st and 2d Illinois regiments (each eight companies strong, to the latter being attached Captain Conner's company of Texas Volunteers), and the 2d Kentucky regiment, occupied crests of ridges to the left and in rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry occupied the extreme left, near the base of the mountain. The Indiana brigade, under General Lane, the Mississippi Riflemen, the two squadrons of Dragoons, and the light batteries of Sherman and Bragg, were held in reserve.

Before General Taylor had completed his arrangements for the defense of the city, on the morning of the 22d he received information of the advance of the enemy, and immediately repaired to camp. Clouds of dust announced the approach of the foe, who arrived in position between 10 and 11 A.M., with immense masses, sufficiently strong to have brought on an immediate engagement. All silently but firmly awaited the attack, when, true characteristic of the Mexican, a white flag made its appearance, and with it Surgeon-general Lindenberger, bearing the following communication from Santa Anna:

"You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and can not, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but, as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives in your camp.

"With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration.

"God and Liberty. Camp at Encantada, February 22d, 1847.

"ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

"To Gen. Z. Taylor, comm'g the forces of the United States."

To which, without the necessity of *one hour's consideration*, our brave general made the following brief but characteristic reply:

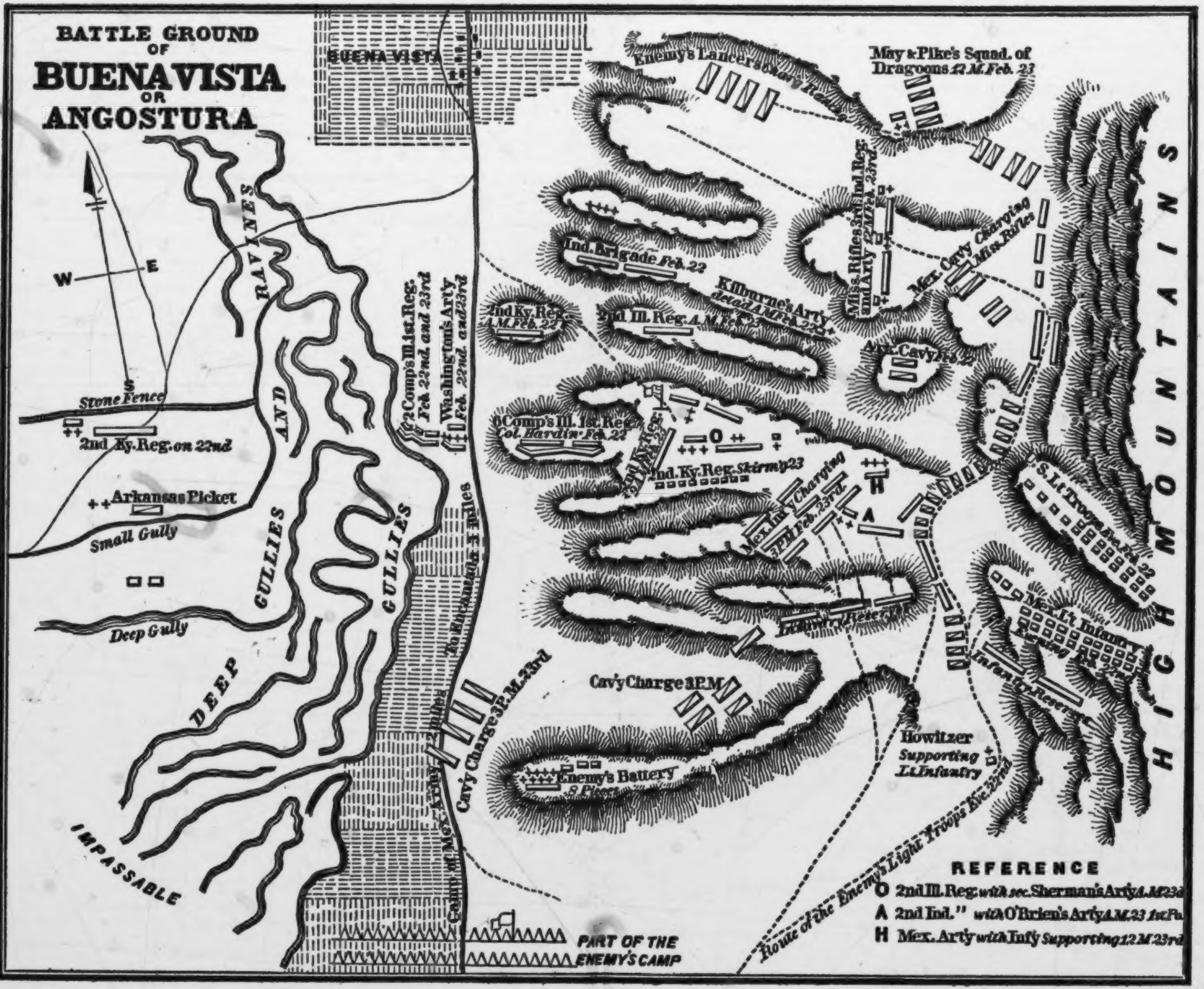
"Headquarters, Army of Occupation,
Near Buena Vista, Feb. 22, 1847.

"*Sir*,—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my force at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request. With high respect, I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR,
"Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, commanding.

"Señor Gen. D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna,
Commander-in-chief, La Encantada."

Hours rolled by, and no attack was made. The



BATTLE GROUND OF BUENAVISTA OR ANGOSTURA

BUENA VISTA
W
E
S
RAVINES
AND
GULLIES
DEEP
GULLIES
IMPASSABLE
Stone Fence
2nd Ky. Reg. on 22nd
Arkansas Picket
Small Gully
Deep Gully
2 Comp's Ill. 1st. Reg. Feb. 22nd. and 23rd
Washington's Arty Feb. 22nd. and 23rd
To Encarnacion 3 miles
Cou'se of Mex. Army 12 miles
Cav'y Charge 3 P.M. 23rd
Enemy's Lancers Charg Rancho
May & Pike's Squad. of Dragoons 12 M. Feb. 23
Ind. Brigade Feb. 22
Kilburne's Arty detac'd A.M. Feb. 22
2nd Ky. Reg. A.M. Feb. 22
2nd Ill. Reg. A.M. Feb. 23
Miss. Rifles 3rd Ind. Reg. and Arty 12 M. Feb. 23rd
Mex. Cav'y Charging Miss. Rifles
Ark. Cav'y Feb. 22
6 Comp's Ill. 1st. Reg. Col. Hardin Feb. 22
3rd Ky. Reg. 3 P.M. Feb. 23
O
2nd. Ky. Reg. Skirm'g 23
Mex. Inf'y Charging 3 P.M. Feb. 23rd.
H
A
S. Lt Troops Eve. Feb. 22
Mex. Lt. Infantry Evening Feb. 22
Infantry Reserve
Cav'y Charge 3 P.M.
Enemy's Battery 8 Pieces
Howitzer Supporting Lt. Infantry
Route of the Enemy's Light Troops Eve. 22nd
HIGH MOUNTAINS
PART OF THE ENEMY'S CAMP
REFERENCE
O 2nd Ill. Reg. with sec. Sherman's Arty A.M. 23d
A 2nd Ind." with O'Brien's Arty A.M. 23 1st Po
H Mex. Arty with Infy Supporting 12 M. 23rd

rear columns of the enemy could be distinctly seen coming up. A demonstration on our right caused a section of Bragg's battery, supported by the 2d Kentucky foot, to be detached to that point where they bivouacked for the night. Toward evening the light troops of the enemy engaged ours on the left, composed of detachments of Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, dismounted, and a rifle battalion of the Indiana Brigade, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line with no effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was continued until after dark, with trifling loss on our part. Three pieces of Washington's battery, under Captain O'Brien (with whom served Lieutenant Bryan, of the Topographical Corps, supported by the 2d Indiana Regiment), were detached to our left. In this position the troops bivouacked without fires, resting on their arms.

General Taylor, with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of 2d Dragoons, repaired to Saltillo. During the day, a large body of cavalry, some fifteen hundred strong, under the command of General Miñon, had thrown themselves into the valley by a pass through the mountains, and were visible in the rear of the city. In anticipation of victory, this strong force was thus posted to cut off and harass our retreat. The city was occupied by four companies of Illinois Volunteers, under Major Warren of the 1st Regiment; a field-work, commanding the approaches, was garrisoned by Captain Webster's company, with two twenty-four-pound howitzers. The train was defended by two companies of Mississippi Rifles, under Captain Rodgers, with one field-piece, under Captain Shover.

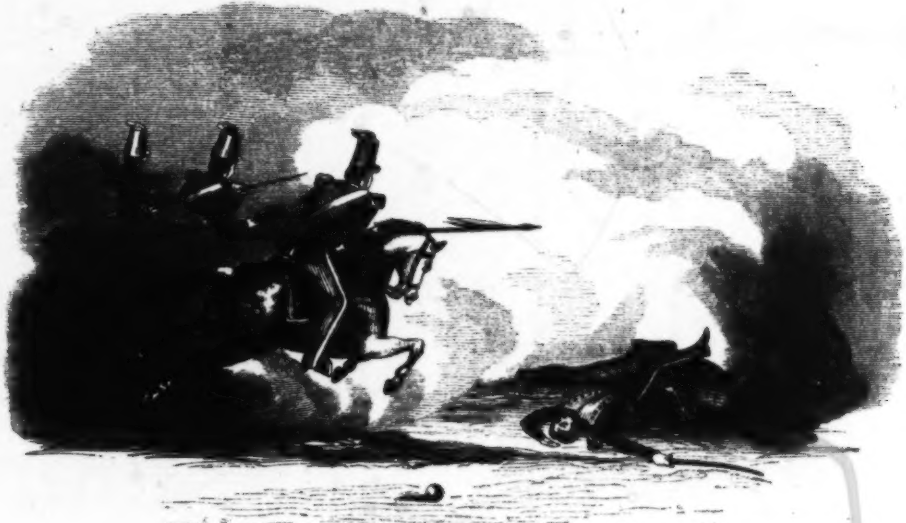
During the night of the 22d the enemy threw a large body of light troops on the mountain side, for the purpose of outflanking our left. At this point the action was renewed early on the morning of the 23d. Our riflemen, under Colonel Marshall, re-enforced by three companies of Illinois Volunteers, under Major Trail, handsomely maintained their position, and used their rifles with great effect. About 8 o'clock a heavy column moved up the road and threatened our center, but were driven back by the fire of Washington's battery. All attempts upon our right, from the nature of the ground, would have been time and labor thrown away. Santa Anna saw this, and determined, if possible, to gain and outflank our left, stationed on an extensive plain. For this purpose, large masses of both infantry and cavalry were collected in the ravines, under cover of the ridges. The 2d Indiana and 2d Illinois regiments formed the left of our line, the former supporting O'Brien's three pieces. Brigadier-general Lane had the immediate command at this point. To bring the artillery into more effective range, O'Brien was ordered to advance. His pieces were served with terrible effect against an overwhelming mass of the enemy. The firing at this point was very severe. The Mexican artillery poured in its grape and canister, to cover the advance of their forces. The 2d Indiana regiment broke in confusion, unable to withstand the galling fire, and left the artillery unprotected. Captain O'Brien, thus deserted, was forced to retire, leaving one of his pieces, at which every man and horse was either killed or wounded. All efforts to rally the flying regiment failed; a few, by the gallantry of Major Dix, Paymaster U. S. Army, were brought back, and with their colonel (Bowles), attached themselves to the

Mississippi regiment, and did good service the remainder of the day.

The left of our line giving way, afforded the enemy an immense advantage, who, pushing forward their masses, forced our light troops on the mountain side to retire. Many of the latter were not rallied until they reached the depôt at Buena Vista, where they afterward assisted in the defense of the train. The 2d Illinois regiment, to which had been attached a section of Sherman's battery, were driven before the advancing columns. The enemy continued pouring in their masses of infantry and cavalry; the base of the mountain seemed covered with men, and their bright arms glistened in the sun. Our rear was in danger; the tide of battle was decidedly against us; the fortunes of the day seemed cast upon a die, when, at this critical juncture, General Taylor arrived upon the field, and occupied a commanding position on the elevated plateau. *His presence restored confidence.* The Mississippi regiment, under the gallant Davis, was ordered to the left, and immediately engaged the masses which had turned our flank. They nobly sustained a fearful struggle against overwhelming odds, and added fresh laurels to those already gained. The 2d Kentucky, under Colonel M'Kee, with a section of artillery, under Captain Bragg, had been previously ordered to the support of our left. This command, with a portion of the 1st Illinois, under Colonel Hardin, were soon fiercely engaged in the fight, and partially recovered the lost ground. The batteries of Sherman and Bragg, stationed on the plateau, played with dreadful effect upon the advancing masses, and especially upon those who had gained our rear. The Mississippi regiment, fighting manfully, and sustaining, without flinching, more than their share of the fight, were re-enforced by the 3d Indiana, under Colonel Lane, and a piece of artillery under Lieutenant Kilburn. The struggle at this point was dreadful; repeated efforts were made, both by the cavalry and infantry, to force our line, but were signally repulsed with great loss. Our sheet anchor, the artillery, literally *mowed* down their masses; the precision and rapidity of their fire was the admiration of all.

The squadrons of regular cavalry, and Captain Pike's, of the Arkansas cavalry, were under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-colonel May. He was ordered to hold in check the masses which had gained our rear, in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The enemy still, with the greatest pertinacity, continued the attack upon our left. Different sections and pieces, under Sherman, Bragg, O'Brien, Thomas, Reynolds, Kilburn, French, and Bryan, were extended along the front, and belched forth their incessant fire. The iron hail, directed with the greatest judgment and coolness, rent their ranks, staggered their masses, and the cannon's roar drowned the horrid yell of battle, and the shrieks of expiring hundreds. Short-lived was the enemy's shout of triumph at their temporary success; under our galling fire they gave way. Lieutenant Rucker, with his squadron of 1st Dragoons, was ordered to dash in among them; this he did in handsome style.

A large body of cavalry, who had gained our rear, threatened an attack upon our train at Buena Vista. Colonel May, with his command, with two pieces under Lieutenant Reynolds, was dispatched to strengthen that point. Before his arrival, the enemy had been gallantly met and repulsed by the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry. They broke into two columns; one, sweep-



Charge at Buena Vista.

6

ing by the ranch, received an effective fire from the fugitive forces, composed in part of Major Trail's and Gorman's command, who had been re-organized by the advice and exertions of Major Munroe, of the artillery; the other, gaining the base of the mountain, received a terrific fire from the pieces under Lieutenant Reynolds.

In the charge at Buena Vista, the gallant Colonel Yell fell, at the head of his regiment; and Adjutant Vaughn, of the Kentucky cavalry, yielded up his life like a true soldier. Colonel May, with his command, and portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops, kept in check the right of the enemy. Their masses, crowded into ravines, were played upon incessantly by our artillery; the havoc was dreadful. The position of that portion of the enemy who had gained our rear was extremely critical, and their capture appeared certain. Santa Anna saw the crisis, and, by conduct unbecoming a true soldier, which only tended to increase the dishonor and baseness of a character already conspicuous for both in history, dispatched a white flag to General Taylor, asking him "what he wanted." General Taylor immediately dispatched General Wool with a white flag to answer it, and ordered our firing to cease. The interview could not be effected, as the Mexicans continued to fire, thus adding unparalleled treachery to the other acts of barbarity for which they are celebrated. Santa Anna's object was effected; the greater portion of his cavalry regained their lines. This could have been prevented by a breach of the sanctity of the white flag; but, thank God, that blot remains alone with the enemy. A formidable force, during their retreat, received a severe fire of musketry; and Reynolds's artillery, beautifully served, dealt death and destruction among them.

During the day, the cavalry under General Miñon occupied the road between the battle-field and Saltillo, and threatened the city. They were fired upon from the redoubt in charge of Captain Webster, and moved off toward Buena Vista. Captain Shover moved forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of volunteers, fired several shots with great effect, and drove them into the ravines which led to the lower valley; they were accompanied in this pursuit by a piece of Webster's battery, under Lieutenant Donaldson, supported by Captain Wheeler, with his company of Illinois Volunteers. The enemy made one or two attempts to charge the pieces, but were driven back in confusion, and left the plain for the day.

In the mean time, the firing had nearly ceased upon the main field. It was but the prelude to the fierce and last struggle for the day—a struggle which tested the courage and firmness of our army, and rendered, if possible, more conspicuous the strength and dreadful efficiency of our artillery, and the skill and gallantry of its able commanders. Santa Anna, re-enforced by his cavalry, under cover of his artillery, with horse and foot charged our line. The shock was gallantly sustained by our small band of heroes. On they came in overwhelming masses, their reserve fresh and eager for the contest, their artillery pouring in a dreadful fire, the whole under the immediate eye of their chief. The 2d Kentucky, 1st Illinois, and O'Brien, with two pieces, stood the brunt of the attack. On they came; their deadly fire thinned our ranks; the infantry in support of O'Brien's piece were routed, and that gallant young officer was forced to retire, leaving his piece in the hands of the enemy.

Our batteries now stood conspicuous; such was the rapidity of their movements, that both officers and men seemed gifted with ubiquity; so dreadful was their fire, it could not be resisted. The enemy fell back in disorder. The gallant Hardin and M'Kee, with their regiments, charged the flying hosts with a degree of courage rarely equaled. The enemy, seeing the small force in pursuit, like magic turned upon them, and came up in myriads. For a short time the carnage was dreadful on both sides. We were a mere handful in opposition to their legions. Again our men were routed, and the day seemed lost without redemption. Brent and Whiting, of Washington's battery, covered the retreat of the remnants of these gallant regiments, who had so nobly borne the hottest of the fight.

General Taylor stood calm and unmoved upon the plateau—all eyes were turned upon him. The leaden messengers of death swept harmlessly by his person, while hundreds were passing to futurity. Bragg, with his battery, had arrived at the point of fearful struggle. Alone and unsupported was that battery and that brave old chief. Confident to the last of victory, he ordered his trusty captain to unlimber—to load with grape, and await the arrival of their masses until they nearly reached the muzzles of his pieces. On came the enemy, like legions of fiends, certain of victory. When almost within grasp of the battery, Bragg opened his fire. The first volley staggered them, the second opened streets through their ranks, and the third put them in full retreat, and saved the day. The Mississippi regiment and 3d Indiana supported the batteries on the plateau; the former arrived in time to throw in a galling fire, and add their might to the discomfiture of the enemy.

In this last conflict we sustained a great loss. Colonel Hardin, Colonel M'Kee, and Lieutenant-colonel Clay fell at the head of their regiments, sustaining a desperate conflict against an overwhelming force. Thrice during the day had our artillery turned the tide of battle; thrice had the masses of the enemy fallen before its terrible hail, and thus maintained the glory of the American arms. The battle had now raged for ten hours. No further attempt was made to force our lines, and our troops, weary and exhausted, sank on the battle-field, surrounded by the dead and dying, without a fire to cheer them and warm their benumbed limbs, to obtain that rest which was necessary to fit them for the conflict on the morrow. The wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation was made to meet the enemy should the attack be renewed. Ere the sun rose they had fallen back upon Agua Nueva, leaving the field strewed with their dead and dying. Brigadier-general Marshall made a forced march from Rincanada, with a re-enforcement of Kentucky cavalry and a battery of heavy guns, under Captain Prentiss, 1st Artillery, but too late to participate in the engagement.

Our loss was very severe, two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing. The enemy, at the least calculation, must have lost two thousand. Five hundred of their dead were left upon the field of battle. Twenty-eight of our officers were killed on the field, and forty-one were wounded.

The following are the names of the killed and wounded: General Staff: Killed, Captain George Lincoln, Assistant Adjutant-general; wounded, H. W. Benham, 1st Lieutenant Engineers; F. S. Bryan, brevet 2d Lieutenant Topographical Engineers. 1st Regiment of Dragoons: Wounded, Captain E. Steen. 2d Regiment of Dragoons: Wounded, Brevet Lieutenant-colonel C. A. May. 3d Regiment Artillery: Wounded, Lieutenant S. G. French. 4th Artillery: Wounded, 1st Lieutenant J. P. O'Brien. Mississippi Rifles: Killed, 1st Lieutenant R. L. Moore, 2d Lieutenant F. M'Nulty; wounded, Colonel Davis, Captains Sharp and Stockaw, 1st Lieutenants Corwin and Posey. 1st Regiment Illinois: Killed, Colonel Hardin, Captain Zabriskie, and 1st Lieutenant Houghton. 2d Regiment Illinois: Killed, Captain Woodward, Lieutenants Rountree, Fletcher, Ferguson, Robbins, Steel, Kelly, Bartleson, Atherton, and Price; wounded, Captains Coffee and Baker, Lieutenants Picket, Engleman, West, and Whiteside. Texas Volunteers: Killed, 1st Lieutenant Campbell, 2d Lieutenant Leonhard; wounded, Captain Connor. Indiana Volunteers: Brigade Staff: Brigadier-general Lane. 2d Indiana: Killed, Captains Kinder and Walker, and Lieutenant Parr; wounded, Captains Sanderson and Osborn, Lieutenants Cayce, Davis, Pennington, Lewis, Moore, and Epperson. 3d Indiana: Killed, Captain Taggart; wounded, Major Gorman, Captains Sleep and Connover. 2d Kentucky foot: Killed, Colonel M'Kee, Lieutenant-colonel Clay, and Captain Willis; wounded, Lieutenants Barber and Napier. Arkansas Cavalry: Killed, Colonel Yell, Captain Porter; wounded, Lieutenant Reader.

Some of the brightest spirits of that band of heroes were sacrificed for their country. The great number of officers killed is a sufficient guarantee of the manner in which they performed their duty. Lincoln, Hardin, M'Kee, Clay, and the other gallant spirits who fell upon that bloody field, will ever be ranked among the proudest names of their country. The laurel and the cypress are necessarily joined in the battle-field. The wreath of the former, which decks the brow of the conqueror, is not more honorable than the branches of the latter, which shade the grave of the departed hero: their evergreen verdure is a fit type of the halo which memory throws o'er his deeds.

General Wool bore himself with distinguished credit throughout the day, and by his presence stimulated the men to great activity and exertion. The troops of his immediate command, with some exceptions, gave evidence of their discipline, and to his gallantry a large share of our success may be attributed. General Taylor speaks in high terms of the gallant bearing of his personal staff, as well as those of Generals Wool and Lane. Colonel Davis, with his gallant Mississippians, was particularly distinguished in maintaining his ground after the disgraceful flight of the 2d Indiana regiment. Though wounded, he still kept the field. Of the operations of the artillery too much can not be said. The battle may be called a "*battle of artillery.*" In the words of the general-in-chief, "the services of the light artillery, always conspicuous, were more than usually distinguished. Moving rapidly over the roughest ground, it was always in action at the right place and the right time, and its well-directed fire dealt destruction in the masses of the enemy."

Throughout the day General Taylor was where the shot fell hottest and thickest; two balls passed through his clothes. His firmness of purpose, his energy of character, were never more freely developed. His quickness of perception, cool, unerring judgment, and fertility of resources, were never at fault, and must rank him among the most conspicuous generals of any age.

The battle of Buena Vista stands unsurpassed in the annals of history. When we reflect upon the composition of the American forces, only four hundred and fifty-three of five thousand being regulars, the remainder citizen soldiers, drawn from different parts of the country, and of various pursuits, we can hardly realize the result. With a force so composed, how conspicuous was the judgment of our brave general in deciding to give battle instead of retreating. If he had pursued the latter course, the chances are, he would not only have lost his army, but the whole Valley of the Rio Grande, with all our depôts, would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. The great lack of numbers prevented the general from following up his success. Thus has it been from the commencement of the war; victories are gained, their fruits are lost. A brigade of regulars would have insured the capture of the greater part of the Mexican forces.

A staff officer was dispatched by General Taylor to Santa Anna, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed. On the 26th the general issued the following order to his army:

Headquarters, Army of Occupation,
Buena Vista, February 26, 1847.

Order No. 12.

I. The commanding general has the grateful task of congratulating the troops upon the brilliant success which attended their arms in the conflict of the 22d and 23d. Confident in the immense superiority of numbers, and stimulated by the presence of a distinguished leader, the Mexican troops were yet repulsed in every effort to force our lines, and finally withdrew, with immense loss, from the field.

II. The general would express his obligations to the men and officers engaged for the cordial support which they rendered throughout the action. It will be his highest pride to bring to the notice of the government the conspicuous gallantry of particular officers and corps, whose unwavering steadiness more than once saved the fortunes of the day. He would also express his high satisfaction with the small command left at Saltillo. Though not so seriously engaged as their comrades, their services were very important, and efficiently rendered. While bestowing this just tribute to the good conduct of the troops, the general deeply regrets to say that there were not a few exceptions. He trusts that those who fled ingloriously to Buena Vista, and even to Saltillo, will seek an opportunity to retrieve their reputation, and to emulate the bravery of their comrades who bore the brunt of the battle, and sustained, against fearful odds, the honor of the flag.

III. The exultation of success is checked by the heavy sacrifice of life which it has cost, embracing many officers of high rank and rare merit. While the sympathy of a grateful country will be given to the bereaved families and friends of those who nobly fell, their illustrious example will remain for the benefit and admiration of the army.

By order, Major-general Taylor.
Signed, W. W. S. Bliss,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

This order will be read at the head of every company. By order:
Signed, W. W. S. Bliss.

On the same date a close reconnoisance of the enemy's camp proved that only a small body of cavalry were left, and that the main body were retiring on the road to San Luis Potosi. On the 27th our army returned to their camp at Agua Nueva. A large number of wounded Mexicans were found there, and kindly taken care of. On the 1st of March a command, under Colonel Belknap, was dispatched to Encarnacion. The enemy had left in the direction of Matehula, their numbers reduced from desertion, and suffering greatly from hunger. Some two hundred wounded, together with sixty Mexican soldiers, were found at the hacienda. The dead and dying were strewed along the road, and the retreat of the enemy left marks of their perfect disorganization.

General Urrea, with a cavalry force estimated as high as eight thousand, had, prior to the battle of Buena Vista, completely succeeded in cutting off all communication between Camargo and Monterey: the whole line was infested with guerilla parties, who, in conjunction with the troops, attacked trains and murdered travelers. A train of wagons, escorted by thirty men of the 1st Kentucky regiment, under command of Lieutenant Barbour, were surprised and captured on the 24th of February, 1847, at Ramos, a small village between Ceralvo and Marin. The wagons were burned, many of the teamsters horribly mutilated, and their bodies, with savage barbarity, cast into the flames. Colonel Morgan, with the 2d Ohio regiment, occupied three points upon the line of communication—Punta Aguda, Ceralvo, and Marin. On the 21st of February he was ordered to concentrate his regiment and march to Monterey. Major Wall, from Punta Aguda, joined Colonel Morgan on the 23d, and on the 24th

Colonel Morgan marched for Monterey. On the 25th he was joined by some twenty teamsters, who had escaped the general massacre on the 24th. Lieutenant-colonel Irvin had left Marin, and reached Monterey. At the latter place, Colonel Morgan was joined by a command under Major Shepherd, 1st Kentucky regiment. At Agua Frio he met the enemy, but continued his march to San Francisco. During the march they repeatedly attacked and attempted to break his column, but were as often handsomely repulsed. At San Francisco Colonel Morgan was joined by a command under Lieutenant-colonel Irvin, who had returned from Monterey to re-enforce him. The enemy at this point made his final attack, and, after a short but sharp conflict, was repulsed, and left the field. Captain B. F. Graham, assistant quarter-master in the volunteer service, was killed, together with three Americans and one friendly Mexican. One soldier was slightly wounded. Captain Graham behaved very gallantly.

On the 7th of March, Major Giddings, of the 1st Ohio regiment, with a command consisting of three companies of the 1st Ohio regiment, two companies of the 1st Kentucky, and a small detachment of Arkansas cavalry, in charge of a downward train of one hundred and fifty wagons, was attacked near Ceralvo. After a sharp conflict, the enemy were repulsed. Fifty of the wagons were lost. Two privates of the Ohio Volunteers and fifteen teamsters were killed. The interruption of our communications, the repeated attacks upon trains, the depredations of the guerillas, and the large force under General Urrea, in the Valley of the San Juan, caused much uneasiness and alarm throughout the Valley of the Rio Grande.

General Taylor returned to Monterey early in March with May's squadron of Dragoons, Bragg's battery, and the Mississippi regiment. The Kentucky cavalry were ordered to Monterey. He determined to take the field in person, and go in pursuit of the redoubtable general. For this purpose, he left Monterey on the 16th of March with a squadron of Dragoons, Bragg's battery, and the Mississippi regiment. Meeting the command of Colonel Curtis escorting a train to Monterey, he sent the train forward with an escort, and, taking with him the balance of the force, renewed the pursuit. Urrea retreated rapidly before his advance, and crossed the mountains. General Taylor returned to Monterey without meeting the enemy. From this time the communications were secure. Prior to the reception of the news of the battle of Monterey, Colonel Curtis sent on a requisition to the government for five thousand troops to maintain the line of communication.

On the 31st of March General Taylor issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Tamaulipas, Nueva Leon, and Coahuila, requiring from the people of the country an indemnification for the loss sustained by the capture of the trains, and destruction of subsistence and other public property. He reminded them of his uniform kindness to the people of the country, and hoped (by their quietly keeping at home and remaining neutral) to be enabled to pursue toward them the same liberal policy.

The time for the discharge of the regiments of volunteers, who enlisted for twelve months, arriving, preparations were made early in May for their transportation to New Orleans, on their way to their homes. Major-general Butler left for the States prior to the battle of Buena Vista, on account of his wound. The following is the assignment of the new levies to the army under General Taylor: Five companies 3d Dragoons, under Colonel Butler; 10th Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Temple; 13th Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Echols; 16th Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Tibbatts. In April the government made an additional call for six thousand volunteers. Of these were assigned to General Taylor one regiment of infantry from Indiana, and one from Ohio; one battalion (five companies) from New Jersey; one battalion of five companies from Delaware and Maryland; one battalion of five companies from Alabama; one company of foot from Florida; four companies of horse from Illinois, Ohio, and Alabama; two companies of foot from Virginia, and one from North Carolina. These, with the addition of the Massachusetts, North Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia, and Texas regiments, were presumed to have given General Taylor a force of ten thousand men. When the new levies shall have all reported, deducting for contingencies, his force will probably amount to eight thousand. The volunteer regiments were pressed forward to relieve those whose term of service had nearly expired. A camp of instruction was formed at Mier for the new levies, under the command of General Hopping.

Such was the position of affairs upon the Rio Grande in June, 1847. The arrival of re-enforcements were so slow, and the force, at best, placed under the command of General Taylor was so inadequate for our advance, that he quietly remained at Monterey, happy to perform his duty in any manner the government saw fit to direct, happy in contemplating the advance of our arms under other generals, happy in being loved and respected by all those who were or are under him, for his kindness of heart, acute judgment, and sterling qualities of a great and good soldier, and happy in the reflection that his government and many States of the Union, by their votes of thanks, have demonstrated how strong a hold he has upon the hearts of his countrymen, and that his brilliant victories have sustained, untarnished, the honor of his country's flag.

Colonel Churchill, inspector-general, was conspicuous on the battle-field, not only for his gallantry and coolness, but for his sound judgment, and prompt and rapid movements in meeting the enemy. To his assistance and perseverance General Wool is greatly indebted for the superior (for volunteers) state of discipline into which his column had been brought.

THE END.